WEEK ENDING NOV. 17, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

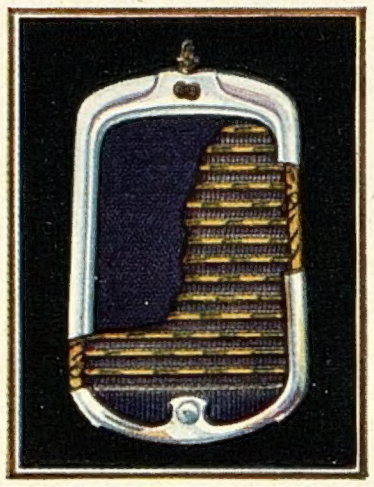
"Three Times Around the Public Square!"

GREEN ✦ PALMER ✦ HAMILTON ✦ HOLDING ✦ CHAMBERS

Body by Fisher

-a Successful Six
now winning Even Greater Success

A Marvelous Improvement in *Cold Weather Performance*



The cross-flow radiator consists of two side tanks, a top tank, and a core made up of horizontal passages. Water from the engine enters the inlet tank at the right, flows horizontally through the core and is pumped from the outlet tank at the left back to the engine.

Four important advantages result from the cooling system on today's Pontiac Six—a system which includes the famous cross-flow radiator. And all of these advantages contribute directly to improved cold weather performance.

The cross-flow radiator reduces to a minimum losses of water and alcohol through boiling. And it also reduces possibility of damage if the water supply becomes low. The automatic thermostat halts water circulation until the engine reaches correct temperature. As a consequence the engine warms up quickly even though it has stood over night in a cold garage. Less choking is needed and less dilution of crankcase oil occurs.

Because of the protection the cross-flow radiator provides against losses of water and alcohol, the Pontiac Six requires less attention in winter than cars not similarly equipped. Also, because it has the advantage of thermostatic water control, Pontiac reveals far better performance than other cars in its field when the temperature is low.

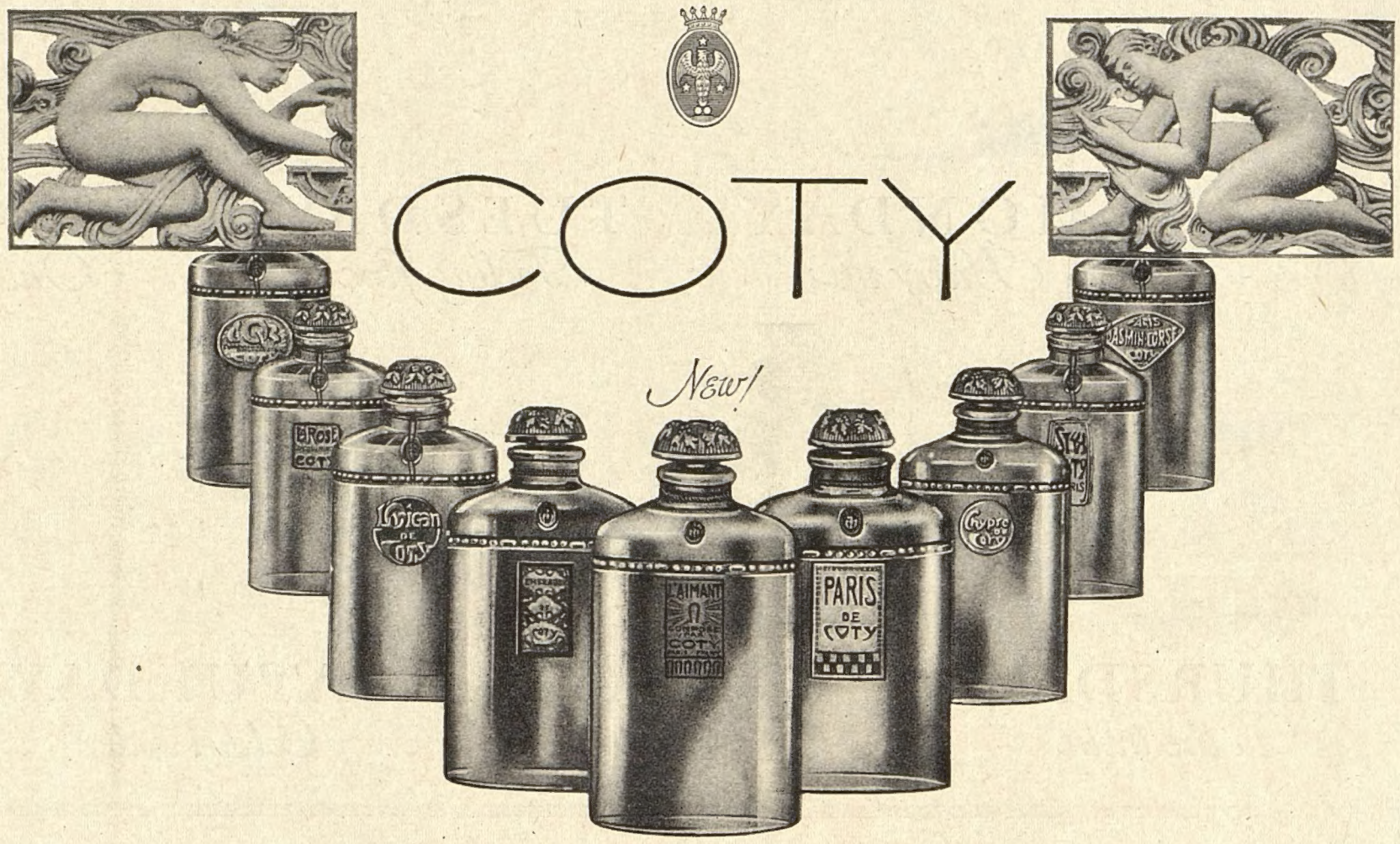
The cross-flow radiator is available only on the Pontiac Six and its companion car, the All-American Six. Yet this marvelous improvement is but one of many advancements which only Pontiac and Oakland in their respective fields provide.

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



FAVOURED PERFUMES

—IN THE POPULAR "PURSE SIZES"

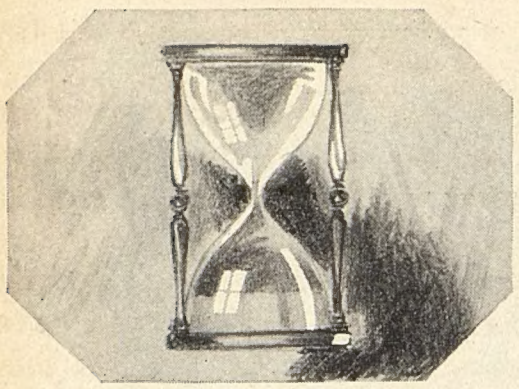
Quarter ounce

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

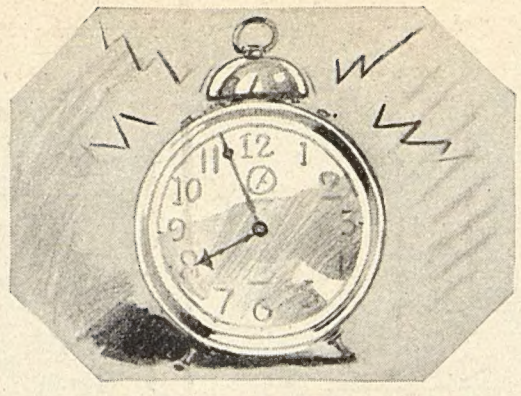
The most luxurious perfumes of the world —the supreme COTY *fragrances which are the favourites of lovely women everywhere — are each obtainable in the exquisite little purse sizes for hand-bag or travelling kit — an adorable convenience.*

¼ oz. Flacon in new Platinum-toned Metal Case, $1.50

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal



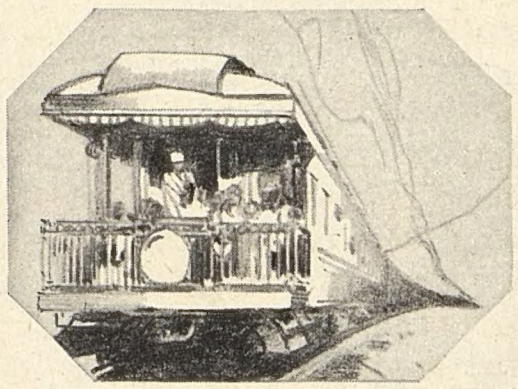
SUNDAY
Plenty of time



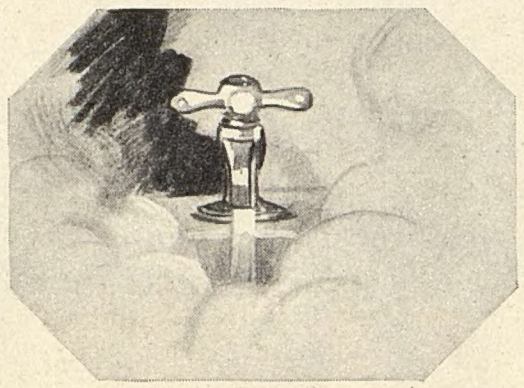
MONDAY
Hurry up

TUESDAY
Feeling fine

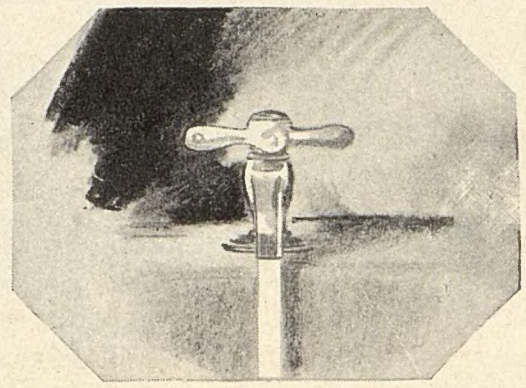
WEDNESDAY
Out of sorts



THURSDAY
On the train



FRIDAY
Hot Water



SATURDAY
Cold Water

Every Day

you give your razor a different job to do

but your Gillette Blade will do every job smoothly and surely

IT TAKES all kinds of days to make a week. This morning you can take your time. Tomorrow you have to rush. One day you're feeling fit; the very next morning you may be ragged from lack of sleep. Hot water, cold water, soft water, hard water, a slap-dash lather, or a careful thorough preparation of the beard which may take a full three minutes.

You never give your Gillette Blade the same job twice.

Yet you can always get a smooth, comfortable shave from your Gillette Blade; the blade, at least, doesn't change, and its swift, sure job is the same under any conditions.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to start the day right —seven days a week. And Gillette takes extraordinary precautions not to disappoint them.

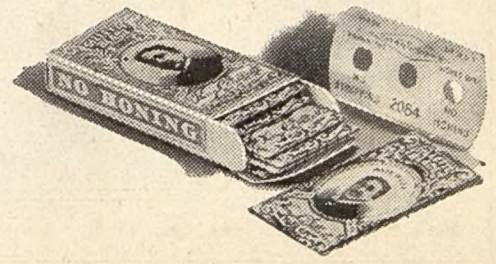
The steel is the finest in the world. It comes in long, gleaming ribbons, and we test every ribbon with crucible and micrometer before we even pay the import duty.

During the last ten years Gillette has spent millions of dollars on steady blade improvements alone. Four out of every nine Gillette employees are inspectors and do nothing else. They get double pay for every blade they *discard.* They make certain that every package of Gillette Blades contains its full quota of smooth, comfortable shaves for you.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette



Nov. 17, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 5 No. 46

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PRO WINTER VACATIONS

Now that the election is over, we may be permitted to give a thought to something else. Of course, as these lines are written, we do not know who is to be the next President of the United States. But we can make a pretty good guess, and anyway we are not greatly disturbed about the matter. So it is pleasant to speculate a bit.

About winter vacations, for instance.

There is much to be said in favor of the winter vacation. In the northern part of this country especially, the ends of our winters are terrible. December and January still have for most of us the glamour of snow and Santa Claus, brisk weather and rosy cheeks. But along toward the last of February and March it becomes a different story. Then our vitality is apt to be somewhat lowered by raw winds and steam heat. Lack of exercise takes its toll. Winter begins to seem endless and we wonder what's become of spring.

This is a reasonable time to get away for one's health. Waves are laving the sands of Florida, Cuba, and California. Steamers are setting forth on cruises to the islands of the Caribbean and that marvelous accomplishment of man, the Panama canal.

If you live in the east, there is a fascinating way by water to California—and if you have time enough for a *regular* vacation you can go on to Hawaii. If you live in California or Oregon you can go to Hawaii anyway—it is substantially as short a trip as a New Yorker's journey to Cuba—or you can make the ocean-and-canal voyage back east.

It's a big country, and each locality has its natural vacation destinations. The names in the advertisements have magic in them. Asheville, Miami, Kingston, Havana, Colon, Barbados, Martinique, Port-au-Prince, Tia Juana, San Francisco, Honolulu, Waikiki—run them over at random and see if something doesn't get into your blood. Europe and the Orient if you have time and can afford them, of course. And then there is this growing tendency among young and vigorous Americans to go north for winter sports. From the standpoint of health this probably is the best of all. You get full of cold air and feel fine.

Of course we don't mean that all this is possible at present. The average man cannot get one vacation in summer and another in winter.

But we talk of a five-day working week; why not a two-vacation working year?

It is an underlying economic fact that we have got production so geared up in this country that we are producing more than we can consume or spend. We need two days a week to spend what we earn in five. Presently we shall need two vacations a year to spend what we earn the rest of the time.

And anyway, as things are now for the average city man, he really can bear summer at home better than winter.

In his car almost anyone, in any city, can get to some kind of water for swimming. Lakes and woods are not too far away for weekends. Tennis is usually available for those who like it, and golf always for those who can afford it. Baseball takes one's mind off the daily grind, and generally a summer in town is not so bad. In winter these things are sharply restricted; that is when a vacation is actually most needed and most useful.

All of which has so persuaded the writer of this editorial that he is going in now to see the boss and try to fix up a winter vacation for himself. Or, if he cannot do that, maybe one next March, possibly foregoing the regular August vacation later on, if necessary.

. . . . . .

He said no. (But we still think we're on the right track.)

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Souvenir, a tale of war and a woman, by Norman S. Hall

Whose Career, the story of a mother's mistake, by Beatrice Lubitz

The Ordeal of Osbert Mulliner, a new short story by P. G. Wodehouse

November 17, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 46

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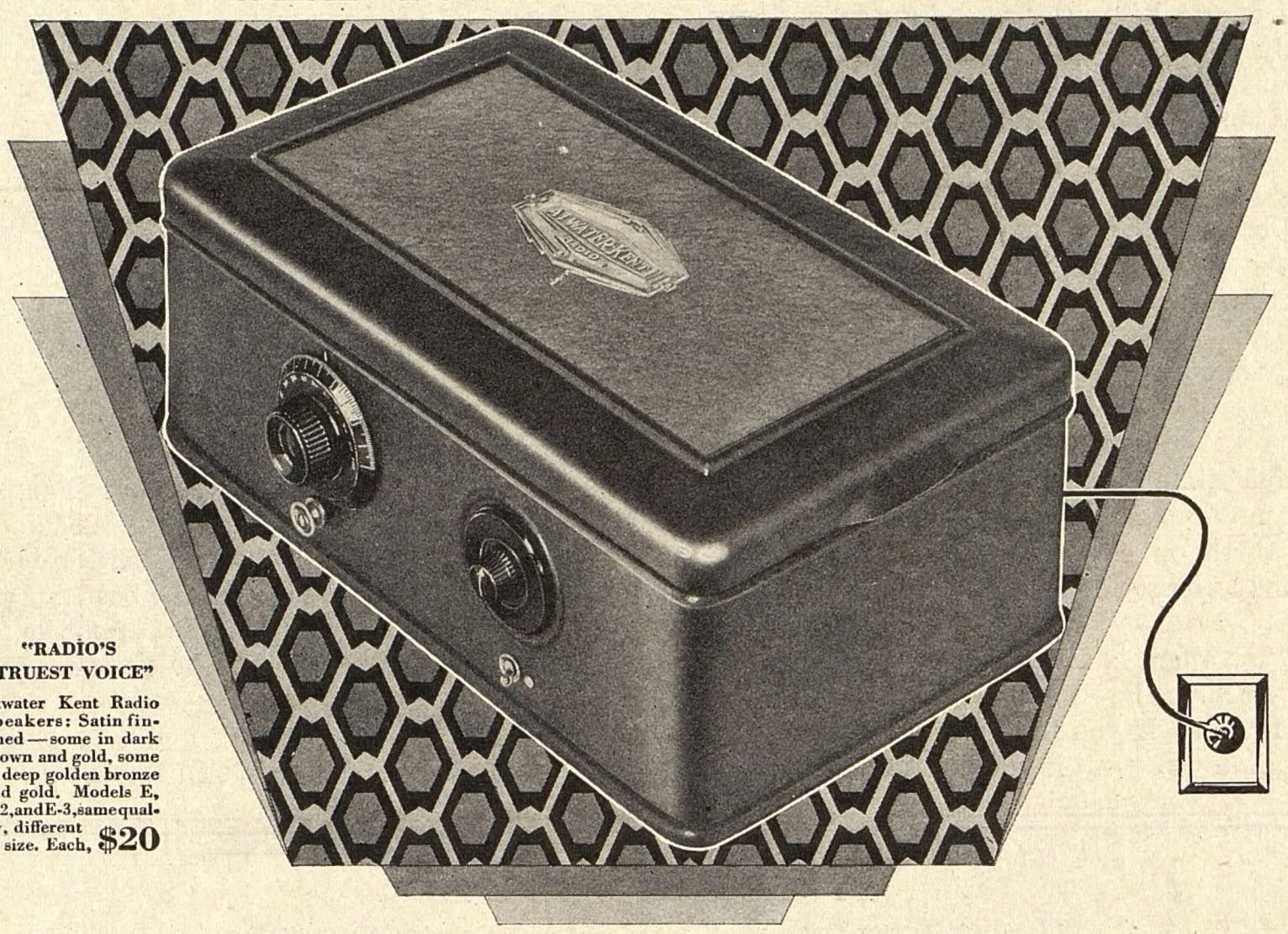
ATWATER KENT RADIO

THE 1929 ELECTRIC SET

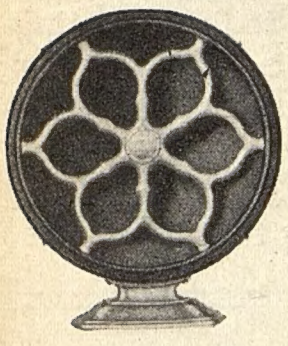


MODEL 40 A.C. More powerful, more sensitive. FULL-VISION Dial. Satin finished in dark brown and gold or deep golden bronze and gold. Requires six A.C. tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, $77.

Model 41, for direct current, without tubes, $87.

$77

(without tubes)



"RADIO'S TRUEST VOICE"

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Satin finished — some in dark brown and gold, some in deep golden bronze and gold. Models E, E-2, and E-3, same quality, different in size. Each, **$20**

In City and Suburbs and on the Farm

.... *the story is the same*

OWNER A, a woman, has a two-room apartment in New York City. She has an Atwater Kent all-electric set because it takes up so little of her limited space, brings in the programs so clearly, rids her of batteries and costs so little.

Owner B has a twenty-one room house in the country. He has three Atwater Kent all-electric sets — one for his music room, one for his upstairs sitting room, one for his chauffeur, over the garage. He could have paid any price, but chose the Atwater Kent because, like most rich men, he knows the value of money and makes his dollars count.

Owner C has a farm seven miles from the nearest town and far from broadcasting stations, but near a power line. He has an Atwater Kent all-electric set because it brings in "distance" and gives no trouble.

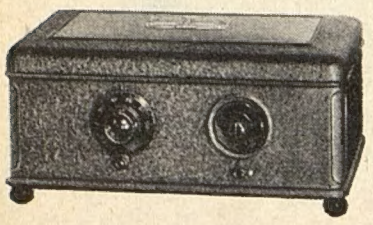
Like the two other owners, he appreciates the economy of having a set which uses only a fraction of a cent's worth of electricity an hour.

These three owners, so differently situated but sharing the desire for good radio entertainment, are typical of the hundreds of thousands who have already chosen the 1929 Atwater Kent all-electric set. In city and suburb and on the farm it is the preferred radio — and why? Simply because it brings into the home all anyone could ask of radio, and saves money besides.

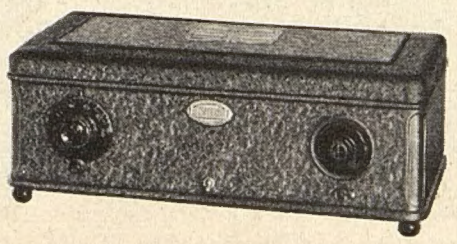
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4749 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* Philadelphia, Pa.

On the air — every Sunday night — Atwater Kent Hour — listen in!

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies



MODEL 42 A.C. Many refinements in cabinet design — crowned lid, panelled corners, ball feet. FULL-VISION Dial with over-size numbers. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, **$86**



MODEL 44 A.C. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Many cabinet refinements. Local-distance switch. FULL-VISION Dial with over-size numbers. Requires seven A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, **$106**

MODEL 52 A. C. Combining electric receiver and speaker in satin-finished compact cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, **$117**

Little Solly Learns

The Story of a Gangster in the Making

By Walton Green

Pictures by Dudley Summers

Solly lurched to his feet, drew a safety razor blade from his pocket, and dropped it in the pocket of the man he had stabbed.

WHAT undoubtedly contributed largely to Little Solly's eminence as a murderer was his lack of humor—or, to put it more precisely, his inability to appreciate the American sense of humor.

There was, for example, the time when he blackjacked the fiancé of the young lady worker from the Charity Organization Society. The fiancé was a well meaning young man who sometimes accompanied his lady on her missions of carrying food and hygienic ideas into the dark corners of New York's lower East Side. The food was always accepted.

Upon this particular occasion the young man, though apprised of the Sicilian origin of the Maggioroni family, and though historically aware that the Italian dictator had begun his campaign of jailing or deporting every Mafioso he could lay hands on—the young man nevertheless took it upon himself to improve the amenities by facetiously drinking the health of Mussolini in the tumbler of dago red which Mrs. Maggioroni had pressed upon him.

Now, in Mafia circles Mussolini is about as popular as the guest of honor at a lynching bee. The young gentleman's pleasantry was not well received.

Little Solly's uncle—recently arrived in New York for the good of Palermo—set down his glass and spat an outraged mouthful of red wine into the kitchen sink. He then turned his back on the visitors and spoke furiously to Little Solly.

Little Solly nodded and went out. An hour later, seated beneath an open window of an uptown subway train, the facetious young gentleman suffered a broken jaw. The gathering speed of the train and the brim of the fiancé's straw had deflected Little Solly's aim as he ran along the station platform—otherwise the blackjack would have found the base of the skull, as he intended it should.

That was the kind of thing Solly was always doing: going out of his way for his friends or in support of an ideal. At the time of the jaw smashing incident he was engaged in a struggle for gang leadership in which his life was very literally at stake.

Little Solly was born on the third floor back of a tenement in Clinton Street. If you will look at a map of New York City you will see that Clinton Street cuts down through the exact center of that area where lower Manhattan broadens and buttocks unpleasantly into the East River, heavy with its undigested millions of foreign born. It is a region of dense population, terrifically compact with dirt, disease, and crime. A long mile measures it each way.

To the west of the area lie the Bowery and Chinatown; to the east and south the docks and markets; and on the north more slums, only less sordid and terrible until they taper into the relative respectability of the Thirties.

Police control of the region is superficial and virtually limited to sitting on the lid so that the pot may not boil over too publicly.

Crimes against the person are common occurrences—robbery, murder, incest, and rape—seldom detected and still more seldom punished. It is the brigand stronghold of the New World, where the gangster offshoots of Camorra and Mafia intermingle to perpetuate the worst traditions of each.

Society protects itself as best it may. Within the area itself, or within easy riot call, lie a dozen police stations. Police Headquarters flanks it on Center Street, and a few blocks south stand the Criminal Courts and the Tombs. The Homicide Court is in Mott Street in the midst of its Chinese patrons. On the north—a straight, quick ambulance rush up Avenue A—is Bellevue Hospital to receive the gunshot and knifing casualties which do not go directly to the Morgue or into the East River.

LITTLE Solly was an autumn baby. Unlike his two brothers, who died in infancy, he survived his first winter and met the spring lustily and dirtily. He subsisted on large quantities of mother's milk supplied him with bovine lavishness at irregular and unscientific intervals.

For the rest, his skin was seldom outraged by water, and he breathed the air of two small rooms after it had been pumped in and out of the lungs of his father, mother, aunt, and older sister. The windows were never opened in winter except to string out the wash or to reach the meat safe on the fire escape.

By the time he could crawl he was on the street. In fact, he learned his crawling on the sidewalk in front of his home.

His teething was accomplished by process of trial and error upon such objects on the floor or sidewalk as came within his groping reach. If the material was too hard, he wept angrily. If too soft, he tried to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE SOLLY LEARNS
Continued from page seven]

swallow it. If too visibly dirty, his mother would take it from him and wipe it on her equally dirty clothing. He had, indeed, a pink celluloid teething ring with a rubber nipple on one end. But the use of this was restricted to feast days and other gala occasions when guests were present. At such times he was also damp wiped into an even mud gray composite of New York dirt and Italian skin. He built up an astonishing resistance to disease.

At four years old his precocity was notable even in an environment that forced maturity upon those whom it did not kill. He was bowlegged, broad shouldered, slim waisted, and very muscular—but all at the expense of stature.

Baby, boy, and man, he was always a short, squat figure of great strength and lightning co-ordination. He could outrun his longer legged fellow children because he had within him a high speed dynamo of indomitability that made him start faster and stay with it longer. He could outdodge the pushcart venders from whom he stole, because he could kick the prop stick from under and escape with an armful of rolling plunder before the men knew he was upon them.

HIS first run in with the police occurred before he was five years old. He was playing hopscotch, a game in which the contestants hop upon one foot and kick a piece of flat pounded tin can into squares marked with chalk on the sidewalk.

A tall, thin little girl, a stranger to Solly, stuck out her foot and tripped him maliciously as he hopped, bringing him down heavily. Little Solly arose, white and terrible, the jagged hunk of tin in his hand, and did a very creditable piece of slashing on the head and face of his opponent—considering his youth and inexperience.

The girl's mother set up a howl, and a passing officer intervened reluctantly. He had the wounded child patched up at the corner drug store. Then he carried Little Solly—biting and kicking—upstairs to his parents, and waited while the father gave him a rather cruel beating.

The girl was Sophy Kolof. She was later to play no small part in Solly's life.

Beating did Solly no good. In truth, the elder Maggioronis—eye for an eye school of Sicilians—saw no reason for punishment because of any act committed against strangers or against the authorities. Their moral sense was wholly tribal. Their loyalty, of which they had much, was confined to family, to clan, and to secret society.

The automatic—rested like a rifle on the sill of the open window

Stealing, blackmailing, killing were wicked only if done against ties of blood or in violation of one's secret oath. To steal from strangers, to kill an enemy, to resist the authorities—that was the law of life, whether in Palermo or New York. To the end of his days, and with forty killings to his credit, Little Solly never for one instant thought of himself as a criminal.

After the cutting of Sophy Kolof he never again injured a woman. Partly this was due to the impact of a neighborhood opinion which condemned his childish atrocity (principally because he had marked the girl for life), and partly to his later acquired sentimentalism toward woman.

Unlike most of his kind, and even in his most vicious adolescence, he had little commerce with women. All his life he regarded them with an unsophisticated emotionalism which was utterly at variance with his attitude toward everything else in the world. But in his inmost heart he saw no reason why he should not beat a woman and idolize her at the same time.

Similarly with combat. From five years on he fought continually. He was courageous, resourceful, and very agile.

He had no sportsmanship in the Anglo-Saxon sense. He could fight valiantly against odds if he had to. But a kick was better than a punch, a stick or a knife more decisive than fists, and a blow from behind was best of all. If he could outnumber his enemy two to one, so much the better. He had the mind of a soldier.

He stayed five years in elementary school. Here he stole and fought and widened his acquaintance and began to collect a following. His father—who pushed a two wheeled cart about, and peddled exotic looking fish of doubtful freshness, and unidentifiable parts of meat neatly and dirtily displayed in flat agate pans—was the earliest beneficiary of the boy's leadership. Maggioroni senior, in common with other merchants of the neighborhood, suffered from child banditry. One day, in a particularly daring raid by the Midget Meyer gang from three blocks away, he lost most of his stock in trade, and suffered the destruction of his precious weighing scale.

Little Solly, who was then barely eleven, bided his time three full days, until he was certain of the identity of the attackers. Then he led his own gang into the Midget's territory, caught isolated units of the enemy off guard, and reduced them in detail. The Midget was accounted for by Little Solly in person, aided by two of his lieutenants.

Followed ten minutes' glorious destruction of enemy property. A dozen pushcarts paid toll, and the gutters filled with fish and slabs of meat and fruit and vegetables. Then orderly retreat, covered by skillful rearguard diversion against the advancing police.

From now on nothing could stop Little Solly. He had tasted the heady wine of leadership. He proceeded to organize. His father's defense was his first concern. He let it be known that any interference with the Maggioroni fish business would bring instant reprisal. Midget Meyer accepted the challenge—and took a second beating that put him in bed for ten days and destroyed the morale of his followers.

He sued for peace, and got it. Terms, unconditional surrender. He delivered over his gang intact, and became Little Solly's trusted lieutenant and his first personal bodyguard. For five years he served loyally and faithfully and fearlessly.

LITTLE Solly was now fifteen. With the capitulation of the Midget Meyer gang on the east, he held undisputed sway from Clinton Street to the river.

He began to enlarge his protection from his father to his father's friends, and then to the storekeepers with exposed displays. His selling talk was to the point: so much per month—anything from fifty cents to five dollars—and guaranteed freedom from attack. Sales resistance was overcome by the simple expedient of wrecking the prospect's place of business. The merchants saw the light. A few dollars a year was cheap insurance against continual harassment and periodic spoliation.

And Little Solly always made good. On several occasions a storekeeper was robbed by outsiders. Solly promptly refunded the tribute money. Then he turned his gang loose and didn't let up until he had run down the offender and sent him up the avenue to Bellevue. He sold protection by the mile and delivered it by the blackjack and the knife.

Little Solly's sign—a safety razor blade glued to the inside of a store window with a red chalk circle around it—came to be infinitely more respected than those burglar protection notices so hopefully displayed by business establishments in the outer world.

n the two hands of the kneeling Dropper—barked out five times.

At this stage Little Solly and his friends were little more than anti-social hoodlums. They were petty thieves and small time robbers. They stole anything they could carry away.

But they were not Fagins, because they needed no instruction, and because they worked on their own and for their own. In age they ran from twelve year old Izzy Glidden up to Midget Meyer, who was sixteen. Occasionally the younger ones got into the Children's Court through delivering coke or heroin for the dope peddlers—or the older ones went to the reformatory for some particularly brutal assault that the police could not ignore.

They were thieves, blackjackers, and extortionists—stunted and savage little morons. But they were still hoodlums rather than full fledged gangsters. Criminals in the legal sense, but scarcely in the police sense. The line is a fine one. The hoodlum is an undergraduate gangster who has not yet done time or been officially credited with murder.

Little Solly definitely turned the corner in his seventeenth year. He was living comfortably with his mother in a far better flat than his less dynamic father—now two years dead—had ever been able to pay for. The elder sister had long since gone uptown, to phrase it softly.

ONE spring evening he came home for his supper. His mother was not there—a most unusual occurrence. He rustled himself some cold food and waited. Presently the old woman arrived—assisted up the stairs by lamenting neighbors. She had been stuck up and robbed of her pocketbook on her way home from a Bowery movie. She had foolishly clung to her purse and screamed, with the result that the two youths—drug cowards—had slugged her unmercifully about the face.

The woman was not seriously injured; but her mouth was cut and her face and eyes cruelly bruised. Solly looked on in silence while the neighbors patched her up. When they had withdrawn, he arose and pulled on his cap.

"Quit yer yappin' and go to bed," he ordered.

As a matter of fact, the woman had uttered scarcely a word. Now she spoke.

"Seex dollar and seventee' cent," she said savagely.

"Did yer make 'em?" asked Solly ominously.

"Sure I maka dem. De Dropper's mob dey ees—two fellus—always I see a dem by de peectures—" She went off into a voluble Italian identification.

"Cut it," said Solly shortly. He spoke Italian as readily as she; but he had the fierce resentment of the Italo-American for the lingual inadaptability of his parents.

Solly moved to the door.

"Where you go?" his mother asked sharply.

"None o' yer business." He closed the door swiftly and descended to the street, his face sallow white and impassive, and murder in his heart. This time he need not wait three days.

He walked unconcernedly around the block and into a basement poolroom. He leaned against the tobacco stand and watched the smoke obscured table.

Presently one of the players strolled over to him. Little Solly, his eyes still directed to the pool game, spoke in a low, negligent tone out of the corner of his mouth. Midget Meyer listened negligently and drifted back to play his turn.

Presently the Midget finished the game, yawned, put up his cue, lighted a cigarette, strolled out into the street, and walked west. Solly watched the play for another hour to give the Midget time. Then he slipped into the street and walked west.

NOW, the Dropper Wole gang was a long established and far more powerful unit than the more youthful Solly-Meyer combination. Its domain, which began at Suffolk Street on the east, crossed the Bowery, and took in Chinatown and all slum points to the west. North and south its influence was dominant from the numbered streets down to Brooklyn Bridge.

The members of this gang averaged a year or so older than Little Solly's adherents. The Dropper himself was well over twenty. Solly was seventeen and the Midget eighteen. The Dropper had already done time at Elmira and had three killings to his suspicion, while Little Solly and the Midget had still to win their final police spurs. Moreover, the Dropper Wole gang, while not so efficiently organized for theft and extortion, was far and away more feared and sought after in the serious types of crime.

The Dropper hired out his men for bodyguards and guerrilla raids among rival bootleggers and hijackers. He supplied lookouts for professional burglars. And he undertook—either in person or through one of his assistants—an occasional professional killing for pay. For this last service he charged a pretty stiff fee—from $300 up to $1,000—especially if it was an uptown job.

As a matter of fact, Little Solly really got his gang started under cover of the warfare between the authorities and the Wole organization. The Dropper and the police were too preoccupied with one another to take more than passing notice of the new and vicious threat that was developing from the river region. Before they knew it they had a three cornered fight on their hands. But, at that, Little Solly went in half prepared and seeing red. It was his incurable romanticism. None but his own hand should beat up his own women.

When he left the poolroom on Rivington Street, Little Solly did a characteristically unexpected and direct thing—the type of act that was later to set him head and shoulders above his fellows. He walked nine blocks west and then into a former saloon on Chrystie Street. This was the Dropper's principal hangout—where he could most commonly be found by his friends or the police.

Little Solly walked straight through the saloon into the back room speakeasy, and straight up to the table where the notorious gangster sat surrounded by his plug uglies. He looked his man straight in the eye.

"I'm Salvatore Maggioroni," he pronounced coldly—a lesser youth would have said "My name is"—"I'm Salvatore Maggioroni, and I come to tell you a coupla your guys just beat up me mother and took seven bones off'n her."

The Dropper, slightly in liquor, looked him over.

"Yeah?" he inquired impartially. "An' who are you?"

"Little Solly from Clinton," supplied one of the Dropper's bodyguard.

"Yeah?"—the gangster was mock solicitude. "An' who was dese rough guys?"

Solly gave the names.

"Hop heads," commented the Dropper tersely. "Tell ye wot I'll do, young feller." He was enjoying himself. "Tell ye wot I'll do. Seeing as you're you and I'm on'y me—I'll just reefund them seven bones."

He began to peel off from his flash roll.

"Go to hell," said Solly evenly. "I ain't askin' you nothin'. I'm tellin' you. See?"

"Get ter hell outen here!" exploded the Dropper. "An' mebbe I'll tell them two hop heads to—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LITTLE SOLLY LEARNS
Continued from page nine]

"An' mebbe you won't get no chance to," snapped Little Solly.

Then he turned his back and walked very slowly out. Very slowly he turned the corner. Then he ran.

At the next corner he stopped and looked back. The Midget was covering him half a block to the rear and on the other side of the street. He waited for him to come up.

"Did ye find 'em?" asked Solly.

"O. K.," panted the Midget. "Leggsy Finn picked 'em up in Mott and tailed 'em to Mary's place on Hester near de corner of Ludlow. They's there now."

"Not so good," commented Solly. "It's a hell of a long getaway, and we gotta cross Delancey, that's all lit up an' wider'n a park. Mebbe we better tail 'em home. Where they live?"

"I dunno. Aw, hell—take a chance."

Solly reflected. "All right—le's go."

Ten minutes later they were strolling through Hester Street. It was after midnight and the street was nearly empty. Opposite Mary's place they whispered a moment in a doorway with Leggsy Finn and made their dispositions. The Midget went back toward Ludlow. Solly strolled east to Essex. Finn remained on post.

Little Solly ran into bad luck almost at once. As he rounded the northeast corner of Essex Street he walked smack into a patrolman, who emerged from a basement wiping his lips on his sleeve and walking with exaggerated firmness. The patrolman—according to Leggsy's timing—should by now have been at the far end of his beat.

"Wot the hell you doing down here, Solly?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Nothin'," said Solly—and then added, ill advisedly, "Jest lookin' fer a drink."

The copper started to glower, but decided to laugh it off.

"You're a fresh bastard, at that. G'wan home where you b'long or you'll get hurt."

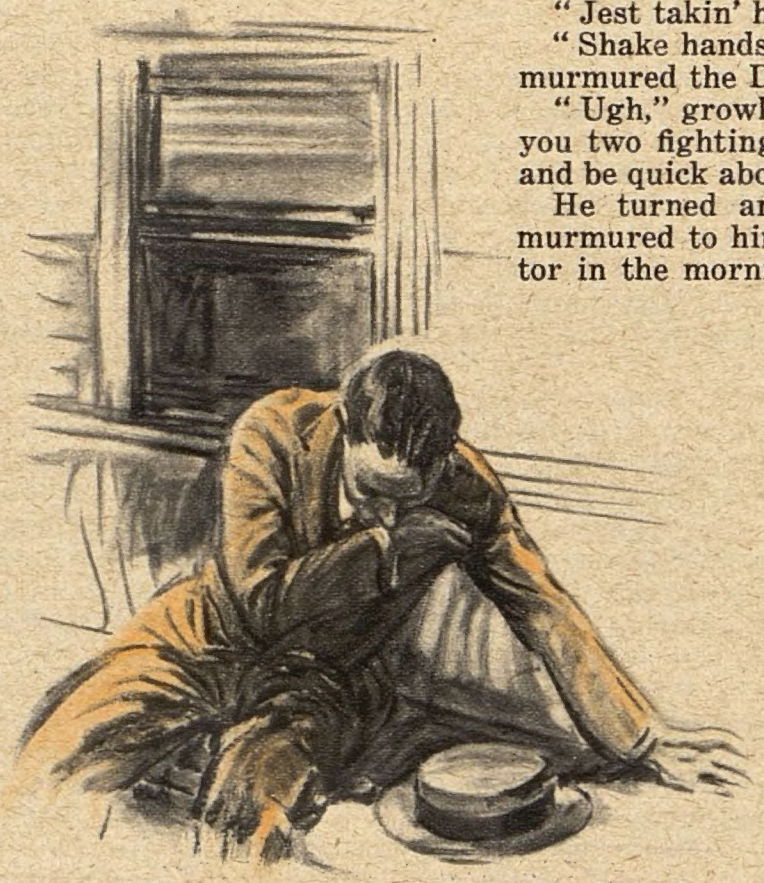
He turned and walked north.

Solly was on the point of calling things off for the evening, but at that moment Finn whistled from his doorway. Solly gave an anxious glance at the retreating back of the policeman. Then he sauntered back around the corner, crossed to the south side of the street, and passed Mary's place fifty feet behind the enemy gangsters, who were heading west. Leggsy Finn held a parallel course on the north sidewalk. On a doorstoop halfway to the corner sat a sleeping drunk, head sunk on chest and hands limply dropping from his knees.

Little Solly, walking loudly and whistling merrily, overhauled the men. Six feet this side of the sleeping drunk—still whistling merrily—Solly closed in. At the same moment the Midget sprang from his seat on the steps and Finn came running across the street.

Solly took the inside man with a vicious short armed lifting blow, like a boxer's uppercut, that sent the blade tearing up under the lung and heart. He went down with him, trying to disengage his knife, and hopelessly mixed up with the Midget.

Finn had started his dash too late. He gave the second man time to draw and jump for Solly's back. Little Solly's promising career nearly ended there. But the knife missed the back of the neck—thanks to his being on the ground—and did nothing but lay his face open from ear to point of chin. The striker lost interest at this point, when Finn's blackjack dropped, tardily but convincingly, on his skull.



The facetious young gentleman suffered a broken jaw.

THE whole action had lasted not six seconds. Solly lurched to his feet, drew a safety razor blade from his pocket, and dropped it in the pocket of the man he had stabbed. All three ran toward Ludlow Street, Solly bleeding profusely and lagging a little behind. Midget Meyer caught a glimpse of his chief by the light of a street lamp and took over the command.

"Gimme your beaner an' beat it, Leggsy," he commanded. "I'll stay wid 'im."

Finn handed over his blackjack and took to his heels. The Midget found Little Solly's knife, added his own to the collection, and dropped all three weapons down the sewer hole at the corner. Then he pulled off Little Solly's cap and pressed it against the wound.

"Hold it shet wid dat. We gotta get out o' here an' find a taxi."

They headed heavily toward Delancey Street, Solly grimly silent and rapidly weakening. The first taxi driver the Midget hailed took one look at his blood drenched companion and stepped on his accelerator. The next one the Midget threatened to shoot, and so got his man aboard.

When they reached Bellevue, Solly went in on a stretcher.

"Who carved your little boy friend?" asked a hardboiled interne.

"Carved nothin'," replied the Midget indignantly. "He cut hisself shaving w'en he was dressin' for dinner. I'll be round to see him w'en you croakers has him sewed up."

But he wasn't. The police picked him up the next morning. They got the taxi driver, and they got the other gangster whom Finn had blackjacked. He was found unconscious beside the body of the man Solly had killed. When he came to he had no idea of who had stabbed his pal. No one knew anything. The Midget grinned and had never been in Hester Street. Solly glared through his bandages at the inspector and the tippling officer who had met him on Essex Street—glared and would not talk.

They knew he'd done it, and he knew they knew. It was the usual stalemate, and he was turned loose from the hospital a couple of weeks later without even the formality of an arraignment.

But two results it did have.

It gave Solly an abiding distaste for cold steel, and he never touched knife again. All his work thereafter was done with the pistol. He was no coward, but he had the humorless sensitiveness of the very short man for his personal appearance. The knife thrust had left a six inch scar that stood out white and livid against the blackness of his beard unless he was very freshly shaven. Later on, with increasing years and vanity, he was known to shave and powder twice a day.

The second result was the amalgamation of Little Solly's gang with the Dropper Wole organization. Ordinarily the killing of a Dropper follower would have brought instant reprisal and an unending feud. There were, indeed, some desultory skirmishes in the succeeding weeks. But no fatalities resulted. By the time that Little Solly came out of hospital, Dropper Wole had decided upon alliance instead of war.

The Dropper was getting on in life—he was all of twenty-three—and he didn't want the moneymaking strength of his organization diverted to a profitless feud with a younger rival—especially a rival so courageously reckless of his own inferiority. Also, he was still powerful enough to impose terms. From all of which it may be gathered that his origin was Semitic and calculating rather than Latin and romantic. He sent word to Little Solly.

LITTLE Solly came, unescorted and unafraid. The Dropper went straight to the point:

"Say, kid, I'm gonna give youse a chanst to come along wid me. Ain't no use keepin' up trouble between us. I got two three rackets goin' that pays good, an' I kin use your bunch right now. I'll forget your bumpin' Dutch Henler—"

"Who says I bumped him?" asked Solly truculently.

The Dropper ignored the interruption.

"— 'cause he ain't done nothin', anyways, for two years 'cept lay on his hip in a joint on Pell Street. What d'you say? Take it or leave it?"

"Take it," said Little Solly tersely. "But I gotta run me own mob."

"Absolutely, an' then some," agreed the Dropper, much gratified. "An' now, by God, I'm buyin' the pails."

He summoned a waiter and ordered champagne.

Later that evening Captain Bill Henderson, on his way home from the Clinton Street station, came face to face with Dropper Wole and Little Solly. The new allies were arm in arm and the Dropper was somewhat drunk.

"What's it all about?" demanded Captain Henderson with astonished anxiety. "When did you two get together?"

"Jest takin' him home," stated Solly superfluously.

"Shake hands wid me friend Salvatore Maggioroni, capting," murmured the Dropper amiably.

"Ugh," growled the captain, "if there's one thing worse than you two fighting, it's you two friends. Take him along, Solly, and be quick about it."

He turned and went on his way. "Bad news, that," he murmured to himself. "Bad news—I'll have to see the Inspector in the morning."

Bad news it was for the police. But good news for gangdom and prosperity. For two years the alliance endured. The gangs did not merge. Each maintained its operative and territorial integrity, but liaisoned as closely as two companies in a combat battalion.

Little Solly divided his time between directing Midget Meyer and being nominally directed by the Dropper. When Solly went out on business he was invariably accompanied, or covered, by the Midget. When Dropper Wole fared forth, Solly was his usual bodyguard, with Midget Meyer covering them both. It was an unholy trio—Solly the brains, Wole the authority, and Midget the eyes and ears.

As time went on Solly's intellectual superiority increasingly asserted itself. The Dropper, softened by drink and prosperity, was content to let his faithful adjutant more or less run things for him.

Solly ran them well. To his family and clan he was utterly loyal and honest. He could dispassionately shoot a stranger for pay, and turn the money over to the dependent wife or mother or moll of a pal—and feel neither guilt in the killing nor pride in the giving.

He was feudal, patriarchal, tribal—a Sicilian Mafioso and Chinese bandit rolled into one and set down in a city slum. That he was a ferocious cutthroat and an enemy of society never crossed his mind. His social horizon was limited, that was all—limited to his own kind and his own territory.

He was romantic, sober, and serious—with the humorless lack of proportion that characterizes so many successful men. That is why he began at the bottom and shot his way to the very top of gangdom before he was twenty-one years old.

In eighteen months he systemized and expanded the activities of the combined gangs. He learned to shoot with either hand—practicing on Montauk trips with bootlegger friends—and at twenty paces instead of the usual hit or miss fusillade of crookdom. He carried his weapons in armpit holsters, and could draw, if need be, as his hands rose to the command of "Stick 'em up!" Ordinarily, however, and unless on business or pleasure bent, he packed no guns at all—preferring to be Sullivan law search proof against the frisking of suspicious cops.

And he taught his followers all that he learned. It was Little Solly who devised the elusive method of following a man known as "block tailing," which consists in holding the quarry in sight by keeping abreast of him on a parallel street a full block away, and running ahead to the next sighting corner when the man has definitely left the last one—a device highly useful at night or in deserted streets.

He also invented the still more elusive trick of "leapfrog tailing," employed against important and suspicious subjects who must be kept under surveillance at all costs, and who will inevitably make the shadower unless he is frequently changed. In this system the victim is followed by A, who in turn is followed by B, who is tailed by C—and so on. If A thinks he is being made, he signals and drops out, and B moves up and takes the man. It is costly of men, but effective.

And it was Little Solly who perfected the more subtle forms of killing—the apparent accidents: the victim "put on a spot" and killed by the well timed rush of a taxi; the tripping off a subway platform; dead men blackjacked and found at the bottom of building excavations; the drunken drownings in hotel bathtubs; and the disconnected gas tubes for those far gone in liquor. How many of these that fine Italian brain was responsible for on top of his known twoscore killings there is no way of telling. And so for two years Little Solly lived on. Eight months of it he spent in the reformatory, framed on a larceny job with which he had nothing to do, in a not unnatural effort by the police to even up for a homicide which they couldn't pin on him but with which everyone knew he had a lot to do.

When he came out, Solly found his relations with his chief somewhat changed. The Midget had been filling in as bodyguard, but he couldn't supply the Solly brains. Things had gone slack. A Brooklyn mob had cut them out of $1,000 a week gross for the twelve guerillas supplied to Big Bill McCabe, the bootlegger. The men had hijacked two trucks of Big Bill's government alcohol. Discipline was relaxed.

THE Dropper was drinking more and more heavily. Worst of all, he was violating the underworld code which demands loyalty toward one's own subordinates. He was trying to steal away Sophy Kolof, the moll of Midget Meyer.

It was the same Sophy Kolof whom Little Solly had hacked with the piece of tin can when he was five years old and she a gangling child of four.

The girl was now about eighteen, a tall, flaxen haired Polish Jewess with splendid face bones and fine angry gray eyes under straight black eyebrows. She was half a head taller than the Midget, and she lived with him and loved him devotedly, and bossed and mothered him within an inch of his murderous little life.

Understand, there was nothing of the trull about Sophy. Why she did not marry him it is hard to say. Certainly he had asked her often enough. Perhaps her longer schooling and her occasional outerworld contacts as a salesgirl had something to do with it. Or perhaps she had a feminine prevision that to lose a lover by violence or the electric chair would be less definitely stigmatic than to be widowed by the big gray house on the Hudson.

At all events, Sophy loved the Midget and the Midget loved Sophy, and everybody knew it. And Dropper Wole desired Sophy lustfully and tried hard with money and with threats to seduce her, and everybody was coming to know that too. And Little Solly loved Sophy passionately and romantically and unsophisticatedly, and had loved her for a long time—and nobody at all knew it, not even the Midget, and not even the girl herself. Solly had his faults, as what murderer has not? But he kept the faith as he saw it.

And so it was that, when he came down from Elmira, Solly found his best friend and his boss very near the breaking point. The Midget came to him at once. Solly heard the bare recital in silence.

"You ain't said nothin' to the Dropper?" he asked.

"Not a woid. He don't know she's been tellin' me. I been waitin' for you, Solly. Wot'll I do, Solly? Sophy says she'll croak him if he grabs her again like he done last time."

"Lay off'n it, the two of youse. Lemme see wot I can do," answered Solly unhappily.

He went directly to the Dropper and directly to the point, as was his wont.

"Looka' here, Dropper. This here Sophy Kolof, she's the Midget's moll, an' she's on the level."

"Yeah?" growled the Dropper in a menacing tone. It was midafternoon and he was half drunk.

"You got her wrong, I'm tellin' you," went on Solly patiently. "She's on the up an' up. Don't go to makin' no trouble."

"Wot the hell is't to you?" snarled Wole.

"It's a hell of a lot to me. Him an' me is friends and me an' you is friends—an' he's been one square guy wid you," finished Solly miserably.

The Dropper swayed forward over the table, gulped down some raw whisky, and shivered slightly. He was in an ugly mood.

"I don't owe him nothin'—he's got his coin reg'lar. An' I won't be owin' you nothin', eider, if you don't butt out o' this—see?" And then, with violence: "I'll take the little b— w'enever I'm good an' ready—see?"

"I ain't askin' you nothin'. I'm tellin' you. See?"

LITTLE Solly did not answer. His hands lay quite still on the table. But his forehead grew red, and the big scar looked white and livid along the jawbone. He arose and walked out of the barroom without a backward glance.

From a drug store he telephoned to several hangouts and finally located Meyer.

"Say, Midge—I just seen him, an' I gotta talk to you an' Sophy right away, see?"

"How'd he take it?"

"Not so good. Tell you later. We gotta send her outer town fer the summer."

"Chees't, Solly, I ain't got the coin."

"'S all right—I'm lookin' out fer that. Now, where'll you be?"

"I'm meetin' her at six in front o' the synagogue."

"O. K.—wait for me there. An' you tell her wot I said."

At five minutes before 6 Midget Meyer was sitting halfway up the steps of the synagogue.

It was a soft spring evening. The street was crowded with women and children and the air was filled with the raucous shrilling of the neighborhood.

Forty feet away a street cleaner flushed the gutter from an open hydrant, and the dirty urchins spewed from the tenements puddled delightedly in the liquid filth. All was peace.

For the first time in many months Midget Meyer was at peace. Solly was back and Solly would fix things. The Midget's small dark heart overflowed with gratitude and pride in his friend.

He flipped a languid cigarette stub to the sidewalk, and some children pounced upon it.

Sophy came down the synagogue steps.

"Where'll we go, Midge?"

"Nowhere. Set down awhile. We gotta wait for Solly. He's goin' ta tell us sumthin'."

"What's the big idea? Ain't we going to the pictures?"

"Mebbe—later. Say, Sophy, what you always holdin' against Solly? Ain't he always treated us white?"

"Sure—I ain't sayin' nothing. I don't just know. Somehow, I don't trust him. Mebbe it's only because of what he done to me when we was kids. A goil don't forgive havin' her face spoiled."

Beneath the straight fall of the bobbed blonde hair she carried a mutilated left ear.

"Aw, hell—can't ye forget it? Here he comes now."

The short, squat figure of Solly appeared, walking briskly toward them. From the opposite direction a taxicab came lurching over the cobblestones and nosed tenaciously along the curb. Little Solly started up the steps, and the Midget went to meet him.

The taxicab settled to a stop, and the automatic—rested like a rifle on the sill of the open window and held in the two hands of the kneeling Dropper—barked out five times before it was thrown to the sidewalk.

The Midget whirled and then began to stagger down the steps. When he reached the bottom, he fell, one arm flayed out, and the palm of his hand slapped the sidewalk audibly.

The girl arose and threw herself on Solly, tearing at his face with her nails and screaming hoarsely:

"You put him on a spot! You put him on a spot!"

She kept on screaming it while the officers wrestled with them. Meanwhile the taxi had disappeared unmolested around the corner.

Another story of Little Solly and his career as a gangster will appear in an early issue.

Ten Years Ago This Week

The Story of the First Armistice Day

By FREDERICK PALMER

"No more war!" Overjoyed doughboys of Company M, Sixth Infantry, F

THE last week of the 223 weeks of war which had drawn in all of the biggest nations and most of the small!

No one who was old enough to understand will ever forget where he was and what he did on the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, when he heard that the world strain was over.

No piece of news was ever so personal to so many people. Never did so many go so wild with joy at the same moment for the same cause.

Every one of their relatives knew that the millions of men at the front were no longer shooting or being shot at. Soldiers of all armies would be coming home, be it in victory or defeat.

For the Allies victory; for America victory. We had two celebrations at home—the first of the false armistice from premature news. That had more expansion than the second. It got the first burst of emotion.

I am thinking of what that first Armistice Day meant to us who were at the front. Not so much shouting as at home; we were too numb from fighting; the mortal grimness of it was too close; the restraint of discipline still held.

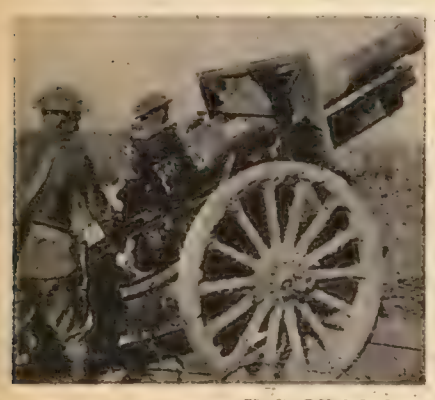
The strange silence! No sound of artillery fire for the first time in four years. It was as if the roar of the city's traffic, all its dynamos and engines, as if the roar of Niagara itself, had stopped.

We had been as used to artillery fire as to the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. It was incredible, this silence. It did not seem possible it could last. The guns would begin pounding again; we would wake up and hear Niagara anew. This was only a lull between bombardments.

The great thought, slowly comprehended, was "I am alive!" It was amazing. Just how had it happened to you? And why to you and not the other fellow?

"And I'm going home!"

Yes, that was true too. One day you would be out of that khaki harness, pack and rifle and gas mask laid aside, a free man, a civilian. You had gradually to get used to the sensation of peace on the edge of that crater when rocks, lava, flame, and gas had ceased to spout, the four year old volcano finally extinct.



U. S. Official photo

"Calamity Jane," the last gun fired by the Americans.

As I look back, it seems a miracle that Armistice Day came so early; that the war did not last until 1919, with the cost of 500,000 American dead in France and double our war debt. There was no magic wand stuff in the miracle. It was a miracle in guts and labor and what men will endure. No short cuts, no lucky breaks. No room for sensational strategy. No one battalion to be singled out for heroism when heroism was just the standardized stock in trade. Straight slugging against an enemy never off his guard.

No one brilliant charge deciding the day; but hundreds of charges deciding a four years war. In that mill of the Meuse-Argonne battle lasting six weeks we crowded more than a million men.

When our soldier returned from France he was a poor salesman of his deeds. People at home had heard a lot of things wrong. They knew the name of Château-Thierry better than that of the Meuse-Argonne, which had many Belleau Woods. The action that had started us in serious fighting had had the spotlight; that which ended the war was lost in the fog.

Once the tide had been turned at Château-Thierry, and we were coming in such force as to enable Foch to press the offensive, our people at home were watching the pins on the map where they were moving forward fastest.

Always this was in front of the French and British armies in the succeeding thrusts from September 26 until November 10 in the north and east of France. And it was known that our army was fighting, too, at the extreme end of the line near Verdun.

"The Americans do not seem to be making much headway," remarked the British and French publics. "But look at the rapid advances of our veterans. They know the game."

The Allied missions whispered this in Washington. One could see by the map that it was true. What a liar the map was!

If we had had the same amount of opposition as the other armies we should have advanced as fast and we would be celebrating Armistice Day in October instead of November. A large part of the German army would have been captured. For we would have cut the Sedan-Mézières railroad; cut off the German retreat.

At any cost of blood the Germans must keep solid the human wall which kept our shells from reaching their troops and supply trains. The harder we hit, the more arrows we diverted from in front of the other armies to feather our breast.

Such was the method of victory. Such the part of the vigorous young American army with the zeal and stamina to keep on attacking when the Allied armies were battle weary. Such the hammering that made the miracle of 1918.

Orators will please take note of this if they want a big thought for the tenth Armistice Day since 1918. The buddy in the audience will find it straight shooting—no politics, no bunk.

It is worth repeating to any American who thinks that money or anything else had more than fighting to do with winning the war; to all and sundry, foreigners or Americans, who say, "America's moral support was undoubtedly effective in the balance, but American troops did not see much action."

AFTER we have had ten years' silence on that old front, the best celebration of Armistice Day is to summon back the scene of the late October and early November days and the final attack.

The guns roar again; the machine guns rattle. We have had more than a month of unceasing battle from the Argonne Forest's edge to the Verdun hills. We have ground our way through the forest up the troughs of the Aire and Meuse rivers. Yard by yard, now slipping back a step and then bucking to it for a gain of two steps, we have been working our way up the whaleback of hills between the rivers. Only those who were in hell's fine toothed threshing machine can ever know the cost of each one of the stairs we had mounted against the fury of vicious slashes of the swordsman above us.

When Peace Was Won

U. S. Official photo

sion, receive the glad tidings near Remoiville, France, in November, 1918.

The Germans kept on summoning picked machine gunners; kept putting in fresh shock divisions to answer our attacks with counter-attacks. For they were not taking it standing still, but with clever footwork, ducking, feinting, blocking, and quick to lead into an opening.

Many of our battalions were down to a third and a half of their numbers and kept on fighting against machine gun nests. For Heinie had plenty of machine guns. We captured 3,000 in the battle.

At last, fresh divisions expending themselves in repeated charges, we have the Kriemhilde Stellung main defense line. Ahead, yet to be taken, the Freya Stellung, the gassed Banthéville Wood, and more high points.

ONE more general attack for them at the end of October, and then it is downhill to the railroad. We will have the top of the stairs; the other fellow will take his turn under plunging fire.

No wonder the pins are moving fast in front of the other armies! No wonder they gain miles while we gain a hundred yards! Every shell and bullet swept slope that we take, every hillock, every little wooded height speeds the advance elsewhere and calls for more Germans to stay our advance.

No maps in home newspaper offices are large scale enough to mark our gains. They should be really shown in hundreds of feet, like the ascent of a mountain climber up a sheer rock face on the last stage to the peak when the air is rare and the breathing is hard.

We have 2,000,000 men in France, a third of them in the Service of Supply. But not enough man fodder for the Meuse-Argonne maw. Lulls in the battle as we wait for fresh men to take the place of the dead and wounded and the exhausted.

Consider the lot of the individual doughboy in this great adventure. For the job is his. Consider the weather, growing worse every day as winter nears! He is fighting in a season when battle exposure ought to be against all game and health laws.

It is like March, a thawing March, on the New England coast or on the Great Lakes, only moister. It is a cold harder to bear than forty below in the Dakotas where the air is dry. It bites right through to the marrow of your bones and keeps its grip.

Not cold enough to freeze. Cold enough to make mud an icy compress over bowels and heart. I have slept on the ground from the equator to the Arctic Circle, but my last choice is a trench in winter in Flanders or a fox hole in the Meuse-Argonne.

No tots of rum, as the British have, to warm you. No hot food; rarely hot coffee. Cling to your spade. That digs the fox holes where you get cover after a charge. Keep the mud out of your shoes. It is not good for feet that have been wet since you left your billets. Keep it out of your rifle, your nose, eyes, ears, and your food—biscuits revert to dough—and your gas mask.

There is gas that burns the flesh, soaking into your clothes; the gas that asphyxiates and keeps your head in the dripping gas mask. Sleep? It's easier standing up than in the fox hole. But if you stand up a shellburst or a machine gun burst may awaken you in another world.

In view of what the doughboy was expected to endure, it was clear why the doctor took so much pains to make sure that the candidate was in sound physical condition before he got a pass to the great adventure.

Attack again! The "looie" has the next step on his map—just how many yards your outfit is to take to do its part on that twenty-five mile front—or at least he hopes he has. He must act as if he has.

Hell, it isn't being shot at—especially if you could get dried out and warm—it's the strength for the effort that counts. There is so much present misery that such future troubles as death are discounted. Attacks fail and succeed. In failure, attack again to get what you were expected to take; in success, attack again now you have shown how easy it is to get ahead. And maybe you will be home for Christmas.

"Where are the damned cannon?" the cry from the fox holes. "Are the gunners back with the rolling kitchens, munching chocolates and telling the girl at the Y canteen what huskies they are?"

Coughed curses. Why don't the gunners put the enemy gunners out of business? Why don't they put over enough shells to protect the charges and blast the machine gun nests?

The answer is that we have all our batteries of artillery in and all working, but they can never send enough shells; never satisfy the eternal "More!" of the infantry.

The gunners stick under answering enemy shellfire; stick when the infantry of their divisions have gone groggily out in the final stage of exhaustion. They push up close to the front. When some are stopped by having all their horses killed, they drag their guns forward by hand through the mud.

CURSES from the fellows at headquarters who pencil the objective which the doughboys are to take when failure at one point holds up a broad front. Curses back under their breath—the wickedest curses in battle are under the breath—from line commanders at the tacticians who move the chessmen on the map.

"If that damned staff were up here they wouldn't be making such fool plans. If they think it's easy, let 'em come up and try it themselves and leave their umbrellas and overshoes behind."

When the officer from the line went to the staff he joined the staff in their brand of curses; and staff officers, freed from deskbound imprisonment, when they were transferred to the line began calling the staff unpleasant names.

The doughboy had to do the most under-breath cursing. All the way up from the top kick the top guys were taking it out of him. He was the fellow who won the machine gun nests.

So, attack again. You may get another bit of slippery slope that Heinie holds so dear and Jawhn J. Pershaing wants so much. A bit of mud big enough to fill a steam shovel's scoop is as precious as diamonds.

"And where are the damned tanks? Why don't they roll a few machine guns under?"

Answer is there are not enough; and the German artillery dotes on shooting at tanks.

"Where are the damned planes?" Hasn't a doughboy any friend at all left?

Curses for the aviators. Spoiled heroes. No mud in the air, although there might be in November in this section of France. Why don't the fliers see the machine guns and artillery which Heinie has massed in the woods and behind the ridges to riddle a charge? Why don't they stop enemy planes from dropping

U. S. Official photo

Twenty-sixth Division boys reading about it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK—WHEN PEACE WAS WON
Continued from page thirteen]

bombs on doughboys in fox holes and sweeping them with machine gun fire? Why don't they bomb the big guns on assassin Hill 378 which are raking our flank?

Yes. The lowdown on the aviator from a fox hole was quite different from the highup on him at home. He flew back to ministering mechanics who looked after his plane—natty gentleman stepping out of his car and leaving it to his chauffeur—and there was a bath and good bed and swell eats waiting for him. He never had to scratch for cooties.

True, he might be killed. Hell, there was nothing unusual in that. No life insurance agents were canvassing the fox holes looking for easy risks. The flier got a clean, quick death. The doughboy might have a lingering one, filthy mud driven into his jagged wounds by a shellburst.

GLORY for the ace—vaudeville headliner of war to the infantry. The doughboy who was one of the five out of six killed in getting a machine gun nest might have a notice in the local paper mentioning that Peter J. Doe, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Doe of 2348 Pacific Avenue, or of Blockville, Lincoln County, had fallen in France. If all the aces among the doughboys got their share of glory all the Canadian forests would have to be cut down to make newsprint to carry the panegyrics.

The answer to the plaint against the fliers was the bursts of machine gun fire in the air as plane fought plane. Our planes also were flying low and sweeping Heinie with bullet sprays and getting bursts of machine gun fire from the earth in reprisal. They were running the gamut of anti-aircraft gunfire to spot positions. They were bringing back photographs that made the map alive to the staff.

And the staff was razzing them—about the meanest dig I heard in the war was from a hardboiled chief of a corps staff to a fastidious aviator who had luck charms on his wrist—razzing them for not bringing in more information. And their underbreath curse to their top kicks was:

"We haven't got X ray eyes to see through the mantle of mist over the earth"—chill mist when no chill rain, remember—"or through the tree tops of a wood when a flock of machine guns or some batteries of artillery have been slipped into it in the kind of black nights they are having in dear old sunny France these days."

And not enough planes. The call for more planes for the capacious monster dragon maw of the great battle could no more be satisfied than the call for more artillery, more food, more machine guns, more shells, more bullets, more Y huts, more ambulances, more railroad cars, locomotives, ships, sausage balloons, motortrucks, delousing machines, and doughnuts from the Salvation Army lassies.

An Oliver Twist raging, demanding chorus of "More!" all the way from the fox holes back to camp and munition factories from 3,000 to 6,000 miles away.

"More!" from Pershing to March, Chief of Staff in Washington. And "More!" from March to captains of industry and day and night shifts. More subscriptions to Liberty Loans.

A shortage of tonnage to bring over the supplies accumulating on home piers. We got 330,000 tons less than asked for in September, and 398,000 tons less than asked for in October. Only a little more than two-thirds of all we asked for from July 1 to November 1 to meet our requirement—or a total shortage of just under 1,000,000 tons.

Pile that up in a mountain and you would realize how much the doughboy missed in food and arms for his support—which explains why there was often agony in the curses that went with the call for "More!"

The blame was, first, in the fact that we had been unprepared for war; and next, that in the hope of an earlier victory we were carrying out in the fall of '18 the great offensive planned for the spring of '19 after we should have had the winter to organize and bring over supplies.

For a likeness to the situation of the A. E. F.'s task in the fall of '18, think of a city of 2,000,000 people which finds one morning that 30 per cent of its transport is out of business. What a howl from those who did not get their morning milk, or not in time! And food in the refrigerator going bad because the iceman fell into a hole left by the earthquake!

All slicked up and mighty glad to be marching again on American soil.

Add to that an epidemic and a refugee population from another city to feed, and you will know still better the wherefore of the strong language being passed along from fox holes to ports.

It was not the high tide of America's possible effort—not yet. That was planned for the spring, remember. Two million more men in the training camps at home would be ready for the front then; our machine guns, tanks, and all manner of other equipment would be ready; our plants approaching the fullness of planned capacity.

With the promise that the German army may break before winter comes, we are putting in all we have now so there can be no German comeback in the spring. Put on fire engine pressure to break our energy in a wave over the rest of the whaleback of hills between the Meuse and Aire rivers where the decision must be made. Win the war in 1918 and you will not have to win it in 1919.

DRIVEN ahead of the current, the fighting head of the wave, "Fast Express, F. O. B., Rush," were the men. We could wait for doctors and nurses, for chocolate and doughnuts, for delousing machines, for laundering, but not for the men—replacements—to fill the gaps of dead, sick, and wounded.

Otherwise the current will dissipate at the supply depots. Fighting alone can take the hills. Never American manhood at such a premium as in the three weeks of "Drive! Drive!" under the iron command before the Armistice.

Replacements! The supreme "More!" Hurry, replacements!

Shot across country on home railroads, the recruits from the home camps, sardine packed on transports through the sub zones, and then shot ashore at Brest.

Horses must have time after a sea voyage to get their land legs, to be acclimatized. No such luck for the men animals who answered the most vital of the "More!" cries. No time to loiter in a café, no time to see the town; jumped into a horse car and ticketed through to the Meuse-Argonne.

Replacements! Replacements!

Out of the train, then march—and hear for the first time the distant roar of the battle. They follow a one way road, with loaded trucks and empty ambulances, to the front. On another one way road are the empty trucks and laden ambulances. Stretchers slipped out of the ambulances into tiers on the long hospital trains which go speeding to the great hospitals we have built as a part of that world of America in France.

And in the already crowded hospitals are the great women of the war—the trained nurses. They, too, are under the discipline of the "Drive! Drive!" of the iron command; but impulse is ahead of orders as the mud caked and bandaged keep arriving.

The nurses work double shifts, sixteen hours a day. Summon one more smile, a little more effort which may save a man's life or make his end comfortable. An American woman's welcome to men out of the man world of battle, to the wounded who are weak and helpless like children. Of all the workers, nurses and surgeons cannot afford to crack—not until the war is over.

America's best medical skill, and best skill in all fields, is serving. All of America's brawn and brain stretching its power through the day and the night in a mad ordeal from ports to fox holes to put the ball over the goal line for a touchdown when there are only five minutes to play!

THE batch of replacements, after leaving the train, may be stopped to fill in the gaps of outfits in rest, deloused, in clean dry clothes, recuperating strength to go into the battle again. What a job of laundering was that of the A. E. F. in those days! And veteran buddies take newcomers in hand to teach them the tricks of war as practiced in its latest fierce, desperate, and cunning stages.

Many strange faces in that veteran division. The replacements take on a new divisional loyalty. The two pioneer divisions have already had their original forces of infantry entirely renewed. Men from the Pacific coast are fighting for the honor of a New England division; city men for the honor of a prairie division.

Let's have their names, and remember the hard luck of the Thirty-first, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Seventy-sixth, Eighty-third, and Eighty-fifth divisions! All, in that mad rush to win the war in '18 instead of '19, were broken up for replacements. Still they served, each man with whatever outfit he fought.

Or batches of replacements might not be stopped to fill the ranks of a division in rest. They were marched right on toward the roar. An explosion beside the road from an aërial bomb and they knew that they were under fire. More explosions—bursting shells—ahead on the gray ridges.

On past our groups of batteries adding their shell blasts to the tumult; past groups of wounded dragging their feet; past exhausted units going out and still numb. Overhead the puffs of anti-aircraft gunfire melting into the slaty sky.

So this was it! This what the replacements had come for! They need not worry now that they would never be "in it." A battalion, a regiment, which was so large on parade, had been dwarfed into an insignificance that seemed hardly contributory to the fires of the giant caldron.

One man from a home training camp seemed nobody at all. Yet he had a great dignity. He was an armed man—a replacement. His manhood, and only that, counted, whatever his station back home. Machine gun nests play no favorites.

His eyes were blinking full of the scene as he kept on plodding through the mud, borne nearer and nearer on the wave of power to where it was breaking over the ridges. And he might see an incident like this which I saw one day:

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

WITH THE MEAL OR AS
A MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup.. *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

NO WONDER vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one! Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. Why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? They devote their whole lives to soup-making. They make it so delicious and of such splendid quality that women everywhere are giving up soup-making and are serving Campbell's every day. The finest soups that can be made!

And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Think of that! Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. It just wouldn't be human to expect a woman to get fifteen vegetables together in her kitchen and then go through all the tedious steps of preparing and cooking them.

There's a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup, so richly laden with wholesome vegetable food, should be eaten frequently. As vegetables are often cooked in the home kitchen, they lose much of their value because a proportion of their mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water, which is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Campbell's Vegetable Soup, being so generously supplied with vegetables, is therefore wonderfully beneficial.

How often do you make a meal on soup? Perhaps this is a new idea to you. But you'll see at once how desirable and convenient it is, when you learn of a soup that contains enough solid nourishment to be a luncheon or supper and that is tempting to the appetite. Well, you'd be surprised to know how many women "make a meal" on Campbell's Vegetable Soup. How completely and delightfully it settles the fussy problems of these "in-between" meals! And it's ready so quickly that you scarcely realize you had to prepare for the midday or evening meal.

If you have children, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a steady help in feeding those seemingly never-to-be-satisfied appetites. And how they flourish on its healthful nutriment!

It isn't always easy, we hardly need remind *you*, to induce the children to eat the vegetables they need. They like to "save space" for the more thrilling sweet things. Steal a march on them by giving them Campbell's Vegetable Soup. How they go for it! Before they know it they have eaten a whole plateful of real health! Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

I have within the will to win
And food for real ambition—
The soup that thrills, the soup that fills
With Campbell's rich nutrition!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving as an annual festival had its inception in the mind of the famous Puritan Governor Bradford. "God has blessed our Summer's work," said Bradford in November 1621, "and has sent us a bountiful harvest. It is fit that we have a time for giving thanks to God for his mercies to us."

In accordance with Bradford's proposal a Thanksgiving feast was arranged to which were invited not only the members of the colony but the friendly Indians as well. In the picture we see a section of the first Thanksgiving table with the maiden serving a steaming dish to the Indian chief and his Puritan host.

Cudahy's

Puritan Bacon

"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"

Cudahy's Puritan Sliced Bacon is produced from selected young tender meats, dry cured in the purest ingredients and smoked to an appetizing nut brown over fragrant slow burning hickory wood fires. Puritan Sliced Bacon is a bacon of a *FINER FLAVOR*, rich in high quality meat proteins, minerals and vitamins, readily digested and therefore is the perfect food for children as well as for grown-ups.

At your dealer's now in display cartons in the sanitary one pound or one-half pound parcels or in the new style convenient one pound or half pound cartons.

Let your Thanksgiving menu include Puritan Sliced Bacon.

No Folded Ends

Puritan Sliced Bacon is packed in full length slices and is easily removed from the package with fork without tearing because ***the ends of slices are not folded.***

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.

producers of

Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard · Beef · Lamb

(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. J, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Ten thousand feet high a German plane is crippled. It drops helplessly like a leaf. The pilot gets control. It glides and cavorts. Again it is a dead leaf. Again he has control. All eyes from dugouts, from command posts, from trucks and batteries, and the eyes of the wounded lying in rows at the dressing stations look aloft at this struggle. Only one man in the mighty battle, but he has the stage.

Common human suspense. Not a German, but a fellow man coolly, skillfully trying to beat death which is so near. Nobody of the thousands of spectators can add a feather's buoyancy to help him. He must do it himself on his own nerve.

All the dramatic cunning of movie directors could not plot such a thrill. God, he's tumbling again! Too low now to right himself. He will crash. But no. Just as the scenario requires, he recovers control in time for a miraculously skillful landing on rough ground.

OH, brave man had to hand it to brave man. He knew his onions, that Heinie flier. Chivalrous cheers in the midst of the battle racket for an enemy. A crowd around him. What would he drink? Or would he eat first? Take it easy there on a cot at a division headquarters. The drink first, eh? Have another!

And a few minutes later eyes cast aloft break the thought "Get the son of a gun!" as one of our aviators swoops down to engage an enemy aviator who is bound for one of the elephantine sausage observation balloons which space the air of the front like soldiers in open order.

"That's it. That puts him back!"

Then a parachute breaks from another of the languidly swaying sausage balloons. This time the enemy aviator sends his incendiary dart into the target. The observer descends just before the balloon goes up in flame. More sausage balloons to take the place of casualties.

Oh, yes, Mr. Replacement has a lot to see and a lot to be shown and also a lot to feel. And on with the mask, new buddy. They're putting over gas. Now nothing between him and the enemy. This is the very front.

And that cold, wet mud in the fox hole he hugs. This sudden change after having been catapulted from home climate through many climates!

But here he is, notwithstanding his cough, which is getting worse. Old buddies who welcome him with a nod are coughing. For the influenza epidemic is on in the fox hole pneumonia battle as well as in home training camps. Do you remember that?

Results are quicker in the fox holes than in the camps. If you do not come down with pneumonia until after a charge, that means you have not been trained and brought so far in vain. Your energy as a battle unit is not wasted. You have been "expended" in action. You can add your blows to the weight of the final general attack. Victory is the way to prevent greater casualties from pneumonia and enemy fire.

This time we will go through. Great news to encourage us from the British front, where, our Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth taking part, the British have made a sweep thirty-five miles broad and six miles deep south of Le Cateau, taking 25,000 prisoners. It is another reminder that our slugging up the hills of the whaleback has had its reward in easing the resistance for the Allies.

We set the date for the final general attack on October 28, but the French cannot be ready on our left. So postponement until November 1.

The Eighty-ninth, Leonard Wood's old division, still very much Kansas, now under "Bill" Wright, has cleaned up Banthéville Wood, while the wounded and the influenza stricken were brought back through its mile and a half of gassed length on stretchers in mud two feet deep.

And the Ninetieth, another veteran of St. Mihiel, still very much Texan, has taken the village of Banthéville, driven on to the Freya Stellung—the final defense—and shown how Texans can shoot against German counter-attacks.

The Fifth has taken Brieulles on the Meuse River bank, with its flanking fire which had held out for five weeks. We have cleaned up a lot of wicked little positions to give us elbow room for the final lunge. Rested divisions filled with replacements are coming up in reserve.

We had guns as well as men up—guns close to the infantry to follow up gains. Mountains of ammunition in waiting. The Ninetieth's artillery was to fire 68,000 shells in one day.

A task worthy of its tradition for the veteran Second, now rested and back to strength, after cracking Blanc Mont for Gouraud. In the center, supported by a hurricane of artillery fire, the Second and the Eighty-ninth make one bite of taking the Barricourt ridge, and the Ninetieth, of the Freya Stellung.

The western front at the end of the World War on November 11, 1918, and the position of each of the Allied armies in the battle line as the last gun sounded.

After five weeks of gouging for gains on those slippery slopes, between waves of general attack, this wave goes over the crest of the whaleback. It is downhill to the goal of the Sedan-Mézières railroad.

This time we have a bulge on the enemy in the thing called generalship. He had concentrated in the great Bourgogne Forest bastion on our left where he thought we would strike. A thrust for six miles in the center—more than a third of all the distance we had gained in uphill slugging since the battle began on September 26—unlocked his position in the forest and forced retreat.

WE had been struggling for yards with a steel band across our chests. Suddenly the band had yielded. Keeping at it had won. We had the lightness which the batter seeks from his bat by swinging two or three bats before stepping up to the plate. Opposition, yes. Heavy gunfire at times. Machine gunners to the death with their old skill. Game, desperate opposition.

"Ah, if we had the young army we had in 1914 against your young army," said a captured German officer who had given us the last shot in his locker, "then it would be a different story. We licked the Russians, fought the Roumanians and Italians to a standstill, wore down the French and the British new army, but this American new army with its fresh energy—it was one too many."

And we had only half of our soldiers in France. Two millions more in our training camps, serving notice of what Germany would have to face in '19.

"Anyway," he concluded with a glitter in fight weary eyes, "the German army does not have to apologize as to how it fought"—certainly not to those that fought it.

The farther we went in those days of early November the easier the going as resistance weakened. Youth to the fore. Young Frank Parker in command of the First which had been in reserve; young Douglas MacArthur of the Forty-second. The Fifth fighting its way across and bridging the Meuse River at Dun and on up the hills beyond. Bill Wright voicing angry protests that the Eighty-ninth was too battle tired to get out, and having his way. Our advance spreading out down the slopes.

The Thirty-second, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-ninth, old hands at the Meuse-Argonne game, have another fling. The newcomer Eighty-first gets a fling beside the Twenty-sixth. Over in the St. Mihiel sector our Second Army attacks toward the Briey iron fields. And no more shellfire from Hill 378, which had raked us for weeks in flank with its heavy shells, for the Seventy-ninth, which took Montfaucon in the first stage of the battle, and is in again, has stormed it. Divisions which have known the wicked days of yard by yard advance are limbering up their legs in retribution.

The Second makes a sensational night march lest some other division dispute its title of the racehorse division. The First was supposed to be in reserve, but Parker misunderstood the orders. The veteran Second and Forty-second must have nothing on the First.

So it races the Rainbows of the Forty-second for the rainbow's end, for the goal of that decisive blow against German communications which was Pershing's plan when he began to make his army in 1917. Our doughboys have reached the outskirts of Sedan, while our fourteen-inch naval guns attached to the Second Division, firing over the heads of our infantry, are landing their shells on the German transport, jamming the railroad which was our goal.

Query from the French command on our left asking if the American army is getting out of hand. What business had we in taking the town of such sentimental value to the French when the French army had surrendered to the German there in 1870? Sedan is in the French sector. Step back, First and Forty-second!

THERE are reports that peace is near. At 6 A. M. of the 11th, when the delegates meet to sign the Armistice, we have only two fresh divisions in reserve. Forty-seven German divisions have been fed in against us in the long battle.

The wires that have carried battle orders carry the peace order to cease firing at 11 A. M. Then the silence, the incredible silence, for the first time in more than four years. We have had 117,000 casualties in the Meuse-Argonne battle; and, aside from 3,000 machine guns, have taken 26,000 prisoners and 847 cannon.

Over, the war, for all the far flung battle effort of America; over for the troops holding 450 miles of front in Russia to keep the Bolshevists away from the sea; over for our Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first, which have helped the Belgians to take back their own; for the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth with the British; for all troops who arrived in France too late to get into it; for our regiment which has cheered Italian morale in dark days.

But not over for the doctors and nurses with 160,000 men in our hospitals—and influenza raging. The flow of energy toward the front pauses. While the divisions chosen for the occupation march into Germany, all the others are seeking that one way road which is "home."

For America, asking no spoils, one peace gesture not planned by the Peace Conference—the picked battalion of our veterans, as rigidly marching as a phalanx of steel, in the victory parades in Paris and London.

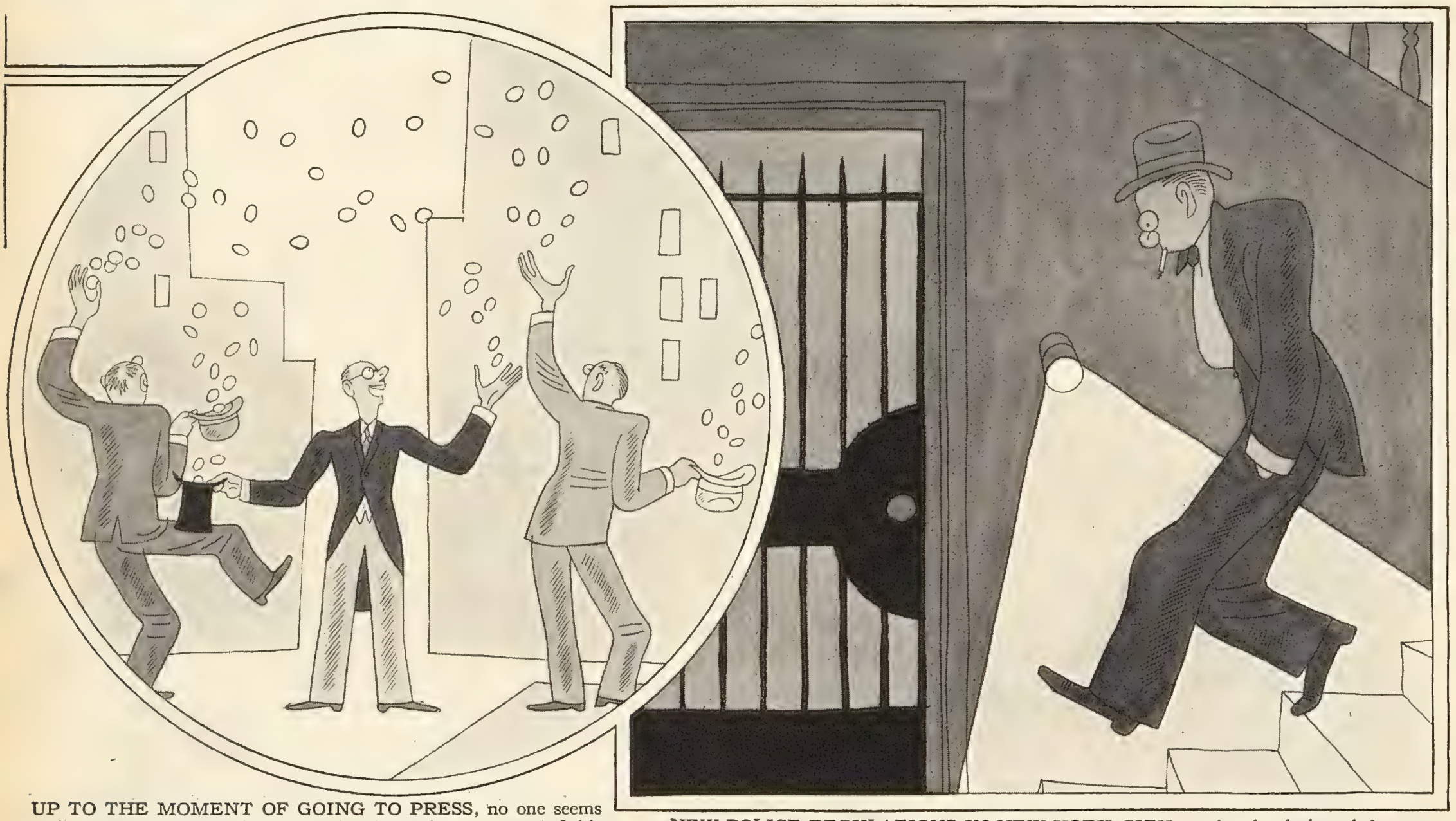
It had been a war of attrition as masses of men ground on masses of men. With all the tagging, thousands were unidentified. The idea responsive to this fact is said to have originated with the Rev. David Railton, curate of Christ Church, Victoria Street, London. But it seems to have been a common inspiration swiftly adopted, that of making a shrine to the Unknown Soldier in tribute to the anonymity of the heroes in a war in which man in his millions was supreme.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

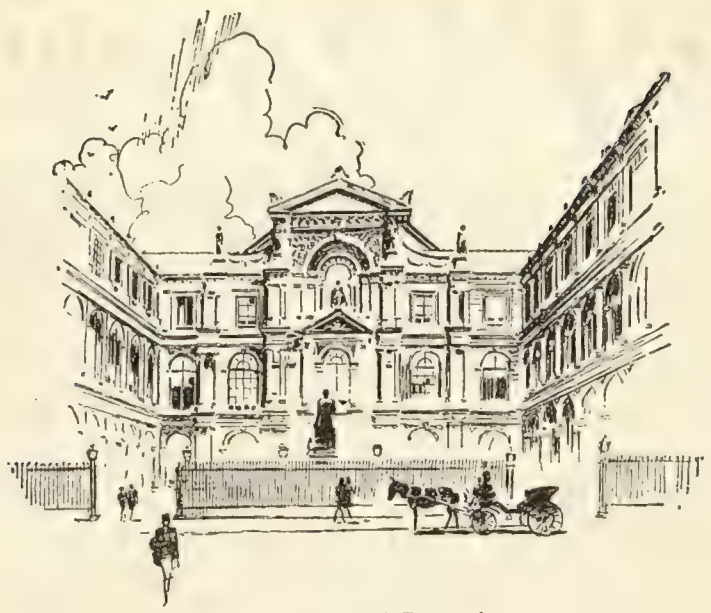


UP TO THE MOMENT OF GOING TO PRESS, no one seems to have stopped to think that it rains dollars in some parts of this country because so many people chuck their money into the air.

NEW POLICE REGULATIONS IN NEW YORK CITY require the dark and dangerous steps leading to speakeasy entrances to be adequately lighted after nightfall.

WANTED: a half dozen ex-wrestlers to drag five-minute orators, spoiled by the political campaign, away from our microphones at the end of a quarter of an hour. Apply Station WOW, New York.—Adv.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts illustrated in this corner.*)
TALKIE TOOTH PASTE AND SHAVING CREAM. Self-announcing tubes eliminate accidents in the morning. (Idea by Bill Levine, Toledo, O.)



University of Brussels
where Dr. Mayer is professor

Why I have prescribed yeast for 25 years

by

DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

Belgium's Great Surgeon

DR. LEOPOLD MAYER

Knight of the Order of Leopold and of the Legion of Honor; Officer, Order of the Crown of Italy; Professor, University of Brussels; Secretary-General, International Society of Surgery; Editor-in-chief, Brussels Medical Journal; Corresponding Member, Belgium Royal Academy of Medicine; Correspondent, National Society of Surgery, Paris and Rome.

"The most recent researches concerning the pernicious influence of intestinal fermentations have established the importance in the diet of products rich in vitamins. From this point of view and by reason of its absolute harmlessness, yeast is a remedy of first rank and its wealth of Vitamin B makes it a food of great value. For more than 25 years I have found yeast advantageous in my practice to regulate the digestion of my patients, especially of those affected with chronic intestinal trouble or with biliousness."

Leopold Mayer

MANY among the exclusive aristocracy of Belgium are patients of Dr. Leopold Mayer of Brussels. Doctors and surgeons throughout the world know him for his scientific writings. He is one of the truly great ones in the never-ending war on disease.

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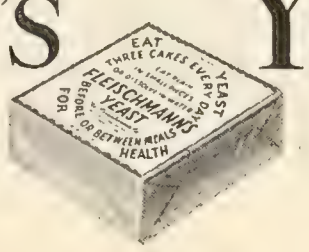

Peter Piper's

The Story of a Desperate Bridegroom

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A LITTLE thing she was, with a dangerously kissable mouth.

"CA, c'est Paris," said Peter, flinging back the shutters of the windows of his bridal suite in the Continental Hotel.

He and his pretty Pansy had just arrived on the insolent Blue Train. The crossing from Dover to Calais had been "rough."

"In other words," he said, performing that trick with his hat which made all London laugh, "so this is Paris, what?"

A little green, and even then mentally going down on one huge wave and up on another, Pansy arrived unsteadily at an armchair, but timed it perfectly. Not for nothing was she a première danseuse.

"That's how it sounds," she said.

"And we'll splash off on a reckless and extravagant honeymoon—the only one we'll have, my pet—with a box at the Moulin Rouge. How about that, eh what?" He twirled an imaginary walking stick and pretended to stumble over a pin.

"Yes," she said, with a wan smile at his antics. She had been in the same musical comedy with him for two seasons and they had become a little stale. "That'll be nice, old thing."

Whereupon, with a boyish and natural air of offstage pride at being a man of wealth, he slapped the place in which he had deposited his pocketbook, and nearly uttered a scream. The smart new leather case on which were stamped the initials of his comic but actual name—a wedding present from the tall, fat man who had worked with him so long—*had gone.*

Every penny that he owned in the world was in it—the £500 which he had saved by dint of gruesome economy in order to give his tiny wife a regal honeymoon. And he had not, as he immediately discovered with accumulating gooseflesh, put the vital thing in any other pocket. Either it had been stolen by a peculiarly heartless pickpocket or—and this was an alternative too painful to contemplate—he had left it in the cab.

If the first had happened he was marked down forever in the estimation of the shrewd and careful Pansy as an easy mark, a mere irresponsible person. And if the second were the cause of a ruined honeymoon and the tragedy of his life, he was bound to hear the story of his gross stupidity at every meal, including breakfast, until he doddered to the grave. Never again would he be trusted to carry money or permitted to regard himself as a reliable man. Instead of taking his place as the master of his home, the director of his domestic ceremonies, he would be relegated to the ignominious position of a purser's clerk. His wife would be top dog, and no man with a grain of proper masculine pride could face a contingency so disloyal to his sex.

Something had to be done. Some stroke of genius, some act of brilliant ingenuity such as was to be expected from one of the greatest laughter makers of the London stage, had to be performed on the spur of that frightful moment. Otherwise a long looked forward to honeymoon would be blasted and the character of an admirable and lovable little man smashed wholly and forever.

It must be understood that Piper had emptied his bank account. He had no father upon whom he could draw, no friends from whom he could borrow, and nothing that he could sell. Especially, he had recently quarreled with his manager. He was in a city where his name meant nothing, of whose language he knew no more than a few nonsensical phrases, and in which there wasn't a single soul to whom he could appeal.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Pansy, to whom silence on the part of her high comedian was an unexpected thing. "Still feeling a wee bit sick?"

"As sick as a poisoned dog." In his voice there was the urge to cut his throat.

Very much astonished, the girl looked up. A little thing she was, with extraordinarily small bones, a round face with baby eyes, a dangerously kissable mouth, and something that passed for a nose. Extremely pretty and instantly to be liked, she had the emergency manner that goes with a nurse. Neat, too, of course, and beautifully turned out. Not for her a run in her silk stockings or a single hair out of place. Nor had she ever fallen to the dreadful fashion of allowing a miscalled beauty specialist to tamper with her face. Her eyebrows were her own and had been left where nature had placed them. Never had her neck known the things they use on a horse.

"That's a flattering remark to make," she said, "on a honeymoon."

Whereat, greatly ashamed of his selfishness and lack of reticence, Peter went back on his tracks. With brilliant swiftness he erased his tactless footprints with a layer of sand. "The good old Channel," he said, giving a beautiful imitation of a landlubber walking a tilting deck, "and its interior aftermath."

"Oh, that! Yes, I know what you mean." And she closed her eyes again.

AND then, the while he duplicated his well known theater indication of reckless enjoyment, the harassed and pitiful creature set his thoughts at work. He had never acted so well.

He said to himself:

"You silly ass, what you need is time. Never in history was there such a crisis as this. Inspiration—that's what you want, you simple village idiot. What you've got to do, and quick, —but how, by golly, how?—is to put poor Pansy out. She must be rendered unconscious for a bit. If she sees what a fool you've made of yourself and the mess you've put her in, you may as well—or as lief, as Huntley had it—swallow a fat little bullet through the medium of a gun."

Even at such a moment, being a born actor, he thought in the sort of language that he employed in his "damn fool" parts.

"I must have at least twelve hours in which

The leather case had gone—every penny he had saved to give his tiny wife a regal honeymoon.

PICKLE

By Cosmo Hamilton

"Ca, c'est Paris," said Peter, flinging back the shutters of his bridal suite.

to earn, borrow, or wangle some money to pay our way. A sleeping draft, by gum!"

He went for the idea with the alacrity of a desert man for water. Yes, if he could work it, that was the one way out. (It was hopeless to expect that the taxi driver would bring his pocketbook back.)

"Pansy," he said in a medical voice, "you don't look well, old pet. You don't—believe me, you don't. Now, now, it's no good saying you do. I'm looking at you with loving eyes, and I tell you, reluctantly, that I think the word is bed. Upon my soul, I do."

"What? But there is the Moulin Rouge!"

She had felt all right, though tired, half a moment ago. But nothing is so instantly calculated to make one look unwell as to be told that one does, in a sympathetic voice. The power of suggestion is irresistible.

"Bed has a lovely sound," she added, "but it's so early. What about you?"

"Me! Tah!" He kissed her two or three times. "What's it matter about me? Popsywopsy's all done in, what with the excitement and the old shoes, the confetti and losing her lunch, and must be put between the sheets."

He kissed her all over again.

IN very truth, it had been a strenuous day. Shot by several cameras and attended by every member of the Garden Theater, in which The Girl on the Motorbike had been running for a year, the marriage had been more or less solemnized at a registry office at 9 o'clock. The breakfast—and it really was breakfast—had been enjoyed at a hotel in Leicester Square.

From there, in a hired car, with a strange assortment of luggage, the happy pair had driven to Victoria Station to catch the Dover train. Sheets of rice had fallen, old shoes had been chucked, and on the back of the car the second comedy man had attached a placard on which he had written largely—how funny!—"This side up with care." The train journey, that unspeakable crossing, the opulent dash to Paris—no wonder such a little person didn't look very well.

Following up his desperate thought, and adopting a bedside manner, Peter led the way into the next room—a large one with a bath alongside, and running water, and with the usual hotel palace paper, red and pompous, an imitation of the old silk in the royal rooms at Versailles: a nice room and expensive, which made a shudder run down his spine.

Sympathetically, but with a touch of farce, Peter opened the bed, and then with genuine sensitiveness kissed his hand to his little bride and retired from the room.

By an extremely lucky accident, the man who had brought up the luggage had left the dressing case in which he had packed some medicines in the palatial and Empire salon, so that, without having to go through any subtleties, Peter could lay his hand immediately on the sleeping draft without which he never moved. Comparatively young as he was, he suffered from insomnia, probably because of his efforts to amuse on the stage, from which he had not recovered when the hour for sleep arrived.

No one but a comedian knows what immense energies are required nightly in order to appear effortless to the well fed people in front, and Peter was invariably exhausted when, a grave and pumped out man, he returned to his flat at night.

He mixed an overdose, hoping that it would put dear Pansy out for fifteen hours at least, which would give him from half past 5 that evening to half past 8 the following morning in which to retrieve his position and acquire cash.

But how? If the Green Room Club had been within reach — but that was another story. And while the small boned Pansy prepared herself for bed, her tragicomic husband sat in an attitude of concentrated thought with his fingers among his fair hairs, which had been plastered back with a mixture of oil and other filths.

He was a nice little man, was Peter, wiry and well built, though small. Not much more than five feet six inches on a brick, very smartly dressed in a waisted coat with padding under his arms, tight sleeves and little cuffs, and trousers wide and full, the gallant and gaudy tie of the Thespids, his theatrical cricket club, and a tight little collar with stripes.

Nature, who had endowed him with every laughter making trick, had consistently provided him with a tragedian's face. In fact, she had given him, in her supreme generosity, the appearance of one who suffered not only from dyspepsia, but a sense of the hollow mockery of life. Offstage there was a distinct air of pathos about him, disappointment, and pain, which had been the cause of his rapid rise from a chorus man to one who had the satisfaction of seeing his name in electric lights. "There's not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord in melancholy."

As he sat in a Rodin attitude, carved rather in putty than in stone, he screwed that glassless prop in his right eye, through which he had only to look at his audience to win a round of applause.

He said to himself:

"Come on, you Jubilee Juggins, whatever gray matter you think you have got must be worked for all it's worth. Think, think, you fool. At least a hundred quid must be achieved before Pansy comes to. And then I can put up a bluff for a couple of weeks or so. During that time—I've done it before, by Jove—I'll speak soft words to fate—or maybe back a horse. Or if I could find a roulette table, or one of those simple souls who believes that he can play billiards—or there's the three card trick."

"Peter."

"Yes, Birdie."

"You can come in now. At least, I suppose you can. I shall have to get used to this." There was a little gurgling laugh.

With the glassless rim of gold screwed, from force of habit, into his eye, Peter entered the nuptial chamber as though walking on new laid eggs. He was a good little man and he had looked forward for a considerable time to that epoch making event with a certain seriousness and idealism.

He found Pansy lying in bed with the clothes about her ears. It has been said that she was very small, and even then she was neat. Not one of her shingled, glistening hairs was out of its proper place, and, quite unnecessarily, her schoolgirl complexion had been touched with powder and rouge—retouched, perhaps one should say. Her little case had been opened many times in the train, though never on the boat. Even that is forgotten by the most self conscious women on the horrid strip of water between Dover and Calais.

WITH an exquisite touch of casualness—Pansy was not sure that she liked it—Peter went to the window and did something to the blind. A thoughtful man was Peter—a gentleman, in fact. And then, as he hummed My Heart Stood Still, he approached the bed with the sleeping draft not too steady in his hands. He kissed her and said, "Darling Popsywopsy, you must take this at once. Just a little sedative, deary, which I understand from ancient travelers is soothing to the tummy after a nasty go of the sea."

"Good Lord!" she said. "What is it? Not a sleeping draft?"

"A thousand noes," he said. "A sleeping draft!" He was astonished. In fact, he was rather shocked. "No, no. Bicarbonate of soda, deary, with a few drops of bismuth which will do the trick. One, two, three—go!"

With utter trustfulness she took it, holding her nose. She was a healthy little person—who could fail to be healthy with so much ex-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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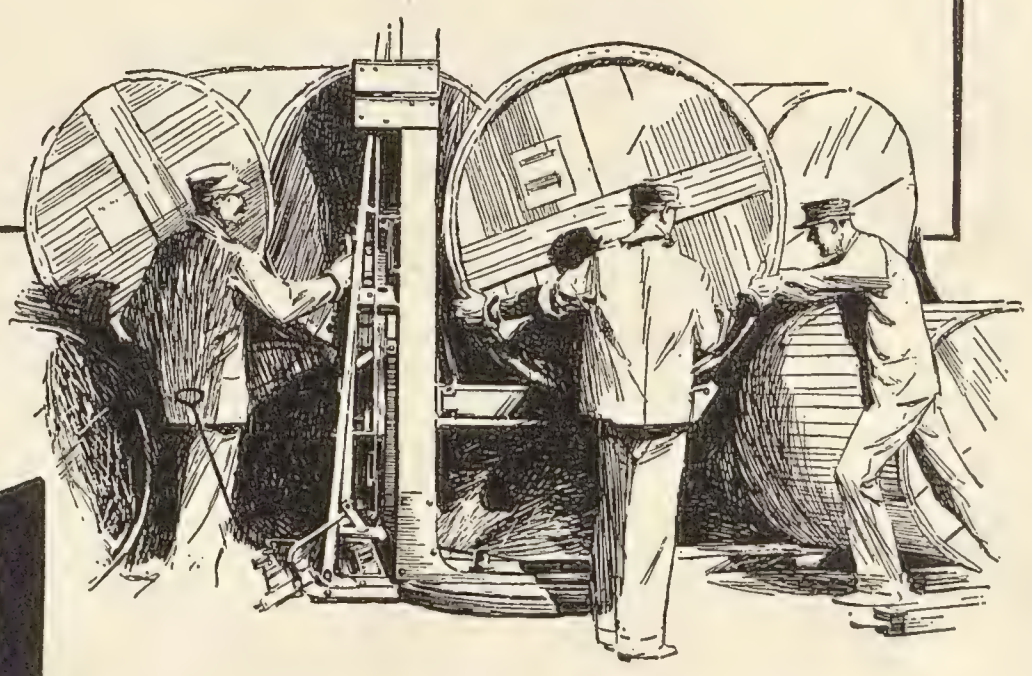

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[PETER PIPER'S PICKLE
Continued from page twenty-one]

ercise? She had danced all through the run of the play and practiced on the side. The muscles of her calves were like a bicyclist's.

"What about you?" she said.

"Well, old thing, as for me, I shall proceed reluctantly downstairs, buy a few picture postcards of Paris, and peck a little meal, perhaps, in order to kill time."

Whereat he kissed her again and retired to the door.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "you idiot, take that thing out of your eye."

But by that time he had gone. It fell out of his eye in the sitting room, in which he could be himself—the funny man who could be unfunny for a change. And there he paced the floor for twenty minutes in another ecstasy of thought.

WHAT was he to do? At all costs he must save his reputation, prevent the awful reiteration of that frightful story which would follow him through his life, and, in loyalty to every other husband, remain top dog. Then, like a man who drops through 12,000 feet in a faulty parachute, he went out into the passage and, not knowing that ascenseur meant elevator, walked all the way downstairs.

Much life was going on. People were arriving and departing. The inevitable crowd of inquirers surrounded the concierge—that man of patient tact, of many languages, with the crossed keys on his coat. At a cubby hole in the elegant wall a queue of eager ladies was booking seats to see things that were better left unseen. A few belated people were having tea at marble topped tables arranged on the mosaic floor. Somewhere or other a band was playing and there was the swish of feet. And out in the great open court there were colored umbrellas against the sun, which rarely appeared.

There was a barricade of wardrobe trunks covered with foreign labels—Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Nice, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, and the Lido of course. And behind three tempting Martinis there were three Americans, charming looking men from Yale or Harvard, to whom Paris was the Mecca of their dreams.

Peter had cocked his little dump hat, which turned up at the back and flopped forward in the front, at its usual rakish angle. He wore white spats, in spite of their being wholly out of date; but they, like his eyeglass, were props; and with a gardenia stuck in his buttonhole, and a stick almost as tall as himself, he went out into the open court to see what air would do.

Once there, and unconsciously, but with the ineradicable feeling of an actor that the limelight was upon him, he paced about with bent knees and with his feet turned in—that gooselike walk which had been adopted by the late George Huntley and had become de rigueur with every other comedian.

He became aware almost immediately that he was affording immense and exquisite amusement to the three Americans. Bursts of suppressed laughter came from their table, and one of them as he watched became almost ill with mirth. He was, in fact, undergoing those gorgeous contortions which are brought about by such a man as Grock, and which make him a benefactor to the world. His ribs ached and he wanted to lie flat upon the ground.

He approached the bed with the sleeping draft.

Peter, seeing a sail, so to speak, on the horizon, the first faint gleam of hope, began to exaggerate his little strut, his bored expression, and his open mouthed vacuity, and to work nearer and nearer to the table. He was able thus to hear what was being said:

"I've seen 'em on the stage, but, holy gee, I didn't think they walked about in life." . . . "The damn fool Englishman in every detail." . . . "Boys, I don't believe it's true. We're seeing things. It's come out of a bottle." . . .

PETER murmured a prayer. Here, by the grace of God and these three men, who being American were the wealthy of the world, was rescue. He took the bull by the horns. He stopped, listened, registered surprise, and then, with a slightly petulant air, approached. He said:

"Ah—am I to understand that you are by any chance laughing at me? I am not in the least averse to causing you that great and glorious feeling which alone comes from that expression of risibility peculiar to the human species and certain breeds of jackass, but I must confess to a slight surprise that I, of all people, am the cause of such a thing."

He pretended that his stick was a billiard cue in order that he might make a cannon with their glasses.

There was another and a louder yell, which echoed through the high walls of the hotel. Grant D. Overshaw smacked a rowing knee with joy. Burgess van Huten busted a collar button. And as for Eardman Holtzapple — his ribs were sore. He prevented himself from rolling on the ground by a supreme effort of control.

And Peter said to himself, with a strange and pathetic excitement, "Right you are, my lads; now for all my stunts."

HE balanced his stick on the ground and caught it as it fell. He took off his hat, put the brim on the tip of his nose, and with a little wriggle let it flop back on his head. He stumbled over imaginary pins. gyrated round the table with the action of a man on skates, and went through in rapid succession all the historic and histrionic tricks which began in pantomime and have been brought to the musical play. There were suggestions of Nelson Kays in all these, and Leslie Henson, of Eddie Foy and the Perfect Fool, and all the other laughter makers of every nationality.

He had never done so well or risen to such heights. And all the while he wore his dyspeptic expression and that tragic air of despondency that he had taken so long to acquire.

And finally, rather tired and a little ashamed of himself, he drew up a chair to the table and said to them:

"That'll cost you a hundred quid, which, at the current quotation in the financial columns, is nine hundred and sixty-eight dollars fifty-seven cents."

At which there was a further roar. That was the funniest thing he had said, because, naturally enough, the Americans were betting themselves that Peter was a peer—that he was Lord Augustus something or other with a couple of hyphens or so, and therefore a man with a yacht, one or two valets, a P. G. Wodehouse butler, and several of those English houses which they saw in *Country Life*.

"Upon my soul it will," said Peter. "I tell you straight, I've put into the last ten minutes a concentrated and intense edition of a whole week's work. For which my inadequate remuneration is covered by the sum I mentioned. I don't mind francs or dollars, and I'll even take a check. You can't expect a professional to work so hard for nothing. My

name," he added, " is Peter Piper —who's in a pickle—and I take it you've heard of that."

But as these men had landed at Cherbourg and had not yet been to London, Peter was wrong. That name conveyed nothing to them. The fame of the star of the Garden Theater had never reached their ears. One by one, they retired to recover. It may be said also that it was necessary for them to change. They were members of a party that was going to the Folies Bergères.

THEY were under the impression, of course, that they had struck a little man who was what was called in their amusing slang " bughouse." That is to say, someone who was balmy, off his nut, a harmless lunatic. Or else—and it was Overshaw who put this forward—he was one of those Englishmen of whom he had heard, who, possessing that subtle and curious sense of humor which is brought about by continual fogs and an almost total lack of sun, went about pulling people's legs.

At any rate, they were wholly convinced that he was a peer, because they had been in the habit of looking through the glossy pages of the *Tatler,* in which they saw, reading from left to right, groups of exactly such men as Peter, sitting on shooting sticks with their mothers and sisters, wives and best girls, all dressed in the comic garments which only the aristocracy can afford to wear.

Then, too, they argued, through the doors of their adjoining rooms, which were open, the man had called himself Peter Piper, which was quite enough to prove, apart from his screamingly funny demand for £100, that he had bats in the belfry, nothing much over the beads. And then, of course, they thought of something else.

But there was the wretched Peter alone in the drafty court, one down on the first nine holes of his desperate adventure, wondering what to do. He had read among the nightly sensations in the evening papers of holdups, desperadoes, who in the most crowded places stuck a gun suddenly into people's ribs, saying nastily, " Come on, now; hand it over," and immediately collected enough money to run a cottage hospital for a year, or, if they were not philanthropists, to settle the demands for income tax and buy a new Rolls-Royce.

Peter hadn't a gun. He had never had a gun. He hated guns. He shuddered at the mere idea of hurting a living soul or of giving himself an unexpected wound in a vital part. In fact, he was so kind a little man that nearly all his brother actors touched him for a bit, stray dogs followed him down deserted streets, tame canaries sang their best for him, and even parrots had been known, grumpy as they are, to run through the gamut of their repertory for his benefit.

All the same, he looked about him experimentally, seeing fat and prosperous gentlemen, singly and in twos, with big cigars in their teeth, any one of whom could probably cough up an enormous wad of bills if only Peter had the courage suddenly to dig the mouthpiece of his pipe in one of their tender spots and speak hoarsely under his breath. Almost without a thought, however, his thumb went down on that.

Could he—by Jove, could he play the gigolo, swarm up to an elderly lady with lifted eyebrows, sitting all alone, persuade her rapidly that he was her soulmate, and use other flattering words, and borrow at least part of the money of which he stood in such dire need?

That was an idea. That was almost an inspira— No, it wasn't, from the fact that he was fair. All the gigolos that he had seen at various cabarets were black, as black as one's hat, and mostly Argentine, with motion picture faces, with all their brains in their feet.

No. He must think of something else. And so he took his growing headache under the archway and the little tunnel into the Rue de Castiglione, that shattering, busy street hard by the Rue de Rivoli, which was even more shattering.

Here he found himself, as one always does, among men who were very anxious indeed to get rid of large supplies of the New York *Times* and the *Daily Mail,* various Parisian papers, and packets of things in dirty envelopes which they smuggled into view.

HERE, too, were the easily recognizable tourists, Lunnish in every way, with blobs of rubber on their heels, who belonged to the hatless brigade. Here were the gentlemen who called themselves guides, who oozed out from shadowy places with the warmest of invitations to see those corners of Paris of which Parisians are ashamed—the sore spots of the lovely city, especially manufactured for the tourist mind. And here, almost immediately, he was slapped on the back by a cordial creature who said, " By Jove, it *is* you. Well, here's a bit of luck."

He was English, and Liverpool, which was easy to detect. Also, and better still, he was very well dressed. In fact, he wore the affluent air of an extremely wealthy manufacturer in Paris without his wife.

Clinging to hope by his eyelashes, Peter submitted all too willingly to a crushing handshake. He said to himself with excitement:

" He knows me. He's seen me in The Girl on the Motorbike or The Powdered Lady. I've made him laugh. He's the sail on the horizon. He's the thing you bail the boat with. He's my spar."

" Piper, old boy, how about wetting the throat? How about a sidecar, or, if you want the local atmosphere, a gurgle of vermouth? "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Al Jolson

"The Jazz Singer"

"Mother of Mine, I Still Have You" (No. 3719); (theme song) "My Mammy" (No. 3912)—sung by Al Jolson, star of the picture.

"Street Angel"

"My Angel" (theme song)—vocal by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 3926); organ solo by Lew White (No. 3956).

"Four Sons"

"Little Mother" (theme song)—sung by Vaughn de Leath, comedienne (No. 3893).

"Vengeance"

"Revenge" (theme song)—sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4043).

"Beggars Of Life"

"Beggars Of Life" (theme song)—sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4054).

"Lilac Time"

Allen McQuhae

"Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time" (theme song)—vocal by Allen McQuhae, tenor (No. 4015); fox trot by Regent Club Orchestra (No. 4017).

"Red Dance"

"Someday, Somewhere" (theme song)—sung by Nick Lucas, "The Crooning Troubadour" (No. 4016).

"Warming Up"

"Out of the Dawn" (theme song)—vocal by Henry Burr, tenor (No. 4045); fox trot by Bernie Cummins and His Orchestra (No. 3996).

"Fazil"

"Neapolitan Nights" (theme song)—vocal by Franklyn Baur, tenor (No. 3080); fox trot by Jack Denny and His Orchestra (No. 3129).

"The Woman Disputed"

"Woman Disputed (I Love You)" (theme song)—sung by Harold ("Scrappy") Lambert, tenor (No. 4054).

"White Shadows of the South Seas"

"Flower of Love" (theme song)—fox trot by Colonial Club Orchestra (No. 4049).

Brunswick

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The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

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[PETER PIPER'S PICKLE Continued from page twenty-five]

To which Peter said, hanging his stick on his arm, "Old friend, this is the exact and precise moment of the day when the spirits take a dip—that physical downward curve. A lubricator of sorts is the only thing to cure the feeling; I'm your man."

The affluent, affable person, who must have been sent by fate, took the little man's arm and both their lives in his hand and adventured across the street—and, having dodged death with success, led Peter through the swing doors into the nearest American bar, where they sat on two high seats.

He put the brim on the tip of his nose, and with a little wriggle let it flop back on his head.

A man with the face of a prize fighter functioned swiftly, and through the first burst of badinage four sidecars were consumed. They were very much needed by Peter, and did the trick at once. The more so because here obviously was not only a generous person, but one who owed him something for having been made to laugh, and laughter is good for the soul.

It is true to say that under these conditions and circumstances anxiety rose from the little man's brain and floated away like a mist. He told himself that £100 in good French notes would make a blob in his pocket, and that he could return to the nuptial chamber and face his bride with confidence and vim. Tomorrow or the next day, having confessed his predicament to this excellent stranger, he would be able, luck with him, to extract a further hundred or so, because this man had a heart and was rich.

"Obviously gold," he said to himself. "Look at his diamond pin and his clothes from Savile Row. Then, too, he wears the right tie."

And that, to an Englishman, is almost everything.

There they sat for an hour, and the number of their sidecars would have made a traffic jam. So much so that something rather curious had begun to take place in Peter's well oiled knees. Like his darling Popsywopsy, he was a dancer too.

FINALLY, having arrived at that subtle moment at which a touch can be made—and well he knew it, from the fact that he was an actor who had been so frequently touched—he turned to his providential companion and laid his hand on his knee.

"Old bird," he said, "do a little thing for me, will you?"

"Anything in the world, old cheese."

"The banks are closed, I understand, and I'm urgently in need of brass. In other words, lend me a hundred quid until twelve o'clock tomorrow or so. It will help me not a little, what?"

Then a weird thing happened. By some extraordinary process of physical elimination almost psychic, the big man disappeared. Whether he had passed alcoholically into another dimension or whether he had gone off into mid-air by a process of combustion, Peter couldn't say. The fact, and it was a fact, remained that he was wholly alone.

There had been, without a doubt, the indication of an exit from the swing doors of that bar. The stool at his side, once heftily occupied, was empty now, and to make things worse Peter faced the utter impossibility of paying for the drinks. The poor soul hadn't a bean.

HE gave the situation a moment, clinging to the hope that that rich and cordial manufacturer, obviously from Liverpool, would return and do the proper thing, and, even if he didn't part with the hundred, settle for the sidecars and so dispel the gloom. But he waited, and still he waited; and finding that the sail was merely a mirage, he turned his face to the pugilist, the man behind the bar, and trembled. A thick ear or a black eye—they were the alternatives. And so, in as brave a voice as possible, he said:

"Very awkward this—ah—I find I've left my purse in my suite of rooms at the Continental; in fact, the bridal suite. Shall I give you a chit for this?"

There was a growl and there was also a glare. It was most uncomfortably apparent that the inhospitable bartender had met his sort before. An enormous fist was clenched.

Whereupon Peter slipped one of his gold links out of his cuff, flung it on the counter, and said, "Take it out of that. I'll buzz in for the balance some time in the morning." Tottering from the high stool, he added, with a fairly good accent, "Enchanté de vous revoir," and so out into the street before he could be kicked out by the man, whose eyes had become a rather frightening red.

"Well," said Peter, aloud and with a deep sigh, "that's that. 'Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind, but leave—oh leave the light of Hope behind! What though my winged hours of bliss have been, like angel visits, few and far between.'" He knew the poets, being one who suffered from insomnia and read in bed.

Among the jostling crowd of the city in which he must have lost himself, perhaps forever, had he been reckless enough to wander away from the huge shadow of his hotel, Peter felt awfully small, frightfully impotent, like a pet canary which had flown away from its cage.

It is true that he gave the bar as wide a berth as he dared, and that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Union Railroad Station, Baltimore

. . . here too the favorite chocolate bars

AN actual check-up of chocolate bar sales in these two great Baltimore railroad stations showed Nestlé's and Peter's emphatically the leaders.

In other cities, too—New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington . . . *Amazing*—this ready acclaim for something really *different* in chocolate bars!

Both Nestlé's and Peter's have an indescribably distinctive, zestful old-time Swiss flavor.

Nestlé's is the creamier of the two—dainty, meltingly smooth. Peter's has the full-flavored *chocolate* taste. Many prefer its nippy, appetizing piquancy.

They're sold in five- and ten-cent sizes, plain or with toasted almonds. Croquettes, also. Made by the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co.

Mt. Royal Station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Baltimore

Richest in cream

Richest in chocolate

he even made so bold as to go to the top of the street, from which, when the traffic parted for a moment, he could see the gardens of the Louvre.

In these, ironically enough, there were innocent and eager children surrounding a permanent shed in which Punch, his greatest rival in the art of raising laughter, went through his noisy tricks with a bored and patient Toby looking at the crowd. In which, too, love pursued its way on benches, and, to the imaginative eye, the figure of Cupid could be seen running about with bow and arrow, mischievously shooting darts, often with a very bad aim—too often, alas.

AMID the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, Peter was filled with the grim pain that goes with the solitude of passing his own door without a welcome. And there was a moment when he was tempted to throw himself under a really big car and let life and this ghastly crisis squash him flat.

At that very instant, however, as though to rebuke him for his cowardice, he spied the well known figure of a London theatrical agent on the other side of the street. He was strolling past the expensive shops over which the Continental went some distance into the sky. Every thought of extinction, of a final exit, left Peter at that sight. So welcome and so homelike, and so peculiarly apt.

Without so much as a glance from right to left, he dashed across the street, ignoring the screeching of brakes and the blasphemy — which sounds so very much riper when spoken in French—of irate taximen. One of the angels appointed to look after bridegrooms must have saved his life.

"Lockett!" he shouted, with the remains of his wind—"Lockett, my dear old egg!"

It was apparent that the inhospitable bartender had met his sort before. An enormous fist was clenched.

Having once been on the stage himself, though never able to act, Percy Lockett was in the habit of herding in his professional capacity with actors, and had memorized their tricks. Wherefore his registration of joyful surprise was immediately recognizable.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "'Pon my jimmy, what are *you* doing here?"

Peter gave his hat a tilt, touched his tie with a loving finger, and walked all round his stick.

"Honeymoon, old horse. Jus' dashed over the pond. Qualmy, I give you my word. Pelmanism needed. Mind over matter stuff. 'Blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark! The storm is up and all is on the hazard.'"

He was happy again. His spirits had gone up like a cork from a bottle of shimmy. In his old friend Lockett—to whom, before he became a star, he had paid many fees for engagements—was the needed patch of blue sky in that mass of cloud.

After a burst of shop as to what were going to follow the present pieces at the Gaiety, His Majesty's, the Duke of York's, and the Shaftesbury; which of the riotously successful American musical plays were to be brought to London and who was the leading lady chosen; and then a few minutes for that adaptation from the French which had been granted a license by the Lord Chamberlain after the English author had scrupulously removed everything that had made it worth his while to adapt and worth the public's while to see—Peter drew up short and backed his friend into the doorway of a barber's shop. Sticks were sold there, and hats, and other useful things.

"Percy, old friend," he said, with a touch of emotion, "the sight of you now saved my life and my reputation—not that the latter would have meant anything to me—ha! ha!—if the former had been taken away."

"Oh," replied Lockett, "how's that?"

He looked at his watch with the expression that invariably comes into a man's face when he sees the well known advance guard of a borrowing party.

A KEENLY observant and sensitive person, Peter saw that look, and rushed to the point.

"Old man," he said, "I've had the most terrible accident that's ever happened to any human being — especially one who stands on the threshold of his married life." His voice sank to tragic depths; there was a tremble on his lips. "I've lost the pocketbook in which I carried every cent I own. I want you to lend me a hundred quid to carry me on until I can write to London and get an advance on my next salary in The Girl Next Door. I'll give you an I. O. U. and pay interest at the rate of ten per cent."

A hand fell on his back, a large and hearty hand. And at the moment of its impact there was a roar of mirth. Overcome by excruciating amusement, Lockett availed himself of the crowd in which, safely behind a little Frenchman with a quaint arrangement of beard, he waved his hand,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Digestive relief—and no raising of gas—no hiccups—from Gastrogen Tablets

"In recent years I have been troubled somewhat with indigestion," writes Mr. H. Van Bausen of 116 West 82nd St., New York. *"But even more I had been troubled by the gas and rumbling caused by doses of soda. So when I heard that Gastrogen Tablets relieve indigestion quickly and quietly, I tried them. They relieve my indigestion promptly and with absolutely none of the after-effects of gas and hiccups I had come to dread."*

When you take "bicarb" or a preparation containing it, you are likely to substitute for digestive distress the discomfort of gas and the embarrassment of internal rumblings.

Any chemist will tell you why this is so. Soda, being highly alkaline, releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from these objections. For Gastrogen contains ant-acids which act only in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.

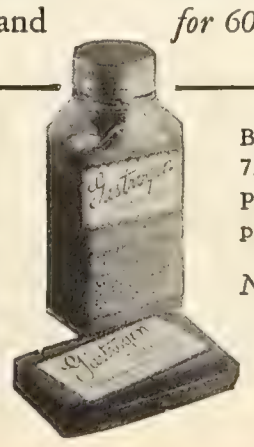
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$HCl+\frac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\frac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\frac{1}{2}CO_2+\frac{1}{2}H_2O$



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This new Mennen Shaving Cream, *Menthol-iced,* cools your face with a reviving dash of menthol that tingles and invigorates like a needle spray, and banishes razor heat. You'll revel in the keen zip and brisk sparkle of this refreshing Mennen shave.

An entirely new Mennen Shaving Cream, made by a new process just developed in our laboratories. *Dermutation,* the exclusive Mennen beard-softening process, is faster than ever. Softens the beard in half the time without finger rubbing. Longer life and smoother shaves from every blade.

Dermutation wilts the tough, horny stiffening in the whiskers so the razor slips through without yanking or tugging painfully at the hair roots. Dermutation smooths the skin mounds at the base of the hair so the razor shaves close without nicking or flaying the skin. No rawness. No soreness. No free caustic to parch or smart. Works in any water. Freshens and tones the skin.

Ask your dealer for this new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced.

MENNEN
the *dermutized* shave

Menthol-iced in the orange-striped carton 50c
Without menthol in the well-known green-striped carton 50c

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
Every man ought to know the soothing, cooling comfort of Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream. Send us 10c and we'll send you a generous size tube.

Name .....

Address .....

[PETER PIPER'S PICKLE Continued from page twenty-seven]

shouted above the barnyard noises of the traffic, "I always said you were the funniest man on earth"—and disappeared. Obviously, this was his way of saying that he had made a resolution never to lend again.

Peter dropped his stick.

And with that reliable and irresistible prop, without which he never was seen either on or off the stage, went his last hope. He was done, beat, finished. "Mafiche," he said—"the end."

He took his stick from a polite boy, raised his hat, stared about him for a moment in utter despair, turned into the archway of the Continental from which he and his darling Pansy were quite quickly to be chucked, groped his way through the fog of humiliation to the staircase, and plodded up to the fourth floor with shaking legs. Only one thing was certain among the kaleidoscopic vista of his uncertainties: he must confess his ghastly carelessness to poor little Popsywops as soon as she woke up.

HE found that the door of the bedroom was open. And as he crossed the floor of his far too palatial sitting room, filled with amazement and anxiety because by all the laws of medicine Pansy ought to have been very completely "out"—unless he had given her bismuth by mistake—he saw that she was sitting up in bed, using her lipstick.

He tottered in, and as he did so something fat and bulgy hit him in the face.

"Your dose worked like a charm, old dear," she sang out. "I feel as fit as a fiddle. Cut downstairs and buy a couple of pews for the show. And, by the way, there's your jolly old pocketbook. You gave it to me to carry after you'd paid the cab. Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-tar."

He didn't believe it. He couldn't believe it. Nevertheless, by the grace of God, it *was* his pocketbook.

"Righto, righto, old darling," he said, falling over a pin. "Two for the Moulin Rouge. Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-tar."

But as he did one of his best and most mirth provoking exits into the sitting room through what appeared to be a blinding glare of sun, tears of gratitude—hot tears—trickled down his nose.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

A Requiem

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), born in Edinburgh, abandoned law for literature. He wrote several romantic novels, short stories, essays, and many verses. The accompanying poem is engraved upon his tomb in Samoa, where he lived during the last years of his life.]

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

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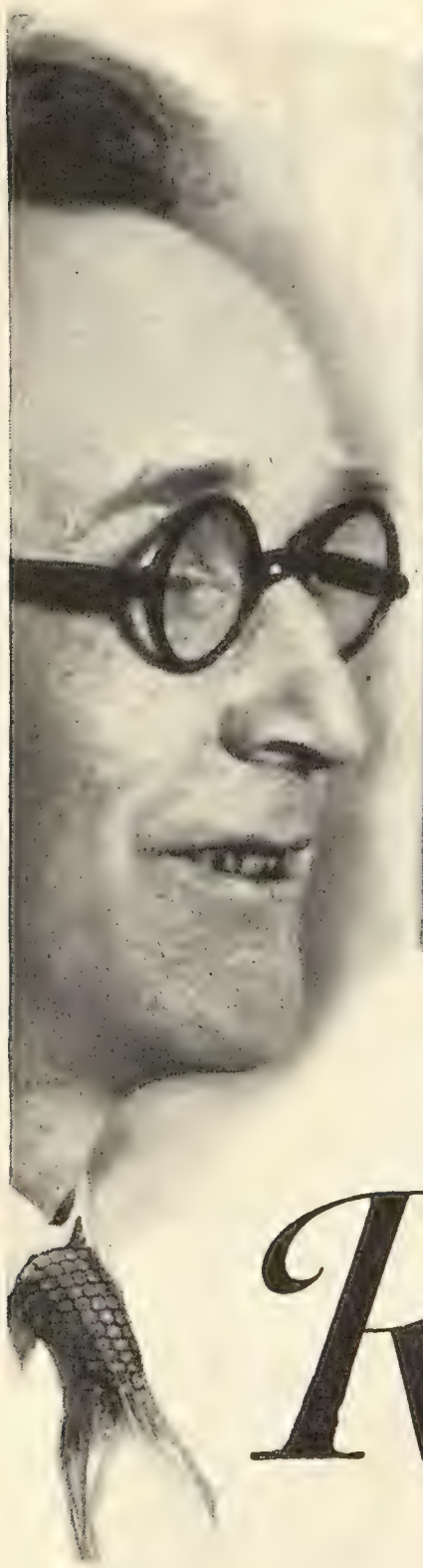

Hugh Fullerton

October 1, 1928

FINAL CLUB STANDING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club.	W.	L.	P.C.
New York	101	53	.656
Philadelphia	98	55	.641
St. Louis	82	72	.532
Washington	75	79	.487
Chicago	72	82	.468
Detroit	68	86	.442
Cleveland	62	92	.403
Boston	57	96	.373

GAMES YESTERDAY

New York, 7; Detroit, 6.
Chicago, 1; Philadelphia, 0.
Washington, 9; St. Louis, 1.
Boston, 7; Cleveland, 2.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club.	W.	L.	P.C.
St. Louis	95	59	.617
New York	93	61	.604
Chicago	91	63	.591
Pittsburgh	85	67	.559
Cincinnati	78	74	.513
Brooklyn	77	76	.503
Boston	50	103	.327
Philadelphia	43	109	.283

GAMES YESTERDAY

New York, 4; St. Louis, 2.
Brooklyn, 5; Philadelphia, 1.
Chicago, 6; Cincinnati, 1.
Only games scheduled.

How they finished and, at the right, how Mr. Fullerton predicted they'd finish in Liberty for June 16.

June 16, 1928 Liberty

DOPE

Picking The Baseball Pennant Winners for 1928

By HUGH FULLERTON

THE St. Louis Cardinals, coming back gallantly to recover their honors, will meet the unbroken New York Yankees in the World's Series this fall.

The dope, in spite of high hopes in three other cities, indicates that the Yankees will win the American League championship again, after a much harder fight than they had last year, beating out Washington and the slowed-up Athletics through sheer hitting power.

In spite of the fact that the majority of the experts (misled to some extent by the false value of the Pirate attack) pick Pittsburgh to win the National League championship, a study of the comparative strengths of teams reveals the fact that the Cardinals have the strongest, best balanced, and most resourceful team, and that the Pirates must fight to the finish to stave off the Chicago Cubs and possibly the New York Giants in the final rush for the pennant.

dope

far enough to overcome the hit ting power of th Yankees, althoug it will push th race hard in spots The team prom ises to fade aw late in the seas while the Athl during A and S

Yanks and Cardinals to Win! Here's How Hugh Dopes Them:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	*Defensive*	*Total*
New York	6922	4790	11,712
Washington	6843	4712	11,555
Philadelphia	6807	4690	11,497
Detroit	6821	4585	11,406
Chicago	6682	4622	11,304
Cleveland	6591	4560	11,151
Boston	6624	4488	11,112
St. Louis	6514	4407	10,921

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	*Defensive*	*Total*
St. Louis	6775	4781	11,556
Pittsburgh	6824	4663	11,487
Chicago	6788	4580	11,368
New York	6724	4511	11,235
Cincinnati	6612	4523	11,135
Boston	6694	4431	11,125
Brooklyn	6427	4578	11,005
Philadelphia	6404	4312	10,716

Reminiscences of a DOPESTER

Hits and Errors in 22 Years as a Baseball Prophet

By HUGH FULLERTON

EVER since the autumn of 1906 I have been doping the pennant races in the major baseball leagues and the annual world's championship series. During that time about 40,000,000 fans annually have enjoyed telling me how wrong I am, and hinting that close confinement in an eleemosynary institution would fit the case.

The man who said "the prophet is without honor" meant when he is wrong. No one pays any attention to the baseball prognosticator if he is correct, and everyone in the world appears to have read his predictions when he goes wrong.

The truth is that when the prophet of other events is right, he is acclaimed and all his mistakes are forgotten. When the prophet or dopester of sports events is right, his readers say, "Any fool would have known that"; and when he is wrong they take their pens in hand and tell him about it with virulent emphasis.

Last spring I dared again to figure how the teams in the American and National leagues would finish in October and printed the dope in the June 16 issue of LIBERTY. The calculations printed then were extremely close to the result of the season. With the exceptions of the St. Louis Browns and the Washington team of the American League and the Boston Braves in the National, the teams finished practically as they doped to finish. No one wrote me about that excepting the editor of LIBERTY, who requested that I explain how it was done.

There is no secrecy or legerdemain in doping baseball. All I ever have done, or pretended to do, was to translate the official averages and my knowledge of players and conditions into figures that express the relative strengths of teams.

Including that fall of 1906 I have figured the probable outcome of twenty-three world's series and seventeen times have picked the winner. One fall the figures showed the teams so closely matched I refused to try to calculate which would win. The five failures include the crooked World's Series of 1919.

In the twenty-two years I have been figuring the probable results of the major league pennant races, the dope has indicated the winner in the American League eighteen times, although in one of those eighteen times the figures of Chicago and Detroit were so close together I hedged and stated they ought to finish in a tie. The result was that Detroit beat Chicago on the closing Sunday of the year and won.

In the National League the dope has not been so good. It has indicated the winner sixteen times, and has had some bad failures. One season Chicago, New York, and Pittsburgh figured so close together that I refused to say in what order they would finish. And that year the Giants and Cubs tied, with Pittsburgh losing out in a game in Chicago at the end of the season.

All these results have been printed in scores of newspapers in the United States. But before I dared print any prediction I tried out the system three years.

THE results of trying to figure in February or March how teams will finish in October have been amazingly successful. It is not to be expected that sixteen teams will go through an entire season with no injury, disruption in the ranks, unexpected development of some new player, or no trade, any one of which events might affect the team strength and upset the order of the finish. We saw last season how injuries and sickness almost upset the New York Yankees after they were fifteen games ahead in midseason.

The genesis of the system of doping baseball races, which was ridiculed for two decades by other baseball writers and which now is imitated

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN you air your pipe in public, restrain yourself! Load up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. That powerful pipe of yours will be reduced to a state of companionable mildness. Sir Walter's a mild mellow blend of choice tobaccos. The last pipeful is as cool and fragrant as the first because it's kept fresh in the tin by a wrapping of heavy gold foil. Sir Walter is a tobacco that behaves itself in public.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. L, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

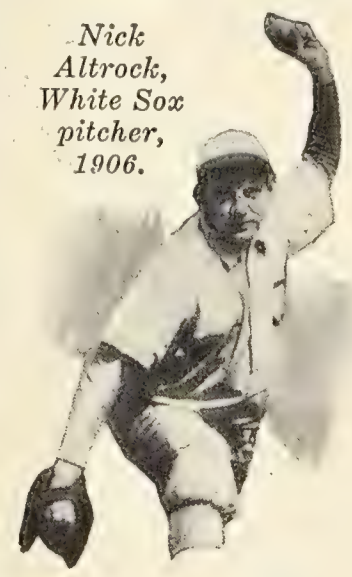
Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[REMINISCENCES OF A DOPESTER
Continued from page twenty-nine]

by twenty-five or more of them, was accidental.

There lived in Boston an interesting gentleman named Dixwell. He was a man of education, refinement, and intelligence. He possessed a considerable fortune and held the title of general for military services. He was one of the early famous baseball fanatics.



Nick Altrock, White Sox pitcher, 1906.

In the great days of the Boston club he traveled with the team, paying his own expenses and living with the players. At a game he sat silent excepting when some unusual play was made. Then he emitted two sharp, staccato notes, "Hi-hi," and subsided.

"Hi-hi" became famous all over the country until, one day, some boneheaded ball player affronted him. He ceased to travel with the team or to attend games. I never knew of him going to a ball park again. But he never lost interest in the sport. His apartment was at the Copley Square Hotel in Boston, and he would stand in the lobby listening to the players and watching them, never addressing one unless the player spoke to him.

Brown Bros.

Ed Walsh (left) and Doc White, other White Sox stars in 1906.

I came to know General Dixwell, and sympathized with him, feeling that he was homesick for the sport. One evening he invited me to his rooms and showed me his records. He had kept records of every player and every game for years, and he had a sort of method for figuring the value of each man and each team.

The idea interested me. We agreed to figure team strengths in the National League separately and to compare them. The result was amazing.

OUR calculations agreed exactly, save that he had placed Boston over Chicago and I Chicago over Boston. Our personal bias had influenced the figures.

I worked on the idea and evolved a system which worked with fair results, although I was certain there was something lacking.

I discovered, too, that doping a world's series must be done in a different manner from that used in figuring a season of 154 games. The reason was that in a world's series the attacking value of any team had to be calculated against the expert pitching of the selected men of a championship team in another league, while in the season the attacking power was figured against the average pitching of seven weaker teams.

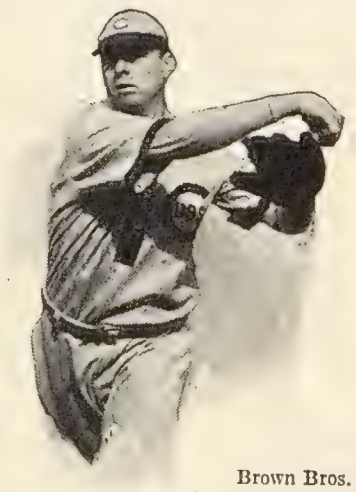
For three years I struggled with the figures. I calculated the offensive and defensive strengths of men and of teams separately.

In figuring attacking strength I did not rely upon batting averages alone, but figured a man's batting percentage, the length of his hits, his speed running to first and circling the bases, the number of bases on balls he drew, his base running skill—everything that enters into run making. In each case I made allowance for his position in the batting order.

I DISCOVERED that the attack is approximately 64 per cent of the strength of a team, and that the defense is 36, basing the calculation upon the percentages of runs made over the defenses of each base. It is obvious that if the defense were exactly the same as the offense, no team ever could score a run. In fact, in the early experiments in baseball, when the bases were set approximately 100 feet apart, runs could be scored only by accident, and the distance of ninety feet resulted from actual tests.

In studying the defensive value of a player, I tried at first to figure only on his batting average—each of the nine players already being rated on his fielding record—and soon discovered this would not help at all, beyond showing how a player compares with his fellows in the same position.

After two years of mulling around with figures I suddenly realized that each position has a value of its own, regardless of who plays there. Obviously the pitcher is more valuable than the right fielder, and the second baseman is more valuable than the third—merely because of the greater number of chances. So I worked out a table of position values, based upon chances, giving the pitcher a value of 36 per cent, the catcher 14, first baseman 8, second baseman 9, shortstop 8, and so on.



Brown Bros.

Pitcher Mordecai Brown of the 1910 Cubs.

Using this table, I figured the value of the individual in his position. It was evident that if a pitcher is 36 per cent of the defensive strength of his team, Walter Johnson or Christy Mathewson figured close to 60 per cent.

I have had to change the relative position values twice because of the increased liveliness of the ball, and to increase the value of the attack and decrease the value of the defense for the same reason, but the principle of the thing remains the same.

I became satisfied I had hit upon something new and in the autumn

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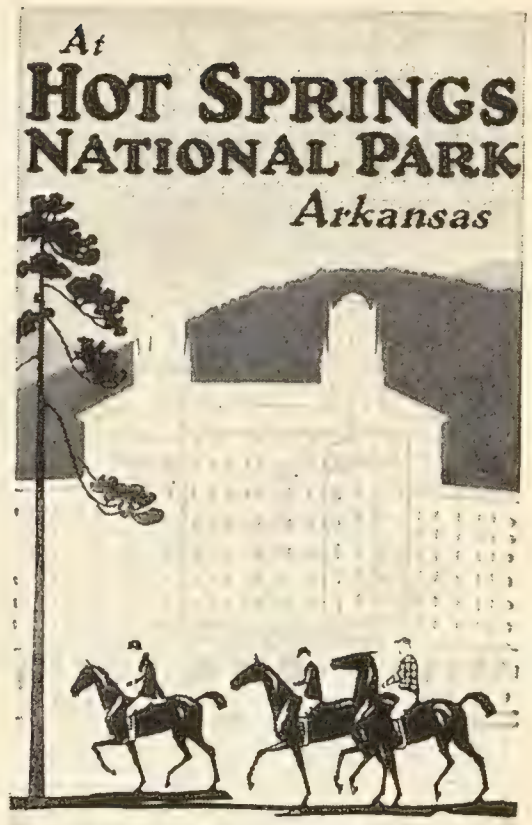

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

of 1906 I doped the World's Series. The Chicago Cubs and Chicago White Sox were playing, and there was civil war in Chicago. I had lived and traveled with the two teams and knew the men and their work well.

IT is queer that I started with the firm idea that the Cubs were a better club. To my surprise, the figures indicated victory for the White Sox. I worked and sweated trying to make the figures fit my preconceived idea, and they refused to do so. I found the Cubs a slightly stronger club, but in studying pitcher against pitcher and figuring how many runs each club should score against each pitcher of the opposing team, found the White Sox would win—no matter how Chance matched pitchers against his opponents.

In that series I figured what pitchers would work against each other and what the scores of each game should be.

I submitted the results to the sporting editor, who emitted a yelp of disgust. He declared baseball could not be figured in advance and he refused to print the dope.

The games resulted exactly as the dope indicated they would. In virtually every case the score figured in the dope was approximately that of the game itself.

The dope was triumphant—and, incidentally, I still believe that if a dopester knows the teams as well as I knew those two, and can guess which pitchers will oppose each other, he can, by this system, approximate the score of every game played.

The day after that series ended, James Keeley, managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, did an unparalleled thing in the newspaper business. He printed my entire dope on the series, with predictions, figures, and scores, under a story telling how a foolish editor had refused to print it in advance. He doomed me to be a dopester.

The following spring I doped the pennant races, picking Detroit and Chicago to win, and put virtually every team in its proper position as it finished.

The dope was working beautifully. Twice it proved, at least to my satisfaction, that Chicago would beat Detroit. The first slip came when Pittsburgh beat Chicago out of the National League pennant in 1909. I had doped the Cubs to win, but recklessness and overconfidence, coupled with a pitching slump, gave Pittsburgh the championship. In 1910 the Cubs doped to win again in the National League, and the Athletics in the American.

Brown Bros.

Eddie Plank, Athletics pitcher, 1910.

I had begun to believe the dope couldn't go wrong, and that my method was infallible. In the fall of 1910 the dope kicked back on me and gave me a terrible backset. I figured the Cubs to beat out the Athletics in the World's Series. I know now that living and traveling with the Cubs had caused me to overestimate them and to fail to allow for their deficiencies in condition and behavior. In fact, the dope figures showed the Athletics stronger—and I refused to accept them as correct.

The Cubs had won the National League pennant so easily, they had been loafing from the last of July to the finish.

The Athletics were at the height of their great career. I did the figuring while traveling with the Cubs on the final trip through the East. The figures were so significant they worried me. The Cubs figured slightly stronger on the infield, much better in the outfield, and outclassed the Athletics in catching; but there was so slight a difference in the indicated strengths it all depended upon the pitching.

Brown Bros.

Chief Bender, Athletics hurler in 1910

The problem was whether Overall, Brown, Pfeister, Reulbach, and Cole could match Bender and Coombs and Eddie Plank. Reulbach and McIntyre of the Cubs were not figured to start, and it was safe to predict Mack would use only his right handed curve ball men against the Cubs, especially as Evers was crippled, and Zimmerman, one of the greatest of batters against any left handed pitching, was in his place.

I studied all the Cubs' pitchers. Cole was erratic but dangerous. Overall was fair. Reulbach, at that time, was no good. Pfeister was far from form. It was up to Brown to make it a pitching staff, and up to the pitchers to save the team.

Brown Bros.

Pitcher Jack Coombs of the 1910 Athletics.

ON the train going to Cincinnati for the final games I showed the results of the figuring to Mordecai Brown and asked what shape he was in.

"I don't know," Brownie admitted frankly. "I haven't pitched a real game of ball since July. I'm going to try the old arm out in the first game at Cincinnati. I've fixed it with Slew [Chance] to pitch five innings there, then go home and pitch against Pittsburgh Sunday. I'll try, and you can see for yourself."

He allowed Cincinnati two hits in the five innings. Sunday he pitched the full game against Pittsburgh and shut them out. I figured him to win the World's Series for Chicago—and doped it four out of six games.

There never was a clearer dem-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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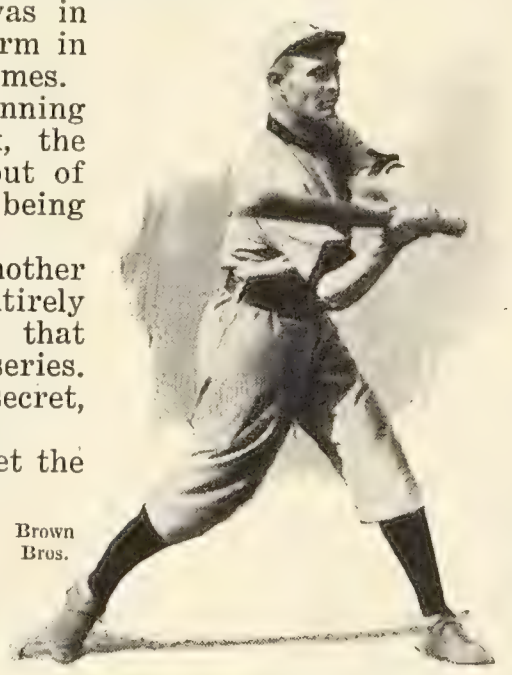
[REMINISCENCES OF A DOPESTER]
Continued from page thirty-one

onstration of how the human element enters into doping than that series. Brown had pitched all the pitching there was in him out of his arm in those two trial games.

Instead of winning four out of six, the Cubs lost four out of five games, Cole being the only winner.

There was another untold element, entirely outside of dope, that entered into that series. Chance knew the secret, but he is dead.

After that upset the dope went well again for almost two years. Then in the World's Series of 1912 it had another narrow escape, which shows how small things may upset the best calculations.



Brown Bros.

Frank Chance, first baseman with the Cubs in 1910.

The New York *Times* wanted me to dope that series for it, as the New York Giants were playing the Boston Red Sox.

"What's the use?" I asked the editor. "You have about forty baseball writers in New York, most of them press agents and shillabers for the Giants. If I do it, no one will pay any attention to it."

He argued that they would, and I agreed to write a series of articles preceding the games.

"I'll do it this way," I said. "I'll compare the teams, man for man, and prove that not one of the Giants, excepting Matty, compares with the Red Sox."

"I don't know that such is the case," he said.

"Neither do I," I remarked. "But I know if I do it half the town will read the articles."

PRIOR to that I had avoided comparing one player with another, merely comparing their position strengths, without using the names of the players.

I had a lot of fun with that series. All the Giants, excepting Mathewson and Larry Doyle, wanted to kill me. The New York fans raved. The *Times* received bushel baskets filled with wild letters every day. They printed a column of what I said and three columns of what the fans said about me—which was plenty.

The dope worked out, so the fans became my friends and said worse things about their team than I ever hinted at.

The worst jolt the dope ever got was in 1914—and due to luck. I did not fare so badly as I might. One of the great handicaps in doping baseball (or anything else) is that it is necessary to figure so far ahead of the actual playing season or of the world's series.

For syndicates I have had to calculate how the teams would finish in October before they went South to train in March. Then, just while the newspapers were printing the dope, some team would make a big trade, or some new youngster would bounce up to strengthen a club, or some great veteran would fall by the wayside, or some team would change managers, or dissension would smash up a club—all of which would be too late to make any changes.

The Ring

Dick Rudolph, Braves pitcher, 1914.

I had luck in that season of 1914. I had finished calculating in February and started to make a tour of the training camps to see the teams in action. The Boston Braves figured to finish sixth, and not better than fifth.

When I reached Macon, Georgia, I got a surprise. Three days of studying the Braves showed me the dope was far out of line. The team had a great catcher in Gowdy, three great pitchers in Rudolph, James, and Tyler, and had the fastest second base combination in Evers and Maranville. Besides, it was a smart club. It was not a good club in the other positions; but pitching, catching, and the second base-shortstop combination form the vital points in any team.

The syndicate already had started sending out my dope on the team, but had not reached the calculations on Boston. I made a hasty change and telegraphed, placing Boston third, instead of sixth. The actual figures indicated it would finish second, but I didn't place it there for fear of being ridiculous.

The team won the pennant in the National League, after one of the most remarkable uphill fights in baseball history—climbing from the bottom to the top from the end of July to the finish of the season.

Int. photo

Brown Bros.

Christy Mathewson (left), pitcher, and Larry Doyle, second baseman, of the Giants in 1912.

When the Braves met the Athletics for the world's championship my dope figured the Athletics to beat them four out of six games. The only baseball writer who figured the Braves as the equals of the Athletics that fall, that I know of, was Jim O'Leary of Boston, and Jim had also predicted they would win the National League pennant.

I think he just let his prejudice override his judgment, and proved right.

The other dopester who got more laughs and more credit out of that series than anyone else was poor

Bill Donovan, the famous Detroit pitcher who later was killed in a train wreck.

Wild Bill was experting that fall for a newspaper, and Buck McBeth

Brown Bros.

W. L. James (left) and George Tyler, other Braves hurlers in 1914.

of the Northwest Police and rough-rider for Harry Sinclair, was writing Bill's stories for him. The night before the first game, when the predicters all were busy, Buck sought Wild Bill in vain. After searching Philadelphia, McBeth was exasperated, and said:

"I'll fix that big loafer. They want him to predict the winner. I'm going to write his stuff and make him predict that the Braves will win in four straight games."

He did. The next morning, when Donovan saw the paper, he emitted a wail of pain.

"He made me predict the Braves to win in straight games," Bill moaned; "and after I've been telling all my friends to get a little bet on the Athletics."

Rudolph won the first game, and Bill felt better. After the Braves won the second, Bill began to put on an "I told you so" air. After they took the third, Bill was calling attention to his feat. And when they ended the series in four straight victories, he was showing his clippings to prove that he had predicted it.

IN 1918 the dope again miscarried on the World's Series. That season never was finished, being shortened because of the war, which wrecked some of the teams. The Cubs and Boston Red Sox figured close together. There was small interest in the series. The players were not getting as much

Brown Bros.

Wild Bill Donovan, the famous Detroit pitcher.

for winning the World's Series as the second teams had been guaranteed for finishing second, and altogether it did not count much either way.

The dope failed again in 1919—the year the Chicago Black Sox disgraced the sport. Again in 1925, when Pittsburgh beat Washington, the final game being played under conditions that made any doping an impossibility. Oddly enough, that series, for the first four games, went exactly as it figured to go, and the scores were practically as they doped to be. Then cold weather and rain seemed to upset everything.

After 1912 I had noticed something was wrong. It required four years for me to learn what it was. I discovered that the dope worked out better and better, as far as the regular season was concerned, and worse and worse in the World's Series games.

The basic reason was the introduction of the lively ball. There is an interesting study in the change in the ball. The cork center ball was introduced into the game sometime during 1910. The American League teams were supplied with them before the National heard of them and used them part of the season.

THE first ball hit to Joe Tinker in the World's Series of that fall he scooped and threw across to Chance. As the ball left his hands he raced after it, yelling to the umpires to examine the ball. He knew from the feel of it that it was not like the ones he had been playing with during the season. Afterward we sawed open one of the balls and discovered the cork center.

The effect of the ball was noticeable even then, but it was not until after the war and the introduction of Ban Johnson's famous "Australian wool" in the ball that it commenced to ruin the dope.

Long hitting commenced to increase. Ruth began to make dozens of home runs a year. The attack became more and more important. Hitting, especially long hitting, counted more than anything else. I had to change the relative values of the offense and the defense in figuring team strengths.

With Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, and Meusel making or driving in more runs in a season than an entire team had been able to score in a season a decade before, it was evident that the day of tight defense, of inside baseball, of sacrificing and pushing runners around the bags, was done.

Brown Bros.

Joe Tinker, shortstop of the 1910 Cubs aggregation.

The change in the ball had a peculiar effect on my system. It made doping any team over a season of 154 games a much easier task; and it made doping the result of any series between two teams practically guesswork unless one far outclassed the other. Knowing the long hitting power of players, it was possible to figure about how many runs they would make and drive home in a year.

Ruth, for instance, could be figured to make from forty to fifty or more home runs and produce at least eighty runs by them alone. It became possible to figure almost exactly how many long hits any team would make in 154 games.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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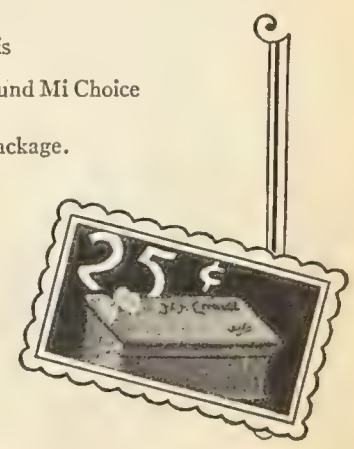

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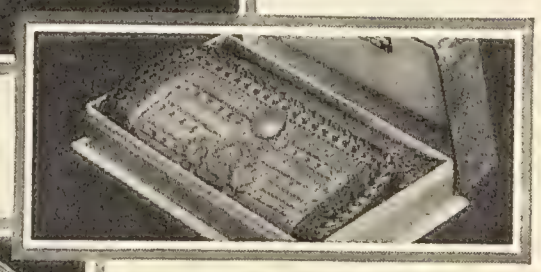

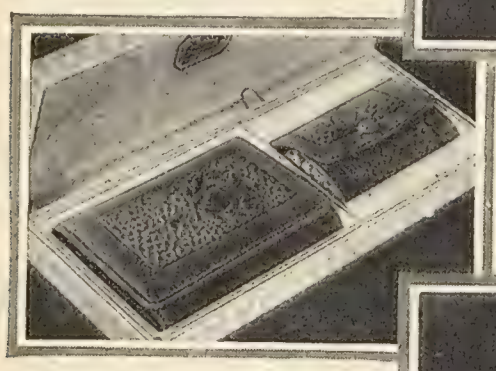

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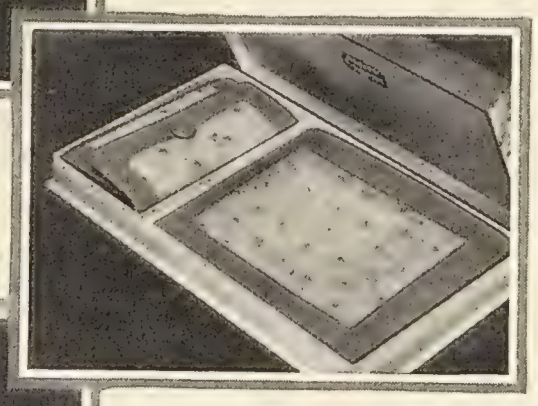

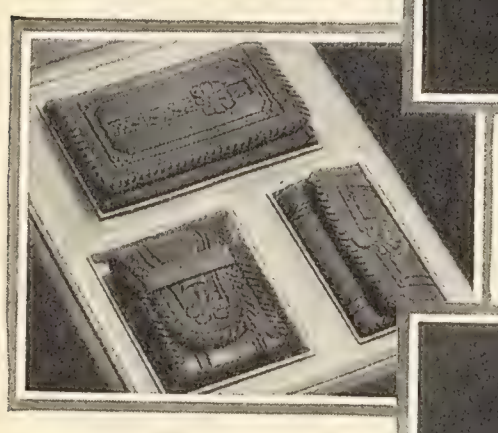

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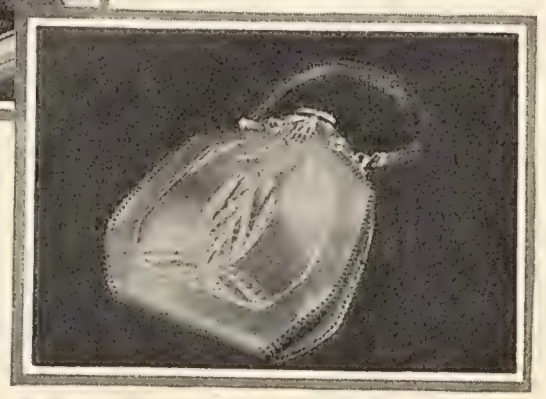

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[REMINISCENCES OF A DOPESTER]
Continued from page thirty-three

But no one could say how many home runs anyone—even Ruth—would make in any given series. And in a game where the weakest hitter is liable to shut his eyes, poke his bat at a ball, and drive it over a short fence, dope has no part.

Since the lively ball came into being I have contented myself with "hedging" in predictions on world's series, while continuing the study of the probable results of each season; and with surprisingly good results.

Int. photo

P. & A. photo

Babe Ruth (left) and Lou Gehrig, two Yankee home run clouters in the last series.

I admit that frequently it is easy to pick the winner in one or the other league, and easier to pick the tail end teams. Frequently the first three teams are easy to dope, and the last two. The three in the middle are hardest, because they are either developing or going back.

The only time the dope really crashes hard is when a strong team that has been improving and reaches the peak suddenly slumps and breaks. It is difficult to tell when that will happen. We keep hoping the old fellows will last out another year, then another, and finally they crack all at once. They never stop at second place. When they start to break they drop back all the way.

ANOTHER great difficulty in doping is that, late in each season, after hope of getting in the money departs, some teams forget about the race for that year, commence to try out players for the next season, and make the dope figures look wrong when they may have been close to correct.

But with all its faults the old dope still works out in better shape, for instance, than any race horse dope ever did, and four to one better than the weather predictions do.

This last season was fairly successful for the dope. Last spring the figures showed the Yankees far in the lead in the American League. Washington and Philadelphia figured almost equal in strength, then a sharp decline in values followed by Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Boston in that order, which was the order in which they finished, and St. Louis last.

The St. Louis team showed a marked deficiency in hitting power, in spite of the trade that brought them Manush and Blue, and two vital positions on the team were very weak.

The Ring

Hank Gowdy, the Braves catcher in 1914.

In spite of the fact that two American League leaders told me the Browns had plugged the holes in the infield, I refused to dope it that way or to credit two minor leaguers with being as strong in the American as they were in their small league. About once in ten years a club picks up a young player who makes good at the start and strengthens the team, and it seemed foolish to believe the Browns had found two.

On my dope the Browns figured less than 100 points below Boston, and the Red Sox doped only a few points under Cleveland. I said in the dope printed in LIBERTY, "The only way one can figure the Browns out of last place is to calculate that baseball is faster in Texas and Oklahoma than it is in the major leagues. Undoubtedly Howley has dug up two very promising youngsters in Kress and Brannon; but to win in the American League with a number of experiments is not in order."

Evidently the kind of ball they play in Texas is just as good, for the Browns' youngsters played great ball, filled the gaps in the team, and with the aid of Manush's terrific hitting and some of the steadiest if not the best pitching in the circuit, the team rose to third place. When we come to dope next spring the Browns will have to be studied as a potential pennant possibility.

In the National League the dope showed St. Louis the winner, with Pittsburgh, Chicago, and New York in a bunch behind them, Cincinnati fifth, and Boston, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia trailing. The dope said that Pittsburgh would start out of condition, that the Cubs had kicked the morale out of them in exhibition games, and that they would never be able to regain the lost ground.

The Pirates broke worse during the early season even than they figured to do. The collapse of the pitching staff, the fact that all their pitchers, excepting Carmen Hill and Grimes, pitch alike, and the breakdown of Lee Meadows doomed them. They got together in midseason and made a fine fight, but could not quite catch the leaders, and failed to reach second place by a few games.

New York, according to the dope, was weakest in catching, had a fragile infield without sufficient replacements in case of injuries. They had luck in escaping infield crippling, and, after the dope was all in and printed, they made trades that strengthened the catching and pitching departments, which added enough strength for them to win the place from Pittsburgh and the Cubs.

THE dope said that Chicago was a team that was almost a pennant possibility, but that it would win by brilliant streaks and lose by dramatic slumps, and that is exactly what happened. If McCarthy had kept his pitchers in shape to rotate every fourth day, he probably would have won the pennant while St. Louis and the Giants were in their late season collapses.

The article stated that the Reds would keep in the race during the greater part of the season, only to slip back gradually into the second division because of lack of the little extra punch to put over victories in close games, and because

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

the pitching staff was not large enough numerically, good as it was.

The only noticeable flaw in the National League dope was that Boston figured to beat out Brooklyn. The difference is largely due to the managers and to conditions. Robinson is one of the best of managers, working under distressing circumstances because of clashes between rival interests among the owners. He cannot make a team and must do the best possible with what material he can assemble. His feat in winning more than half the games with that team of his was a greater one than that of McKechnie winning the championship with the Cardinals.

BOSTON, last spring, figured better than did Brooklyn and seemed to be an improving club. Jack Slattery, the old catcher and Harvard coach, a popular man in Boston, was manager when the dope was compiled. Then Hornsby was sent to Boston, and on paper his batting ability seemed to strengthen the Braves.

After the dope was all finished, Slattery was removed as manager and Hornsby was appointed in his stead. That move alone was enough to ruin any club, and it did. Hornsby is a great ball player, a great hitter—and worse than nothing as a manager.

The improvement of St. Louis and the collapse of Washington during the early season were the only disturbances in the American League dope. I rather feared the smash of Washington and hinted at it in the dope article, saying the success of the team depended upon whether Harris again became the inspired leader he once was.

There were stories in baseball that in 1927 Harris lost his hold on his team. I was told he was the same old Bucky again. But it didn't work out that way. The team floundered around in the cellar until midseason, then made a gallant and steady struggle to get up, but never could.

The midseason removal of Ray Schalk as manager of the White Sox and the appointment of Blackburne in his stead did not materially affect the situation, except that Blackburne managed to rally the team and steady it until it played well enough to get back to where it doped to finish.

Last March I wrote:

"The St. Louis Cardinals . . . will meet the unbroken New York Yankees in the World's Series. . . . The Yankees will win the American League championship again, after a much harder fight than they had last year. . . . Washington does not seem to have advanced far enough to overcome the hitting power of the Yankees. . . . The Athletics, during August and September . . . probably will be the best team in the league.

"The Cardinals have the strongest, best balanced, and most resourceful team [in the National League]. . . . The Pirates must fight . . . to stave off the Chicago Cubs and possibly the New York Giants in the final rush."

That's pickin' 'em. And next spring we'll try to do better.

THE END

CHRYSLER 75 *and* 80 • HUPMOBILE 8
DODGE SENIOR SIX • CADILLAC
LA SALLE • LINCOLN
PIERCE-ARROW • GARDNER 130

The Cream of the Industry says:

AUTOMATIC

motor protection for your car

Cold is too serious a menace to guess about

COLD exacts a toll of millions every year from car owners who *think* they can *guess* what to do about it. Some wait until zero temperatures — and "guess the car won't freeze." Some cover the radiator with makeshift devices, and, at the smell of heat, "guess it's time to uncover." Others wait for the smell of boiling alcohol. And still others, with a means of protection at hand, park and walk away — forgetting completely the danger of cold.

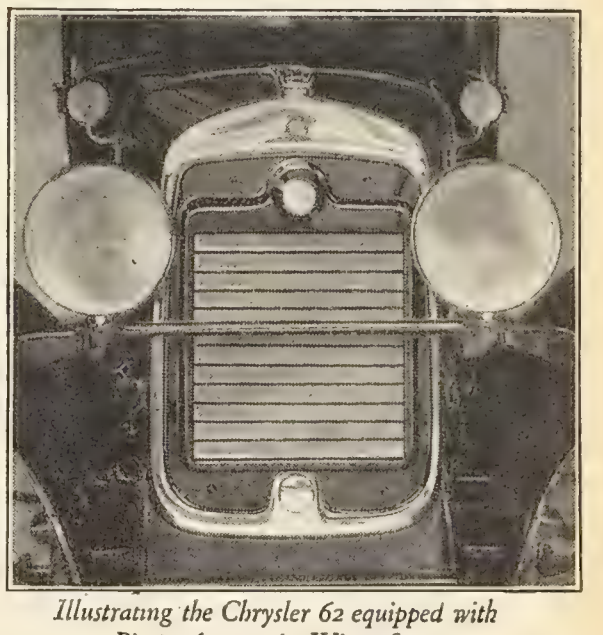
Thus, the great national spring repair bill builds up and up to a staggering total.

Like the makers of these famous cars, you have your choice of two ways. We've described the first. The second is *Automatic Motor Protection* — a positive, dependable, automatic method that guards your motor with scientific accuracy.

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection, if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*



Illustrating the Chrysler 62 equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car — Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car—you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. Your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced, it will pay for itself many times over, and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed. Accept no substitute. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Pines Winterfront Company, 404 No. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Motor Protection must be AUTOMATIC

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

245

Big Top and Ballyhoo

A Fine Circus Picture and One Not So Good from Coney

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The Four Devils of F. W. Murnau's film of circus life: Janet Gaynor (left) and Nancy Drexel; above, Barry Norton, and, at top, Charles Morton.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR Devils, F. W. Murnau's newest film of life and love on the flying trapeze, comes mighty near being a great motion picture.

Murnau is the German who made The Last Laugh and Faust. William Fox imported him to film Sunrise and his success was so complete that he is now a permanent Hollywood resident.

Four Devils is adapted from a Continental novel by Herman Bang. It unfolds the appealing story of four friendless orphans taken in hand by a brutal circus trainer. An old clown helps them escape and, under his wise guidance, the quartet grow up to be the Four Devils, an aërial troupe that is the sensation of Paris.

In the quartet Louise is Adolf's sweetheart and Marion loves and is loved by Charles. All goes well until the sturdy, athletic figure of Charles catches the eye of an amorous and wealthy divorcee. The happiness—the very existence—of the Four Devils is threatened.

I shall not tell you what happens, save that the original climax—the death of Charles and the girl who loves him in a fall from the trapeze—has been changed to a cheerier finale.

For three-quarters of its length Four Devils is a noteworthy film. Murnau has pictured circus life from behind the tinsel with humanness and pictorial beauty. His details indicate a wealth of imaginative observation. His characters are flesh and blood, from the Four Devils down to the old dresser hovering in the background.

The entrance of the wicked and persuasive divorcee punctures the fragile and carefully wrought picture, and Four Devils falls, stumbles, and wanders on for reels. Oddly enough, this rôle was expected to make a star of Mary Duncan. I have not heard such enthusiastic advance heralding in years, nor have I seen such a complete flop. True, the fault does not belong entirely to Miss Duncan. Director Murnau is not successful in portraying feminine lure.

So, despite the advance whispers, the honors of Four Devils go to Janet Gaynor, who plays Marion with a wistful loveliness. The other three Devils are very well done by Charles Morton, Nancy Drexel, and Barry Norton. Four delightful children play them in the earlier reels. The old clown (who, unlike all other film clowns, actually lives through the picture) is excellently played by Farrell MacDonald.

I suspect that when you see Four Devils the rôle of the gaudy vampire will be much trimmed and subdued. I hope so, for Four Devils is one of those simple, touching, winning films. And Murnau's direction, save for this one false note, is superb.

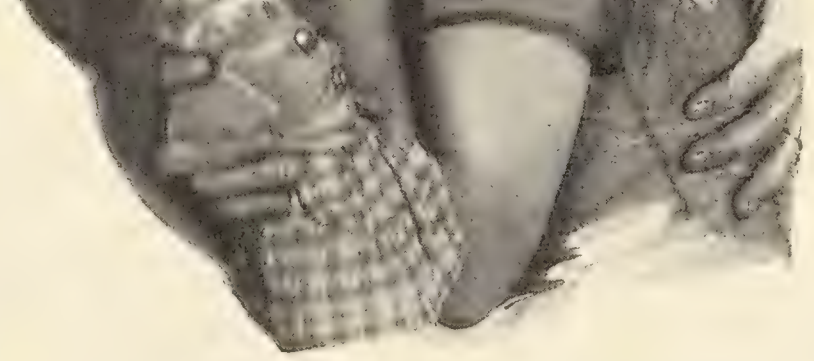
★ ★

Lonesome, Paul Fejos' latest film sponsored by Universal, is something else again. Fejos is the Hungarian who made The Last Moment, that odd panorama of what a drowning actor thinks about.

Lonesome is just the story of a mechanic and a telephone girl swallowed up in the loneliness of New York. They meet at Coney Island, they fall in love, and they become lost to each other in the surging crowds of the amusement park. The trick conclusion is O. Henry-ish.

It is a simple enough story, but Fejos has forgotten the humanness of his characters in his quest for cinematic mechanics. Lonesome is a long parade of fadeins, dissolves, superimposed shots, and camera angles.

The story of the boy and the girl, done well enough by Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent, thus becomes a heavily tricked out bore. The synchronized din doesn't help, either.



A tender moment in Lonesome, a boy and girl romance with Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent.

★

In First National's The Night Watch, the luscious Billie Dove divides honors with a trim French warship—and the cruiser comes off second best. This is all about a mysterious murder on the ship while the captain's pretty wife is on board. Good enough melodrama with a new background.

Personalities—

Mary Duncan comes from Luttrellville, Virginia. She was Poppy in the naughty Shanghai Gesture. . . . Janet Gaynor's real cognomen is Laura. . . . Nancy Drexel won a New York newspaper beauty contest as Dorothy Kitchen and landed a six months' contract with Universal. Years before that she was a kid actress behind the footlights. . . . Charles Morton, twenty-one, was born in California and went to the University of Wisconsin.

Do you know that—

Charlie Chaplin's next, City Lights, will be a talkie, although Charlie will remain silent? . . . The men who made Chang—Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack—captured a real hippopotamus riot for their next, Four Feathers? . . . Dick Barthelmess sings in Weary River?

Times are better -
and so is tobacco for thousands of pipe smokers

TODAY we have better clothes, better homes, better cars, better food—these are the signs of American progress and success. Where once we bought for price alone, now we buy for value. Is it any wonder then, that thousands of pipe smokers are welcoming the genuine pleasure and solid comfort of Old Briar Tobacco!

Of the messages that come to us, every day, from men everywhere, nearly all ask the question, "How can you give so much quality in Old Briar Tobacco for so little money?"

Nothing we can say proves so convincingly that pipe smokers today want a better tobacco.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

If you are not already enjoying Old Briar Tobacco, give it a thorough trial. Send us the coupon below, with 10c—coin or stamps—to cover postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will mail you a full-size pouch of Old Briar Tobacco.

25c package—
two pouches wrapped together.

Old Briar
TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.

Gentlemen: I would like a pouch of Old Briar Tobacco. I enclose 10c for postage, mailing expense and tax.

Print Name.....

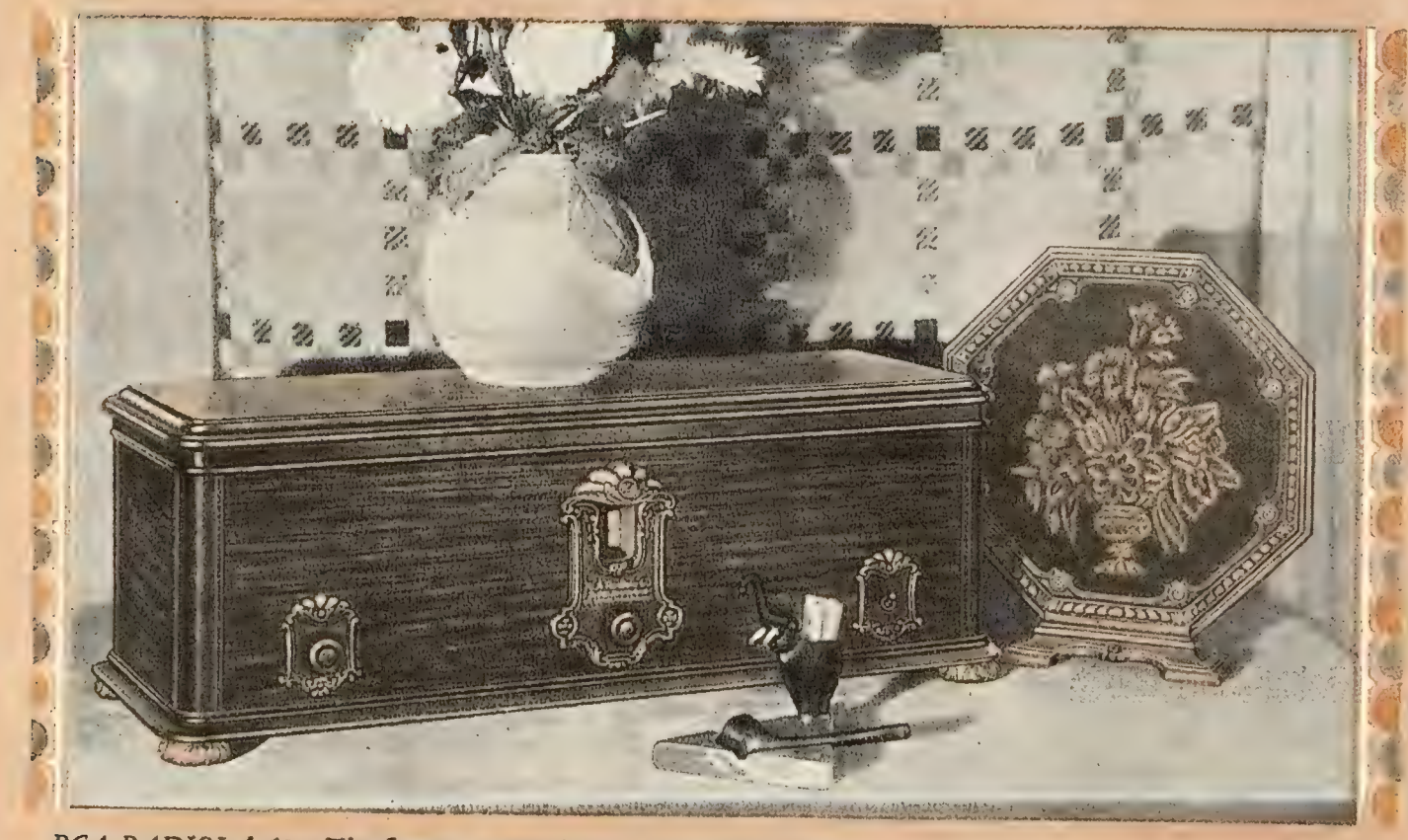
Address.....

City..... *State*.....

L. M. 11-17-28

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the least

These new RADIOLAS mark another great advance in radio acoustics . . .



RCA RADIOLA 60—The famous super-selective and sensitive RCA Super-Heterodyne, now with the new A. C. tubes, *for simplified house-current operation. Remarkably faithful reproduction. Ideal for congested broadcasting areas—highly sensitive for places remote from broadcast stations. Illuminated single dial. Two-toned walnut veneered table cabinet.*
$175 (less Radiotrons).

"INSTRUMENTS of such amazing performance have never before been known in radio," was the unqualified verdict of the Testing Engineers when they had completed their tests of the new Radiola Super-Heterodyne and RCA Dynamic Speakers.

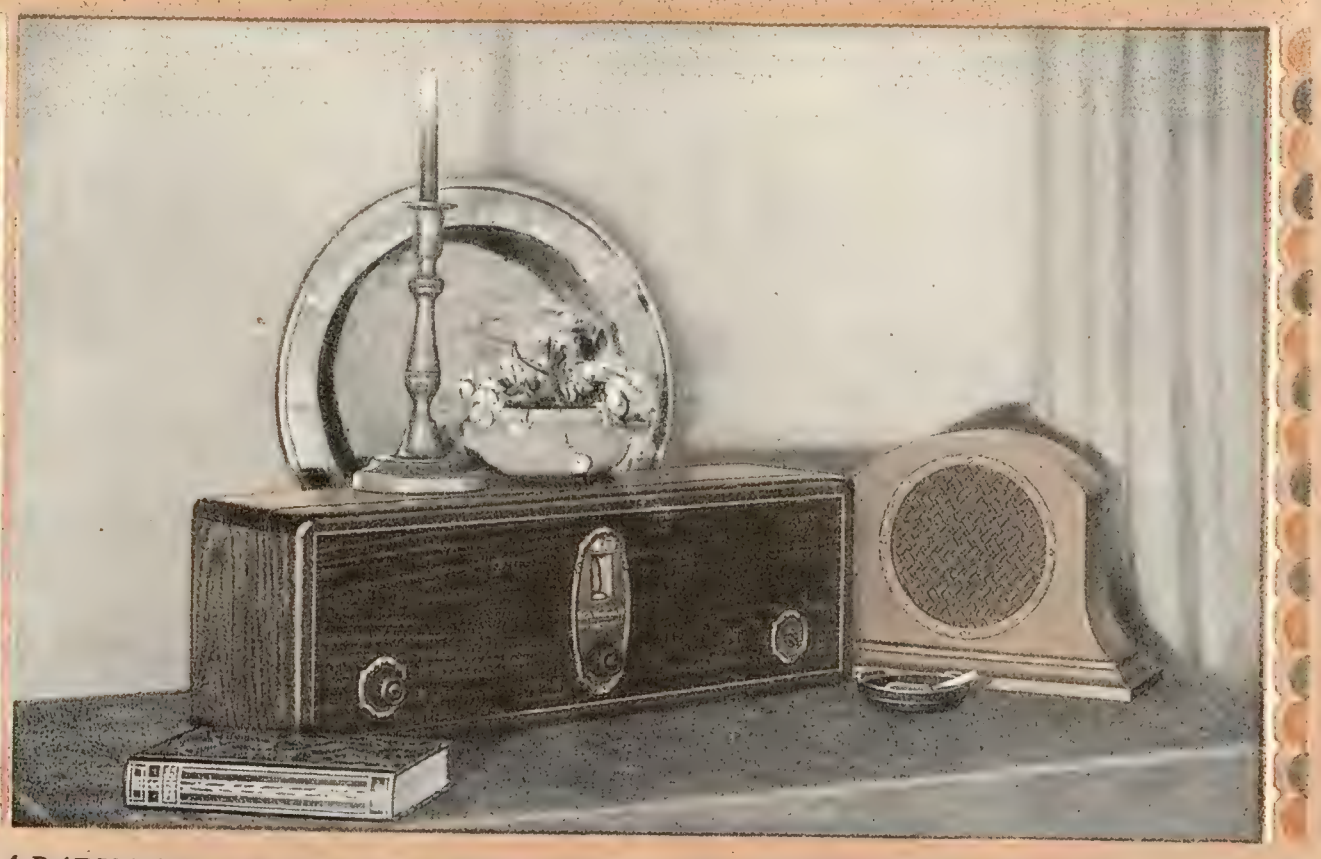
Wherever these marvelous instruments are demonstrated before musical critics and artists, there is frank amazement that reproduction with such realism is possible. The fidelity of tone, from a whisper to the full volume of a great orchestra, is matched by the unrivalled musical range—both marking a great advance in radio acoustics.

The Super-Heterodyne, for five years the finest achievement in radio, has been made a still finer instrument as the result of the continuous work of the 200 engineers in the laboratories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

And now the great manufacturing resources of these associated companies have made possible the production of these receiving and reproducing instruments at prices that place them within reach of millions of homes.

Points of Superiority of the new Radiola Super-Heterodynes

1. The simplicity and dependability of A.C. electric operation, so successfully utilized in the nationally popular Radiola 18 type of receiver.
2. The unrivalled super-selectivity and high sensitivity of the Super-Heterodyne circuit —sharply separating nearby stations, and clearly bringing in distant stations.
3. *Fidelity of tone and breadth of musical range never before achieved in radio.*
4. A new method of high amplification without distortion.
5. New control features never before used in radio.
6. Beautifully designed and finished cabinets selected by a special committee of artists and cabinet-makers.



RCA RADIOLA 18—Most popular type of Radiola ever built. It is entertaining a million listeners every night. A finely designed receiver of broad range and capacity for simplified A. C. lighting-current operation. Wonderful tone fidelity. Mahogany cabinet, walnut finish.
$95 (*less Radiotrons*).

Radiola Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKE

Musical realism such as has never before been achieved in radio . . .

To listen to an RCA Radiola reproducing one of the fine evening programs now on the air gives one a new conception of the amazing realism and beauty of modern radio.

The RCA Radiola Dealer near you will be glad to demonstrate one of the new Radiolas in your own home, and let you operate it. A touch of the finger brings in whatever program you choose.

Purchase of any Radiola or Loudspeaker may readily be made on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

A Radiola is a modern necessity in the well-equipped home.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago San Francisco

RCA DE LUXE LOUDSPEAKER 105—A super-reproducer of wonderful range, tone fidelity and capacity. Operates from A. C. house current. Will supply "B" and "C" voltages for receiver to which it is attached. Beautifully designed cabinet. **$350.**

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 103—The famous "100A" in a new dress. The speaker made a thing of beauty as well as utility. Tapestry covered. **$37.50.**

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100A—Over three-quarters of a million of this type of RCA Speaker are now in use. Their sturdy construction and uniformly fine performance have made them the most popular of all reproducers. **$29.**

RCA RADIOLA 62—Cabinet model of the new RCA super-selective and sensitive Super-Heterodyne. The enclosed Dynamic Speaker is an improved model of the incomparable RCA reproducer, finest of all radio reproducing instruments. Superior fidelity of reproduction over the entire musical range never before achieved in radio. Illuminated single dial. Beautiful cabinet of walnut veneer with maple inlays, and ingeniously arranged doors. **$375** *(less Radiotrons).*

RCA RADIOLA 64—De luxe cabinet model of new RCA Super-Heterodyne, with improved RCA Dynamic Speaker. Incorporates new features never before used. Automatic volume control bringing in weak and strong stations at any desired even degree of volume. Needle meter for accurate tuning. Amazing fidelity of reproduction hitherto unrealized in radio. Enclosed in a finely finished cabinet of rich design. **$550** *(less Radiotrons).*

RCA RADIOLA 30A—Custom-built cabinet model of the famous RCA Super-Heterodyne with RCA Loudspeaker. At the new price this is an unusual value in fine radio receivers. Operates directly from the house current. **$285** *(with Radiotrons).*

RCA RADIOLA 51—The nationally popular "18," with A. C. electric operation, in a specially designed cabinet with RCA Loudspeaker enclosed. All ready to connect to aerial and ground, and bring in the best that's on the air. **$175** *(less Radiotrons).*

RCA RADIOLA 16—Designed to give the finest radio entertainment in homes not wired for electricity. Battery operated. A receiver known for its wonderful performance and long life in thousands of homes. **$82.75** *(with Radiotrons).*

OF THE RADIOTRON

RCA Radiola

Radiola Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence
where you see this sign

Millers—100% For 3 Years

Give Famous-Barr Company of St. Louis "Wonderful Tire Service"

Part of the Famous-Barr Company fleet of Miller-equipped trucks and delivery cars.

Home of the Famous-Barr Company, St. Louis, largest distributors of merchandise at retail in Missouri and the West.

Fishell Tire & Battery Co.,
3456 Lindell Blvd.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Attention: Mr. Arthur S. Fishell.

Gentlemen:

In looking over our delivery department tire records we find that we have been doing a 100% business with you on Miller Tires for the past three years, during which time your tires and service have both been entirely satisfactory.

Believing that you would be interested in knowing that we appreciate the wonderful tire service rendered us, we take this opportunity to especially commend you on this service.

Sincerely yours,
FAMOUS-BARR COMPANY
Per J. Eckstein
Purchasing Agent.

IN this letter of commendation from a great mercantile institution is a forceful message to thousands of motor car owners who are not quite *sure* of their tire equipment.

The Famous-Barr Company of St. Louis does no gambling with tires. They cannot afford to—nor would they choose to—with the way to complete satisfaction so clearly charted.

Miller Tires were given the responsible job of carrying these 90 trucks day in and day out because this fleet-owner considered them equal to the task. They have *kept the job* for three years, thus proving their own grit and stamina. They have *delivered the goods*—kept the trucks in service—given their owners economy and complete satisfaction. That, according to the Miller standard of manufacture, constitutes honest tire value.

This is a message to industry and individuals—to all owners of automobiles. Millers are demonstrating today, as never before, that tire worry and trouble need not enter into automobile ownership. And whether you have a car that is four years old—or the latest custom creation—or a fleet of 90 trucks—there is this one way to be *sure* of 100% tire economy and satisfaction—use Millers—100%. The Miller Rubber Company of N.Y., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

Miller

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

Picture by Kenneth Camp

"They kill at a moment when something within them snaps—when they don't know what they're doing."

Why Women Kill

As Told by Some Who Have

to

EUGENE B. BLOCK

IS it burning love or bitter hate, jealousy or greed?

Is it an uncontrollable craving for revenge?

What is it that makes women kill?

What turns woman from her born place as mother of the race into a destroyer of the race—a murderess?

Women, by ghastly, death dealing deeds, are making these questions baffling problems of the day. All over the country they seem to be killing nowadays—more often, more brutally, more viciously. Women—the "gentler sex"—are going to prison in increasing numbers with the brand of slayer upon their names.

In New York Ruth Snyder has gone to the electric chair for helping to beat her husband to death with a window weight.

In Ohio Velma West has confessed that she brained her husband with a hammer.

In California an eighteen year old girl is in the penitentiary for shooting away her mother's life.

What strange twists of mind, what hidden impulses, are driving women to do these things?

Why does "the hand that rocks the cradle" turn to instruments of death?

Psychologists and criminologists are puzzled. I have heard their scientific theories—deep, complicated explanations of human complexes and emotions, mental attitudes and behavioristic reactions.

The more I talked with them, the more eager I became to hear from murderesses themselves, to get the views of women who have snuffed out human life. My curiosity led me to San Quentin Prison in California, the most densely populated state penitentiary in the world.

In this walled city of nearly 4,000 outlaws ninety-seven are women. Seventeen of them are penned up for taking human life, seven being sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Int. photo

Clara Phillips, who killed another woman with a hammer, and executed a sensational jail break in Los Angeles before she was sent to San Quentin Prison, California.

Tessie Pena, slayer of a woman of eighty.

For the most part, the seventeen come from average American homes. Some are well educated and cultured, well read, musical. They talk intelligently about books and discuss the arts. If they are abnormal, as the psychologists say, they do not betray it now. If criminality leaves its telling marks on the human face, as some scientists believe, the layman cannot detect it here.

I met them all in the new gray stone Women's Building at San Quentin, built by their brother felons. A guard escorted me from the old prison office to the massive dormitory, with blooming gardens all around.

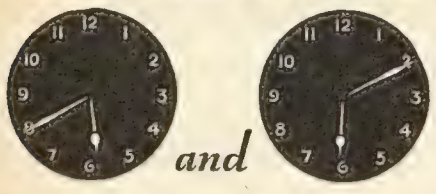
Women in blue calico strolled here and there, some walking arm in arm, talking eagerly, as if soon they must hasten home. Others were promenading alone, heads down, pensive.

The guard led the way through an ugly iron gate into the garden. Before us stretched a panorama—placid waters and hills beyond. There was beauty on every side, marred only by the meshwork of steel and wire that formed a barrier between the land and water. A minute more and we slipped quickly through a massive door into the lobby and into the comfortable office of the matron.

Here the guard left me, and I found myself in what might have been the reception room of a girls' dormitory at college. In one corner, goldfish gliding gracefully in an aquarium; in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gets dark early



and

light late these *are* Radiolite nights and mornings

Two watches in one . . . a day watch and a night watch . . . time service during every hour of the twenty-four . . . that's what you get in an Ingersoll Radiolite. It tells time in the dark, besides having the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. Now that nights are long and mornings dark your Radiolite will be more useful than ever. If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Ingersoll

RADIOLITES
Tell Time in the Dark

Yankee Radiolite, $2.25
The "Old Reliable." Sturdy — dependable, with many good looks features. Plain dial model, $1.50.

Wrist Radiolite, $4.00

A wrist watch made to keep its dependability and good looks under conditions of hard service. Millions in use. Plain dial model, $3.50.

Alarm Clocks, too

Ingersoll alarm clocks have the Ingersoll qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks. The Type-R Jr., as illustrated, is a dainty bedroom clock, and now comes in jade green and rose pink moiré finish as well as nickel. The Type-T in plain dial at $1.50, comes in four charming colors to harmonize with the popular kitchen color schemes.

Type-R Jr. Radio. $4.50
Plain dial . . $3.25
Type-T Radiolite $2.25
Plain dial . $1.50
NOW IN COLORS

[WHY WOMEN KILL
Continued from page forty-one]

another, potted ferns and flowers. And before me on the wall I espied these printed words, set in a gilded frame:

GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH

The matron entered: a kindly, sympathetic woman, looking for all the world like a graduate nurse in her stiffly starched white uniform. I explained my mission. The warden already had phoned his authority for her to assist. I was now to meet the feminine killers of San Quentin.

The matron called an assistant and whispered an order.

A MINUTE later we sat facing each other — the "hammer murderess" and I. She was fingering her latest prison toy, a silvery new saxophone. I was staring at it —thoughtfully—and in my mind's eye came a vision of a hammer that the people of California agreed she had used to beat out the brains of another woman.

I flung my question at her pointblank: "Why do women kill?"

Clara Phillips, whose jailbreak in Los Angeles and flight to Honduras failed to cheat justice, stared back at me—resentfully, I thought, through cold, sparkless eyes.

"Perhaps I've put it too bluntly," I hastened to explain. "I'm not asking you to discuss your own case. I know how vigorously you deny using the hammer that killed Alberta Meadows in Los Angeles when she admitted her affairs with your husband. But I know you've studied the other women who are here for murder. You've seen them come in, bright, intelligent women, and you've asked yourself what made them kill. What was it that made them murderesses?"

She looked quizzically at me for a moment. "I wonder if that question can be discussed in generalities?" she parried.

"Well," I shot back, taking her cue, "a woman who killed her husband once told me she believed temper—uncontrollable temper—was responsible for most murders that women commit."

Mrs. Phillips shook her head and, for the first time, she smiled.

"I think that woman is entirely wrong," she said. "I've thought a lot about it. About all we do here is think. And I've about come to the conclusion that when women kill they are following a course that they have carefully weighed and planned within themselves. I think they know what they are doing.

"In my opinion, they are more able to analyze their inner feelings than men, and to work out clearly in their own minds full justification for what they think they have a right to do, murder included."

"In other words," I interrupted, "you think women are more introspective than men; that they are better judges of their own inner conscience—more capable of analyzing their own emotions."

"Exactly," she agreed; "that's my idea. I think the average woman who has killed measured up all the circumstances involved beforehand, considered carefully what she wanted to do, and then deliberately perfected her plans in detail—thoroughly convinced she had every right in the world to carry out what she was contemplating.

"Some may think they act in temper, but I don't. And, while we're on the subject, I think the average woman has more control of her temper than the average man.

"Now, there's another point to consider, too. Some folks will try to tell you that emotionally women function the same as men nowadays, because they have worked their way into men's fields; but that isn't so. At least, I'm convinced it's not. I believe that in times of great emotional stress women revert to the mental makeup they have always had—before they got busy in the world as they have now."

"Theysay I plugged five bullets into him."

Picture by Joseph A. Maturo

We chatted along about women's economic independence, music, dress—a dozen different subjects —until finally Clara Phillips excused herself and hurried away. She had neglected her violin practicing, she said, in her enthusiasm over the new saxophone.

THE matron now left me alone for a moment. She returned quickly with a fair faced young girl, smiling with all the radiance of youth, her neatly bobbed red hair, straight and fiery, falling over her pale, angular features.

I had interviewed Dorothy Ellingson under more dramatic circumstances in San Francisco some two years ago—an hour after she had been captured, a wayward, jazz mad sixteen year old girl, the confessed murderess of her own mother—the girl who answered a worried parent's chiding with a bullet, and spent a happy night in the mad whirl of jazz and gin while the police hunted her like a wild animal.

For a moment we exchanged pleasantries; talked about the correspondence course in short story writing she had started.

"Let me explain just why I'm here," I said, turning the conversation. "Last time we met we discussed your case. That's a closed incident now. But I know you've done your share of thinking since you've been here—"

Dorothy Ellingson interrupted me, gulping.

"I'll say I have," she said.

"Well," I resumed, "I know, too, that you've talked with the other women who are here for murder and you've heard what they have to say. You've asked yourself about them. What do you think about it all?"

THE girl pondered for a moment, wetting her lips nervously as she turned my question over in her mind.

"You bet y' life I've got an opinion," she began thoughtfully, shaking back her hair. "It's temper—hot temper—that makes a woman kill." And my mind ran back reminiscently to the scientific defense of "irresistible impulse" that the psychiatrists had built up for her.

"Course there ain't two cases exactly the same," she went on. "You know that, the same as I do. And what makes one woman lose her temper ain't what makes another lose hers. But you've asked my opinion and I'm givin' it to you, sir, best I can. And that is—whatever it is that makes a woman get her temper up—it's the temper that makes her kill.

"She loses it and does somethin' she's usually sorry for afterwards. If the girls here hadda been able to control their tempers, do you suppose they'd have gotten into trouble? Not one of them."

Simple words, these. I knew well she was weighing her own case with those of the others.

We talked for a time in that strain. We discussed premeditation. But this fiery haired girl who had slain her mother did not believe that women contemplated murder in advance.

"Have women less control of their tempers than men?" I asked.

"You said it," she replied. "That's what I think. And, what's more, women are more what you'd call impulsive than men. That goes with quick temper, doesn't it? Let me tell you a lesson that's struck home to me here. I've thought of it a heap, listening to the women who are here in the same jam as me. If all of us had counted up to ten before we did anything, none of us would be here now."

And Dorothy, who had been writing letters when I called her away, graciously bowed her way out of the room.

I was not alone long. The Sphinx of San Quentin was soon at my side.

She was ushered in—a plump little woman, reserved, an air of dignity on her well rounded features. Her dainty skin had been carefully powdered and her neatly kept hair showed the result of

painstaking care. Pinned to the shoulder of her trim brown jersey was a bunch of worsted violets. A life sentence for first degree murder had not robbed Louise L. Peete of her innate daintiness and charm.

Six years ago a deputy sheriff from Los Angeles had left her at the state prison. She had just been convicted by a jury of ending an old man's life with a bullet to gain possession of his wealth through a forged power of attorney. Her arrest followed discovery of the body, buried in a crypt in the basement of her home, the floor cemented over to hide the grave.

Dorothy Ellingson, slayer of her own mother.

Mrs. Peete exchanged her name for a number, still protesting her innocence. She has lived, like the rest, on hopes of parole. And with inmates and visitors alike she has refused politely to discuss her case, repeating that time would prove her innocent of so greedy and foul a crime.

I began with the same explanation I had given the others. Evidently Mrs. Peete had asked herself that same question many times before.

"Greed and jealousy," she exclaimed quickly—"they're the things that make women kill.

"I've talked to a variety of women over here, and they've told me a variety of stories. I assure you that I find myself firmly at this conclusion.

"As you may suppose, the stories of their difficulties vary in details. They all have different excuses for what they have done. Their motives are mixed up in a mass of domestic complications and plots and love affairs. There's a lot of talk about what the papers call the eternal triangle. But the underlying causes—basically—are the same—greed and jealousy. Eliminate them as feminine emotions, or weaknesses, and you would find no more women committing murder."

So much for Mrs. Peete.

WHEN the door opened again, a gawky, overgrown, clumsy young Negress, the cook of the Women's Prison, walked into the matron's office.

"Dere ain't much foah me to tell," drawled Fay Smith, as she seated herself awkwardly in a chair and began gnawing at her finger nails.

Louise L. Peete, who murdered an old man for his money.

"I was livin' wid a man, and once I loved him—really loved him, you know. That's moah than some married folks do, you know. I worked hard foah him—don't ask me how I worked; dat doesn't make no diff'rence. An' whether the work was against the law; that don't make no diff'rence, neither. I worked, an' I worked hard.

"He took my money, and I was glad to give it to him—until one day—until the day I found out he had another woman. Believe me, I was so mad then I couldn't think straight.

"When he came home that night I put it up to him, cold turkey like: told him he'd thrown me over. He swore at me somethin' awful, suh, an' I remember he was hittin' me over the head wid a chair.

"An' swear to Gawd, suh, I don't remember no other earthly thing that happened. Believe me or not, I just went dumb. They showed me the gun I killed him with. They say I plugged five bullets into him. As Gawd is mah judge, I don't remember firin' one or one hundred. Mah head just went dead, and here I am.

"An' if yoah want to know it, I think most of the other women here foah moider is just about in the same boat as me. Somethin' in their brains sort of gives way, and when they comes to they've done killed somebody."

MY next visitor stepped in timidly, as if she feared she was intruding. She had a doleful look, accentuated by her sharp, pale features and deep blue eyes. Her soft blonde hair was parted precisely in the middle and drawn tightly to each side.

"This is Tessie Pena," announced the matron.

I tried to hide my surprise. Had I not looked up a sketch of her case a few days before, I could not have brought myself to believe that this gentle looking girl of twenty-two was serving a life term for the brutal murder of an eighty year old woman; that she had stabbed her feeble, gray haired employer twenty-four times, rifled the house, and fled to Lower California.

I opened our conversation with a blunt inquiry about premeditation in murder.

She gave me a startled look even before I had finished my first question.

"No!" she exclaimed, shaking her head emphatically. "You are wrong. Women who kill do not do any planning beforehand. That's a wrong idea. I know."

"Please don't misunderstand me," I interrupted, fearing she suspected I was alluding to her own case. "I'm talking in generalities."

"I know you are," she said, putting me now at my ease. "That's what I have in mind, too. I am convinced that there's nothing of what you call premeditation in the average murder committed by a woman. It's temper that's at fault. Women work up to terrible temper—and when temper gets the better of them there's no telling what they may do."

"And what is it that can rouse a woman's temper to such a point that she will kill?" I inquired. "Is it hate or love or jealousy?"

"None of them," she hastened. "It's revenge. The spirit of re-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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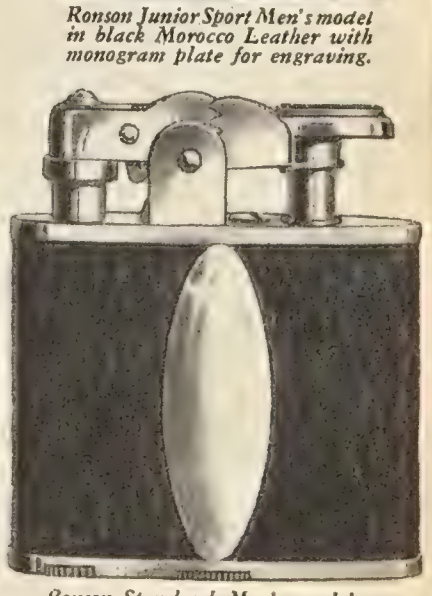

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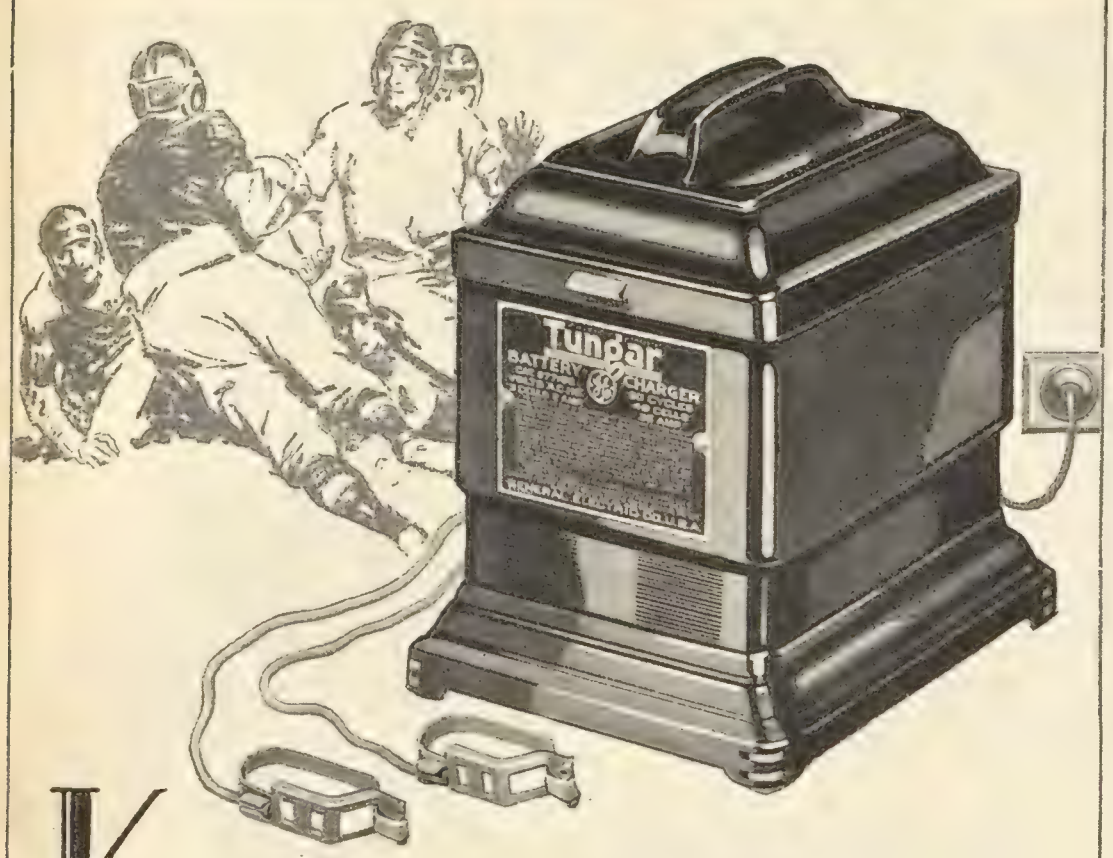

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

[WHY WOMEN KILL Continued from page forty-three]

venge is developed strongly in women. And you can take it from me, nothing stirs up a woman's temper to the breaking point like a craving for revenge."

A strange view for her to hold, I thought, considering the nature of her own crime. Some time after leaving the prison I sought more detailed records of her case, and I found that in explanation of the old woman's murder she had made this statement to the sheriff:

"Mrs. Cole [the victim] called my mother vile names. I loved my mother dearly, and for anyone to say anything about her drove me insane. I can't imagine I could have done such a thing."

THE interviews continued, with the same puzzling conflict of answers. Not until I had started to go did the prison matron venture an opinion.

"I've listened to them all; they fascinate me," said Josephine Jackson, for fourteen years the keeper of San Quentin's women inmates. "Would you care to hear my opinion?

"Women who've killed have come and gone in my time. I've studied them plenty. They don't premeditate murder, and they don't kill in the heat of temper. They don't kill for greed or jealousy or anything like that. If you want to know what I think, they kill at a moment when something within them snaps—when they don't know what they're doing.

"Why, do you know, out of all the women here—women sent up for every kind of crime—I pick my murderesses for trusties, for every job about the place that requires responsibility and trustworthiness."

"Why?" I asked her, surprised and puzzled.

"Because they've got more will power than all the rest put together," Miss Jackson answered.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

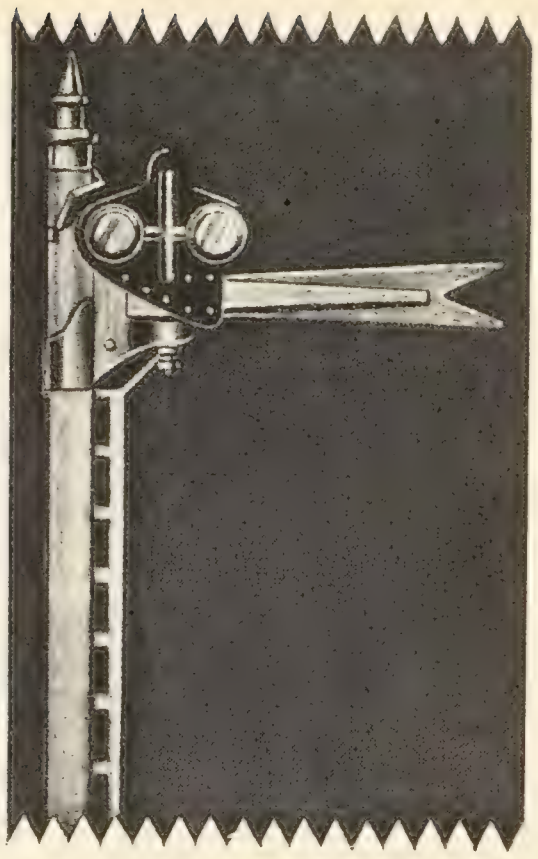
Biblical Note

Betty had heard the story of Eve coming from Adam's rib. After a free for all fight with her brother, a year older, and getting the worst of it, Betty came to me sobbing, "Boys are so mean! Mother, that rib Eve came from must have been the only good one Adam had."—Mrs. G. R. Wright, 494 Market St., Portland, Oregon.

* * *

She'd Been There Herself

Recently, when my three year old daughter Yvonne was waiting for her appointment with the child specialist, she heard another youngster crying lustily. Looking very seriously at me, she remarked, "Now I s'pose they're telling him it doesn't hurt!"—Mrs. Rex Bowen, 3755 41st St., San Diego, Calif.



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Important Things

A Story of Hearts and Lipsticks

By
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Pictures by C. H. Taffs

The little lights gleaming among the trees were charming; the small tables had a festive, inviting look.

MR. SHAYNE, the manager, tried not to be irritated, but he was irritated. Through the open doorway of his office he could see the two girls still in front of the mirror. Miss Duke was combing her silky short hair; Miss Corcoran was applying a lipstick with frowning earnestness. They were talking—in subdued tones, because they knew he was there, but with an excitement not to be suppressed.

"Typical!" he thought. "They stop work the moment the clock strikes twelve on Saturday. If I asked either of 'em to stay fifteen minutes later, they'd look at me as if I were a heartless tyrant. Yet they'll spend twenty minutes over that—that nonsense. By George! If the place was on fire I don't believe they'd go out without fluffing up their hair and powdering their noses."

At last they were ready to go, and as she turned away from the mirror Mr. Shayne had a glimpse of Miss Corcoran's face, so lovely, so radiant, so vivid that his irritation vanished.

Her skin was exquisite, creamy, softly flushed on the cheeks; her eyes were deep blue; her hair under her little dark hat glittered like bronze filaments.

Miss Duke was pretty, too, with dark eyes and clear features, but in contrast to her friend she seemed almost colorless.

"But they're all pretty these days," thought Shayne, who had daughters of his own. "Well, they ought to be. Lord knows, they spend enough time and money on their looks!"

The door closed behind them, and with a sigh of relief he turned to the work he wanted to finish.

The two girls left the building arm in arm.

"But *would* you get that royal purple?" demanded Julia Corcoran.

"Yes, I would!" answered Constance Duke firmly. "If you'll just use half the package it'll make a lovely lavender. I did that for my crêpe de chine, and it was *perfect*."

"Then I will," said Julia. "We can get it here."

They went into a drug store.

"Don't you love that jasmine perfume?" said Constance. "But the narcissus has the loveliest bottle—"

They looked at everything on the counter. They sniffed at perfumes. They asked the prices of things. And in the end they bought nothing but a fifteen cent package of purple dye. The middle aged man who waited on them smiled scornfully.

"Empty headed baby dolls!" he said to himself.

Then they separated, Constance to go uptown in the subway, Julia to take the tube to Hoboken. Her lovely face wore a look of composed indifference; yet she was well aware that men looked at her, and that she was pretty, smartly dressed, charming.

AS she entered the waiting room of the station, a glance at the clock showed her that by hurrying a little she could catch the 12:47. But, instead of hurrying, she slackened her steps, she bought a magazine, and when she reached the gates of the 12:47 they were closed.

She walked down to the 1:01, not yet open. She stood there, turning the pages of her magazine, a nonchalant figure, as daintily dressed as a young heiress, with her white gloves, her pale silk stockings and well fitting shoes, her smart straw hat, her short little dress.

"Hello, Julie!" said a voice.

"Oh! Hello, Len!" she answered.

She spoke carelessly, but the color deepened in her cheeks and her smile was a little uncertain. Because he was so critical, he was so magnificent.

He was a tall young fellow with sandy hair. There were little lines at the corners of his eyes, as if he had been much in the strong sunlight, and his fair skin was burned brown. He was not handsome, but he did not need to be. For his supreme prowess at sailing a boat, at tennis, for his careless good humor, his cool confidence in himself, he was a figure of the greatest importance in her world.

"I missed my train," she remarked.

"That's lucky—for me," he said.

"That doesn't mean anything," she thought. "I don't believe he really cares a bit."

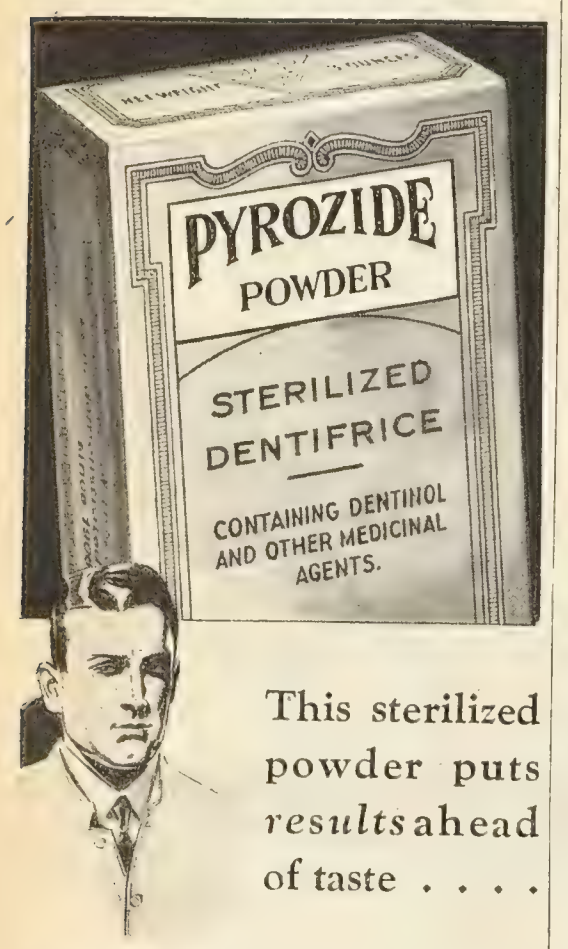
But her nonchalance quite matched his own.

"Ted wanted me to stay in town this afternoon and go to a show," she said. "But it's too hot. And, anyhow, there's nothing I want to see."

"Dodo's a good show," said he.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor



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[IMPORTANT THINGS Continued from page forty-five]

"I've seen it twice," said Julie casually.

When the gates were opened, they got on the train and sat down together.

"There are some darn good tunes in that show," said Len.

"But you get sick of them," said Julie. "I've got some new records a boy brought me from England—from shows that haven't come here yet. They'll be awfully popular here in a few months."

He was impressed; she could see that. He was silent for a moment.

"Did I ever show you these?" he asked, more careless than ever, and took from his pocket an envelope containing three snapshots. "It was a ball—down in Greenwich Village. That's me—in the turban. And that's F. H. Porterman beside me. You know, the millionaire yachtsman. Very decent fellow."

SITTING behind them was Mrs. Freebody, who knew them both. They had not noticed her, but she noticed them and was listening to their conversation.

"How ridiculous!" she said to herself, annoyed. "Leonard Baring talking about balls and millionaires—a boy who's nothing but a clerk in a wholesale grocer's! And Julie Corcoran—you'd think, to hear her talk, that she was a débutante, with nothing to do but go to plays. And the way she dresses!"

Just then she caught sight of Julie's profile, the soft, childish line of her cheek, and something stirred in her heart.

"After all," she thought, "she's a good little thing, kind hearted—always willing to help—and sweet to her mother. And Len's a good, hard working boy, too. I suppose they're just—young."

Julie and Leonard, happily unaware of Mrs. Freebody's interest, went on with their conversation.

"You're coming over tonight, aren't you, Len?" asked Julie.

"Oh, yes; that's right!" he said. "Sure; I'll be there."

"He doesn't really want to come," she thought. And, with a smile of amused sophistication: "I thought you'd come if Sonia did."

"She doesn't give a darn if I come or not," he thought. "Ted'll be there, of course."

They parted on the station platform with the utmost carelessness. Julie went one way, Leonard sauntered off, in another direction.

As soon as he turned the corner, he began to hurry. The tailor had promised an absolutely invisible darn in the elbow of his best coat—but suppose it were not invisible?

"And she notices things," he thought. "Lord! I hope she didn't see me in the station letting the twelve forty-seven go."

Julie did not hurry. For as she drew near home there came over her a feeling, half guilt, half defiance, familiar to her since her childhood.

In anticipation she could hear her mother saying, "Oh, my *dear* child! Don't you think that's a little silly?"

And she said to herself, as she had been saying since her schooldays: "All right! I don't care if I am silly!"

She remembered the day she had announced that she was going to find a job, and they had all smiled. And when she had found one, still they had smiled, tolerant and amused. She remembered when she had bought her first evening dress, with her own money.

She remembered things farther back: the day she had told them she had been chosen to play Juliet in the high school play.

"Don't you love that jasmine perfume?" said Constance.

"A redheaded Juliet!" her father had said, laughing.

Farther back than that, to the episodes of her childhood. Whatever enterprise she embarked upon was met with that indulgent amusement.

SHE was willing to admit that perhaps she was "silly." But she was defiantly resolved to go on with that silliness. For in her heart she was aware that some vital instinct guided her, and in spite of all the smiles, the well meant discouragements, she *knew* she was not a failure.

"I've kept my job for six months," she said to herself.

But it wasn't really that which consoled her. There were other successes.

She turned the corner and saw before her the familiar old

house where she had lived all her life.

"If *only* father would get it painted!" she thought. "White—and striped awnings—"

He had refused to do that.

"Next year, perhaps," he had said. "What's the idea, Julie? Trying to keep up with the Joneses?"

"It's the worst looking house on the street!" she thought, and could have wept.

SHE pushed open the screen door and entered, to be met with a sibilant "Hush-h-h! The baby's asleep!"

For her married sister Frances was paying them a visit, with her baby. Julie was very fond of Frances, and she adored the baby, but secretly she resented the overwhelming importance of all Frances' affairs. Nothing that Frances did was ever silly any more.

Frances came on tiptoe out of the dining room, where she had evidently been sewing, with her workbasket in her hand. She looked worn and desperate, as she usually looked these days.

"The iceman hasn't come!" she said in a low, tragic tone. "And the darned telephone is out of order again. And it's Saturday! If he doesn't come, I don't know *what* I'll do about the baby's bottles. Julie! Won't you *please* go down to the drug store and telephone the iceman?"

"Well, all right. Later," said Julie. "But I've got to do my dress first, or it won't be dry."

"But he won't come if you don't catch him before three!"

"Frances, you *know* I've got a party on for tonight! I've *got* to do that dress."

"What does your silly party matter in comparison to the baby's health?" demanded Frances. "I should think you'd be ashamed."

"Well, I'm not," said Julie briefly.

"Julie, I'll do your dress for you if you'll go this minute."

Julie wavered.

"Will you do it carefully?" she demanded.

Frances said that of course she would; and Julie, still reluctant, gave her many directions.

"Remember, I want it a light lavender!" she said sternly. "Less than half the package, I guess."

"All right, Julie; do go this minute, or you'll be too late."

So Julie went back to the village and telephoned the iceman, and was assured that he was already on his way.

When she returned, the baby was awake and playing in his pen on the veranda, with Frances sitting near him, sewing.

"Did you do my dress?" asked Julia.

"It's out on the line," said Frances. "I— Of course it looks darker now, while it's wet. I—I'd leave it in the sun, if I were you."

These words, and something in her sister's tone, aroused a horrible suspicion in Julie's mind. She ran through the house and out of the back door. She saw the dress on the line.

She had a deplorable quarrel with Frances. Mrs. Corcoran was shocked.

"Julie, how can you behave so! To your own sister—just about a dress. When poor Frances was up half the night with baby—"

"It's ruined!" cried Julie. "It's a horrible dark *purple!* And I've got my party—"

"If your friends really care for you," said Mrs. Corcoran, "they certainly won't mind what you wear."

"I mind!" said Julie. "I'll never forgive Frances!"

But, after all, she did forgive her, because a little later Frances came to her with an honorable apology.

"I'm awfully sorry, Julie!" she said. "Can't we rinse it some more? Only, you see, just while I was doing it baby waked up, and mother didn't hear him, and I had to go to him."

"It wouldn't have killed him to yell for five minutes," said Julie.

With an effort Frances suppressed a vigorous retort—the sight of that dress so pricked her conscience.

"You don't understand," she said gravely. "Some day, when you have something really important to think about—something more important than dresses and parties—"

She saw the dress on the line. "It's ruined! It's a horrible dark purple!"

STILL, she did all she could. It was she who suggested the masterly idea of a sash.

"One of those simply huge white taffeta bows in the back," she said. "A sort of bustle effect. It'll lighten the whole thing."

And when their brother Tommy got home, it was she who persuaded him to go down to the village in his car and get the white taffeta. He needed a good deal of persuading, but Frances flattered and cajoled him unscrupulously.

And Julie heard him laugh as he surrendered.

"Jule's the silliest kid," he said.

Mrs. Corcoran was next approached.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Get the Family Up on Time

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11-17-28

[IMPORTANT THINGS
Continued from page forty-seven]

"*Make* father put those lights up!" said Julie.

"He's resting, dear."

"Yes; and he'll go on resting until it gets dark and he can't see to do it right. *Please,* mother, *make* him do it now! Oh, I'm so worried! Everything's going wrong! The meringues haven't come!"

"I'm really sorry for the child," Mrs. Corcoran said to her husband. "She's working so hard for her poor little party—and she's paid for everything out of her own money. It's such a mistake to have things so elaborate. A regular supper—with no one to help her but old Valeria. She'll be worn out by evening, poor child! But I suppose it seems important to her."

With a sigh, Mr. Corcoran laid down his cigar and his newspaper, rose from his comfortable chair on the veranda, and, getting a ladder, strung up the little red and white electric lights Julie had bought. Tommy, being an expert in such matters, connected them and tried them.

"Looks like a tenth rate Coney Island!" he said, laughing.

BUT later, when it grew dark, he was in his secret heart impressed by what his sister had done. They were all impressed.

The little lights gleaming among the trees were charming; the small tables, which had seemed comic before, had a festive, inviting look now, covered with dainty paper cloths.

"But why dance in the garage?" asked Frances. "It seems so queer."

"I won't let anyone see the sitting room—that's why!" said Julie. "It's just awful, with all that hideous old fashioned stuff."

"As if it mattered!" said Frances.

"It does—to me," said Julie.

Before her guests came she was exhausted, nervous, despairing. But when the first one arrived a marvelous change came over her.

"She's really beautiful!" thought Frances. "That's Len Baring, isn't it, mother?"

"Yes," said her mother. "He's a very nice boy. He's in his uncle's business now."

Frances looked sidelong at her mother, but said nothing more, and went down on the lawn to help her sister. They danced in the garage, to the strains of Julie's new records; then they sat down at the small tables to the elaborate supper.

Mrs. Corcoran, on the veranda, looked down at the gay scene with a strange ache in her heart. It was late before the guests came to say good night to her, but she was not at all sleepy. She was thinking—remembering things she had forgotten for a long time.

Two girls were coming up the path together; she recognized Constance Duke's voice:

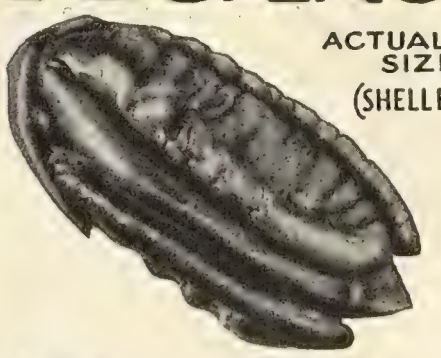
"It's absolutely the most successful affair that *any* of the crowd has ever given. Julie's a wonder!"

Mrs. Corcoran said good night to everyone, but still she sat there

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SEND FOR THESE

GIANT PECANS



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In Next Week's LIBERTY

P. G. WODEHOUSE

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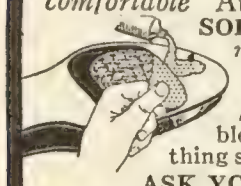

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C'MENT-ON SOLES

To Bob or Not to Bob

By Rosalind Shaffer

What shall I do with my hair? That is the question that is agitating Hollywood. See how eighty-one beautiful movie stars have answered it.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

on the veranda, because Julie had not come in yet. Her heart still ached a little, but she was smiling to herself in the dark.

"Mother!"

There was Julie, with that nice Baring boy.

"Yes, dear?"

"Mother, Len and I—"

"Why, my dear! Why, Leonard!"

It was very late, but Leonard had to come into the house then.

Mr. Corcoran had to come downstairs again, in his slippers.

The baby cried, but Frances lingered.

There was nothing quite so important now as Julie's affairs.

She had an air of gay carelessness, but her eyes were soft when she looked at Leonard, magnificently smoking one of her father's choicest cigars.

And when Leonard looked back at her, when their eyes met, there was something heart stirring and marvelous in the little sitting room.

And it occurred to Mrs. Corcoran that perhaps all Julie's silliness had had in it a beautiful innocent wisdom.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-eight)

1—The maple leaf is the emblem of what country?

2—Of what poem is the following the first line: "This is the forest primeval"?

3—What is the common name for sodium chloride?

4—What is the name of the garment which cowboys wear over their trousers?

5—Is arsenic a vegetable or a mineral?

6—What country in ancient times was called Helvetia?

7—According to the Bible, who was sold into exile by his brothers?

8—Which is called the Sooner State?

9—What name was applied to opponents of slavery in the United States?

10—Where did Washington and his army suffer great hardships in the winter of 1777-78?

11—What territory constitutes Scandinavia?

12—What is a Mussulman?

13—What is the meridian of 0° longitude called?

14—To what animals do these names refer: Dobbin, Reynard, Leo, Bruin?

15—What is the difference between an atheist and an agnostic?

16—What flag is called the tricolor?

17—What American colony was founded in 1733 by James Edward Oglethorpe?

18—What variety of cat bears the name of a city in Asia Minor?

19—What is the longest river in Africa?

20—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase, *de gustibus non est disputandum?*

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Vox

Straight Talk

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I should like to compliment you upon the substance of your editorial entitled "Nervous Nellie in Wonderland," and to add my amen to your expression of hope "that the Senate will not let itself be dragooned into ratifying Kellogg's treaty."

Most of the organizations and persons who are actively supporting this treaty seemed to be very anxious that it should be signed and now seem to be very anxious that it should be ratified; yet, in order to anticipate and remove possible opposition, they assert that it doesn't bind the United States in any way.

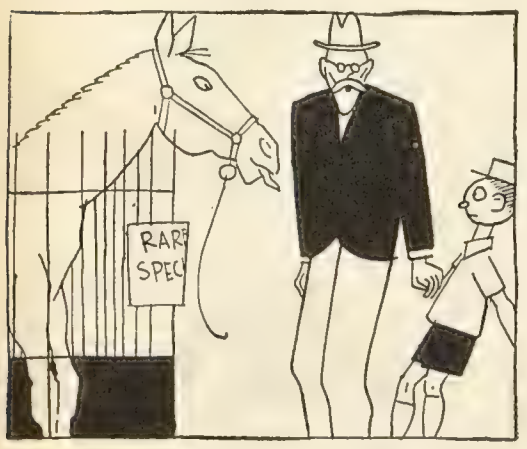
If it does not bind the United States in any way, it certainly does not bind the other signatories; and I cannot just understand why any of them are so anxious to have a treaty that does not bind any of the parties to it.

It is my fear that it *will* bind the signatories to something, and will bind most effectively that nation that is best able to take care of itself in the present state of world affairs—that nation which will ordinarily undertake to discharge its obligations under the treaty in the most scrupulous good faith. That means the United States.—*Pax Nobiscum.*

G'By, Horse!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hats off to the man who wrote your editorial, "Horses and Gas." It's true that the horse is still a great pet of the army, to the detriment of the air force.

Horses are fine for sport and to lose money on in races. But cavalry merely encumbers the machinery of modern warfare.



Here's to the time when the last cavalry horse will have a nice home behind bars in a zoo, right next to the giraffes.—*Ben S.*

How Do You Tell Them Apart?

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—LIBERTY is all right, only cut out some of the mush and love.—*A Reader.*

This Is Going Too Far

DES MOINES, IA.—I was one of the millions shocked by Leslie Thrasher's cover picture, "Aw, go to h—"; but now I am writing my deep and heartfelt appreciation of the same.

I was just beginning to find married life most uninteresting when my husband ups and gives me a sound cussing—the first in our married life. Then and there I decided to stay with him forty more years.

But, Leslie, please be careful what you have Sandy do in the future, as my husband intends to take him for his great and shining example. Don't have him knock Lil's teeth out or cut her allowance.

But you might have him present her with a fur coat for her birthday. —*A Happier Wife.*

Dog or Wolf?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I was so interested in "The Wolf and the Fold," by Arthur Chapman, that I am taking it upon myself to tell of a time when my own dog, a giant Scotch collie, killed a wolf without any help whatsoever.

Flash, the dog hero, was brought to our ranch when he was a mere pup and was given to me by a cattle buyer. But he was by no means a pup when this fight occurred. He was full grown and extra large for his breed. His jaws were long and his teeth were like rows of needles.

The day the wolf fight occurred I was riding with a friend from a neighboring ranch. We were combing the high wooded slopes for stray cattle. Neither of us had a gun.

Suddenly, about a dozen head of cattle came charging down a ravine followed by a timber wolf, loping with a free, loose gait. Flash was all snarls in an instant and away he flew, coming almost upon the wolf before it knew what was happening.

Then the best fight I have ever seen between two animals took place. The wolf dodged and ducked as much as did Flash and you could hear the snapping of teeth all over the mountainside. It was easy to be seen that Flash was the quicker of the two and the wolf began resorting to lunges.

The fight went on this way for perhaps half an hour, neither combatant receiving wounds any more serious than skin slashes. The climax came when Flash went to leap over his opponent's back and was met in midair by a surprising leap of the wolf. I saw bared fangs snap, and the next instant I saw the collie's head dart down along the wolf's stomach.

That was the end of the raider.

Flash died of old age on our ranch in the summer of 1926.—*H. D. Hallwin.*

They're Still Arguing

SEBRING, OHIO—Just completed "The Wolf and the Fold," by Arthur Chapman. As fiction it's a corking good story, but when your author has a dog kill a lobo wolf he is departing from fact and truth.

I write from experience. My cousin, a trapper, after repeated requests finally shipped me a wolf whelp, said beast being about three months old as closely as my cousin could guess.

Upon receipt the beast proved itself very ugly. It was a male and would snap at anyone approaching it. Finally, through feeding him myself, I won him over. I watched his growth and development with considerable interest. At six months of age he would play and frolic with me like a puppy.

There are three types or classes of wolves, so far as I have been able to learn. The prairie wolf or coyote is slinking and cowardly. Next you have the timber wolf, larger in bone and general stature. Then comes King Lobo, the most ruthless and fearless of them all. You might as well have a flyweight fighter polish off Jack Dempsey or Gene Tunney as have a dog kill a lobo.

The beast I raised was named Jack. Jack could not bark and from his general appearance and build, plus the known fact that my cousin personally took him from a wolf's den, I feel safe in saying he was a full blooded wolf. For four years he was my companion continuously and 300 per cent more faithful than any dog I ever had.

First, he knew no fear. I could call upon or set him after a herd of elephants and he would head into them. My contention that no dog can whip, much less kill, a lobo wolf is based on the fact that I fought Jack against, roughly, 100 dogs in a period of three years for a purse of any amount anyone cared to cover.

I fought him against pit bulls, greyhounds, German police dogs, and other nondescript breeds and cross breeds and he never was licked. Many vicious dogs after one look, one smell, could not be induced to battle him. Whenever a dog had the heart and backbone to stand his ground and fight to a finish, my wolf could be depended upon to kill him.

A wolf is fast—so much faster than a dog that the poor dog hasn't a chance. A dog bites, whereas a wolf slashes and tears.—*E. R. Walter.*

Aw, Go Sit on a Tack

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You should raise the price of LIBERTY to ten cents so as to gyp the public more.—*A Sucker.*

Hear That, Mr. MacArthur?

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Re MacArthur's "War Bugs." Even if it was all a lie it would still be good. It's a war classic.—*H. M. Ryan.*

Not a Bad Idea. Not Good Exactly, Either

FARGO, N. D.—As long as grapes grow, cherries get ripe, apples are juicy, and barley will sprout in a wet blanket, there will be liquor for those who want it.

As well make fried chicken a crime, two helpings of sweet potatoes illegal, as try to dry up the nation with laws.

There is only one way to make the country 100 per cent dry—kill off the bacteria which cause fermentation, and give dry moralists microscopes and station them at all seaports to see that none are imported.—*Shub.*

Taking One Consideration with Another

HOUSTON, MISS.—I would ask you if there is not just as much sense in prohibiting alcohol as there is in prohibiting morphine, laudanum, and other dopes, or gun toting—since they are all agencies, though probably not equally so, of depravity and disorder.—*C. W. Collier.*

LA FAYETTE, IND.—No one can be a Christian and a prohibitionist.

A Christian is a follower of Christ. The prohibition law would place Christ in jail if He should appear in

Pop

the United States today and turn water into wine, as He did at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. —*S. Carson.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — We should all be thankful to the Volstead Act. It has been educational. It has taught hundreds and thousands of our American citizens how to distill alcohol—and what a bunch of brewery workers we are!—*Broughton.*

Couldn't They Do Both?

MISSOULA, MONT.—Kindly inform me what church I should join to be a successful politician. I had it all wrong. I used to think people joined the church to go to heaven. Now I know they join to go to Congress.—*Montana Bill.*

So Did We

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I thought that Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's story, "Hard as Nails," was superb!—*Bessie Conway.*

Sidelight on the Feminine Mind

DENVER, COLO.—I try to read your football articles to learn a little about the game, though I don't understand half of what's said in them. I wish some magazine would give us non-

sporting girls a football primer, based on the idea that we've never even heard of the game before.

How the players themselves can follow and apply the new rules is more than I can understand. I know the teams would play a better game if each player carried a copy of the rules strapped to his chest, so he could read it as he ran.—*A Girl Who Finds the Gridiron Greek.*

Read More. You Might Like It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read only part of your magazine. About six dollars' worth. That's all.—*S.*

Mr. Larson's Mail

EASTON, PA.—A Vox Popper from Montana, Ole Larson, took exception to a statement made by Larry Brooks in a recent issue of LIBERTY, that a Catholic discovered America, and informed us that the explorer, Leif Ericsson, discovered America long before the Pope wore any woolen socks.

The heading to his comment read, Now Turn Back to Page 29, where we found the following: "Leif presented himself at the court of King Olaf Tryggvason (995 to 1000), where he accepted Christianity." (LIBERTY, October 13, 1928.)

Since Protestantism was founded by Martin Luther in 1517, I will be grateful to Ole Larson if he will please tell what kind of Christianity Leif accepted.—*Germaine Du Four.*

LINNTON, ORE.—I don't believe the Pope ever finds it necessary to wear woolen socks. Where do you think he lives, Ole Larson—in Montana? —*A Norwegian Girl.*

OVERLEA, MD.—Say, Ole Larson, where did you go to school, anyway? Coming from Montana, you're probably wild and woolly and have your own ideas. I don't care who discovered America, just so it *was* discovered.—*M. G. H.*

HARRISBURG, PA.—I see a Vox Popper said a Catholic discovered America. Quite true, but it took a Cohen to get business going.—*Paul Jones—a white, fair-minded Methodist only twelve years old.*

From an Atheist

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO — What's all the fuss about religion? Did it ever occur to you religious people that religion was made by man in the infancy of the race, when men's minds were much lower than children's minds of today?

I cannot understand why so many people are living, even today, in the time of Moses, when men believed in spirits, ghosts, spooks, and sprites. How can any sane man or woman read a Protestant or Catholic Bible and still believe it was inspired?

Those fairy tales and myths were first handed down from mouth to mouth for generations and generations, and when men learned to write they were written down, and centuries and centuries later they were found and translated, and given to us as they now appear in the Bible. —*Another Atheist.*

So He Says

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—That article entitled "An American Wife" caused me much pain.

Undoubtedly Edward Doherty emerged from his interview with Mrs. Smith a bigger and better man, purged by a sudden insight into a true and touching mother love, and firmly resolved to give up wife beating from next New Year's on.—*T. Johnston MacNaughton.*

Recipe for Success: Tales, Tears, Towels

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please don't do it again. By that I mean, kindly don't let a story sneak up on me again, the way "Total Disability," by Frederick

Hazlitt Brennan, did. I began that story serenely, quite unaware what I was getting into. By the time I was two-thirds of the way through it, I had grabbed my fourth handkerchief, because the three I'd already cried into were all wet. The tale's a masterpiece!

But if you must print tales like that, give away a towel with every LIBERTY you sell.—*Dorothy Kirk.*

Sure of Your Facts?

LEONIA, N. J.—I am the daughter of a Roman Catholic woman. All my brothers and sisters were brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. When we reached an age where we could see and judge for ourselves we all left the Catholic faith.

A Catholic does not believe in the Bible. In the Catholic Church one is forbidden to read the Bible. It is considered a mortal sin to read it.

What I say is the truth. Ask a Roman Catholic if they are allowed to read the Bible.—*Anna J. Quinn.*

A Toast

URBANA, ILL.—Here's to Viña Delmar! She gets more real life into her stories—the inevitableness of life —than any author I've read yet.—*Just Another Member of the Younger Generation.*

Such a Rowdy World War!

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—Some very dainty individual in a letter to Vox Pop some weeks ago wanted to know why stories about the World War could not be written without using so many "cuss" words, so much slang, and so much rowdyism.

I would like to answer that individual.

If you want war stories, I believe in making them true to life, and not trying to gloss them over.

If you were there, you know it was h—. If you were not, you know nothing about it, so kindly maintain a discreet silence when some doughboy or artilleryman is using the word "damn." Had you been there you would probably have made it stronger.—*"Pop" Williamson, Formerly with G-3 Headquarters, 1st A. C., A. E. F.*

On Mr. Tunney and—

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Congratulations to Sutherland for having the nerve to tell the truth, through "Mr. Durk," about Gene Tunney, champion poser of the world, and very incidentally a so called pugilist. Tunney's a big, conceited ass, who poses and struts, and thinks he is something he isn't.—*Tom Kelly.*

—"Battling" Sid

BROWNSVILLE, TEX. — Long absence of Sid Sutherland from LIBERTY'S pages led me to hope that the editors were neatly filing his copy in the wastebasket. "A Gentlemanly Brute" cut short my sweet dream.

Sid's articles on religion in Mexico slew my habit of enjoying LIBERTY in a cool beer garden just across the Rio Grande. Only passing the buck and "doe" kept me out of the carcel when caught in Matamoros with a LIBERTY following these articles.

Then came an adjective-exhausting series on one of the Gish gals. It sounded like an overripe plum falling from a tree on a still night. George Jean Nathan must have intimidated the boy. If not that, Tarkington should have kept Sid under observation about that time—he'd have probably got a lot of material.

Later Our Hero made it very, very clear that photographing a woman's

execution and publishing the photograph was nothing more than up and coming journalism.

And now Sid dramatically yanks back the curtain on Tunney, only to be booted in the rear with an editor's note backhanding: "Pst! Sid's a nice boy and means well, but don't take him too seriously."

"Battling" Sid!—*H. L. E.*

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

These three preparations bring beauty speedily and unfailingly because they make your skin work!

Out of her vast knowledge of the skin, Helena Rubinstein, renowned Scientist of Beauty, evolved three preparations which enable you to give yourself daily treatments at home akin to those given in Helena Rubinstein's salons . . . . the Beauty Rendezvous of smart women in the foremost capitals of the world.

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Helena Rubinstein's Creations are obtainable at the better shops, or order direct.

Long May It Wave!

By EILEEN BOURNE

WHEN we were little girls we used to wish on every passing hay wagon drawn by two white horses. And the wish was always the same: "Let my hair grow curly!" For the horrors undergone in the effort to be curly for parties was almost too much even for juvenile vanity. Now that we're grown up, however, we find that's one wish we don't have to make. We can get a permanent wave that will last almost half a year.

Many people still hesitate to get a permanent wave. They are afraid either of the process itself or of the result. Nor is it much wonder. There have been instances of burns and infections received during the process. There are a great many waves which turn out badly. But let me say here and now that after careful investigation I am convinced no evil results need be.

All the machines are insulated with equal care and the degree of heat is practically the same for each type. Therefore it makes very little difference what process is used. Technical differences between one permanent waving machine and another exist, of course, but they matter only to the operator, not to us.

The safeguard against burns and against ineffective or unbecoming waves lies in the care, experience, and skill of the individual operator. If a burn results from this process it does so for the same reason that a man is cut when being shaved by a barber. It is not the fault of the tool.

And right here I want to say that I firmly believe women should do everything in their power to aid the legislation pending in most of our states to bring every department of the beauty shop under control of boards of health. Not only would standards of sanitation be so raised as to rule out much of the danger of infection, but operators on whose care our well being depends should be obliged to pass a rigorous test before being licensed. Remember that all the best hairdressers and cosmeticians are backing to their utmost the passage of such laws which would insure better, safer, and more reliable service everywhere.

There is no doubt that it requires both skill and judgment to produce a good permanent wave. Skill consists of two separate things—winding the hair and preparing the chemical solutions on which the lasting quality of the wave depends. Nowadays, since the mode dictates a soft, loose, natural looking wave, this result is achieved by a change in the winding method. The old corkscrew convolution has been abandoned for a flat winding. Since no two heads of hair are alike, the hairdresser must use judgment to vary the process correctly for the individual.

For all these reasons one cannot go into the nearest place and buy a permanent wave as one buys a toothbrush. The woman contemplating this step should, before taking it, carefully inquire as to the reputation of the shop she intends to patronize. Its size, its standards of sanitation, its location, and the type of its clientele all indicate much concerning the treatment you may expect from it.

As a rule, the best operators are found in long established places which have a reputation for good work to sustain. Furthermore, a good wave is worth paying for. You cannot expect an experienced waver to give three or four hours of his time to wash, wind, and set the hair for much less than five dollars an hour. If the price is only a third of that, the chances are that the workmanship is only a third as good.

NOW, as to the effect upon the hair of a permanent wave. Most people who have studied the subject believe it is really not so hard on the hair as the oft repeated marcel. Indeed, oily hair distinctly profits from a process which has a drying effect upon the natural oils.

It is true that dry hair, on the other hand, is threatened after a permanent wave with a tendency to brittleness. Yet, if the night before every shampoo you treat the hair to a bath in warm olive oil which is allowed to remain on the scalp till morning; if you shampoo in a beaten egg between two thorough soapings; if you brush your hair two minutes a day and massage your scalp a little every evening—then, in nine cases out of ten, you will retain every bit of natural oil.

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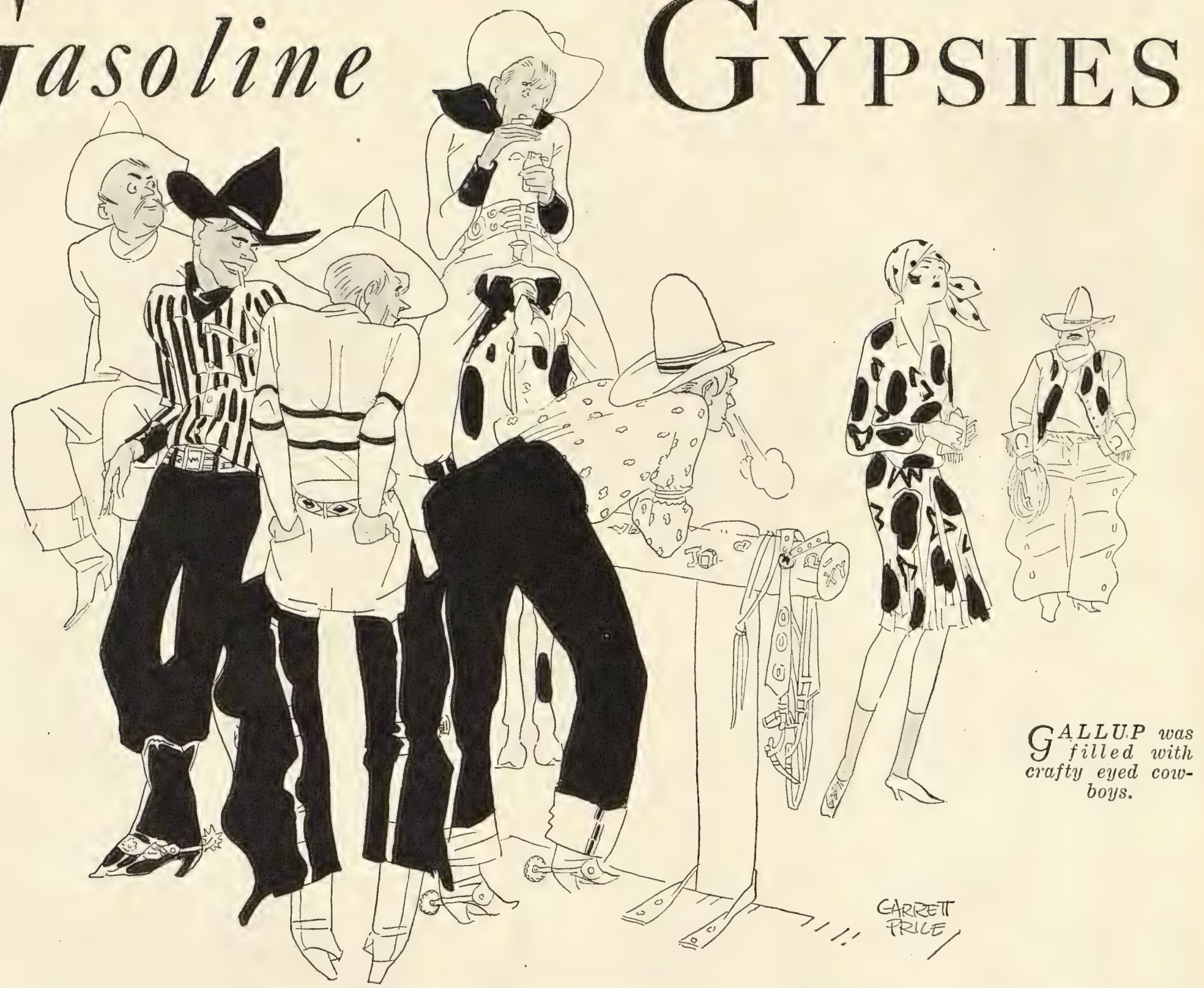

GALLUP was filled with crafty eyed cowboys.

Through Desert Sands—
Continuing the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Gotham

By
GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

WITH her sister, Miss Robinson has been motoring across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, keeping a diary of their adventures. This installment finds them in New Mexico spending a night with the Acoma Indians.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY

Sunday and Monday, August 19-20 (continued).

THE Indian dwelling was delightfully clean. At first I noticed a strange odor. It sickened me a little. Presently I decided it came from the large slabs of red jerked meat that hung over a line in the room, apparently left there to dry. In time I forgot the odor.

The thick walls were very white. The clay floor was gray. The ceiling was made of wooden beams with poles laid transversely and brush filling the interstices.

From nails and hooks screwed into the beams a coffeepot, a pitcher, and various other household articles depended. An oilclothed table protruded endwise into the room, and near this was the low cradlelike box with three compartments, in which Indian women grind their corn just as they did in ancient times. On a masonry shelf, built into the wall, an oil lamp gave a half light through a broken chimney.

Mrs. Dixon retired to a small iron cookstove, and in a moment she set warm coffee on the table and sliced a round loaf of bread.

"Come—eat," urged Mr. Dixon, seeing that we did not understand his wife's signs. But I was more thirsty than hungry.

"Could I, please, have some water?" I asked.

"Yes—over there—good, clean water."

Our host indicated an Indian water jar—an olla—standing on the cement floor. There was a gourd lying near. It was shaped like a ladle. I drank from the family drinking cup. I have never tasted better water.

"Where do you get?" I asked, for surely there was no well on this high rock pile.

My Indian hosts did not answer. It is said that Acoma women bring drinking water from a secret spring.

I would have given a week's salary for one little square pat of butter such as a restaurant gives you for nothing. But apparently Acoma Indians do not eat butter. I would have given another week's income for a small pitcher of cream. But these people take their coffee black.

Ester, who loathes coffee at all times, this night drank two cups, black. Mrs. Dixon offered us small green chili peppers. We couldn't eat them. There were two scallions lying on the table—evidently left from the Dixons' supper.

"May I eat?" I asked Mrs. Dixon. She nodded and smiled.

"Oh, good—very good," I told her.

Indeed they were good—small and tender. Where do these Indians raise tender scallions on top of a flat rock?

She lighted a candle and disappeared through a narrow trapdoor. In a few minutes she reappeared with a whole bunch of scallions, freshly peeled and derooted.

I am fond of onions. I ate greedily of the odorous vegetables and drank much black coffee.

Our Acoma hosts were polite. They did not trouble us with conversation while we ate—in fact, almost ignored us. The Indian baby lay on a goatskin on the floor, and played with her toes like any white child.

WHEN we were finished, a young Indian man entered the room. Apparently he could understand little English. He smiled and solemnly shook hands, first with me, then with Ester.

Mrs. Dixon washed the dishes in a dishpan on the floor. Mr. Dixon took off his shoes and walked about the cool floor in his naked feet.

"You come from the East?" he asked.

"Yes; from New York," we told him.

"How were the crops?"

"Oh, the crops in Iowa seemed fine," said Ester. "Tall, fine corn. Everything looked good."

Then Mr. Dixon gave us to understand that he was not an untraveled man, even if he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page fifty-three]

did live on top of a rock 400 feet in the air.

"I live once in California," he said; "I work in roundhouse there."

He rolled a cigarette. He had no matches. Ester had; she handed them to him.

I HAD been wondering desperately what I could do to show a friendly spirit and put these Indians in a peaceable mood for the night, in case they had ulterior designs on us. Mr. Dixon's smoking gave me an idea. I unlocked my small bag, intending to present our host with some cigarettes. Ordinarily I keep some there. They were gone. Then I remembered. That very morning, before we left Santa Fe, I had repacked all my belongings. The cigarettes were in the car.

Everybody I had ever read about, situated as we were, had given gifts to Indians. Didn't the early Spaniards always carry a pocketful of bright trinkets to hand out to hostile savages?

I dug in my bag. Beads! Ah, that was the thing. Beads! I had three strings there. I pulled out the showiest ones—big imitation pearls. With an elaborate air I presented these to Mrs. Dixon. She was wearing several necklaces—silver ones and red ones, but surely she had no imitation pearls.

She smiled and handed them to her husband.

"How much cost?" he asked.

"Four dollars in New York. Women in New York wear these all the time."

"O-o-o-oh!" said Mr. Dixon.

I don't think Mrs. Dixon liked the beads, even if they were the vogue in New York. I'm afraid their pale smartness was lost on her.

The Indian grandchild, May, put the string on her neck. Then she brought Mr. Dixon an Indian drum and a stick. He began to thump on the tomtom, accompanying himself in a weird Indian song that seemed to be all minor notes.

May started to dance. Her little bare feet moved rhythmically and her tiny body swayed in unison with her feet. And all the time her grandfather sang his strange song—"A-aa-a! A-aa-a! A-aa-a-ha, a-aa-ah!"

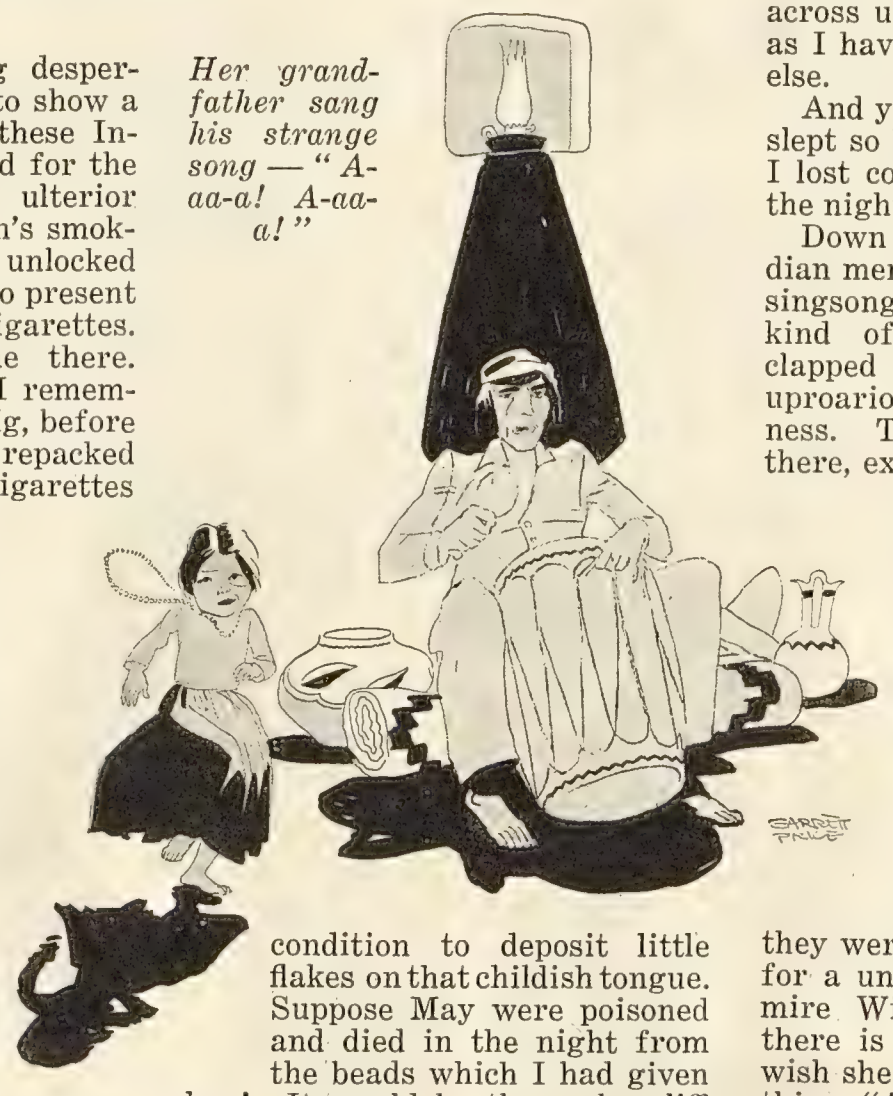
I watched and listened until I felt half hypnotized. I clapped when the child finally stopped, and the grandparents looked pleased.

Then the mite got a white shawl, and, turning her back to the young Indian buck, waited with the air of a great lady for him to drape the shawl over her head. Then this surprising child danced some more—across, backward, and around and around, until I thought she would surely drop from dizziness. And all the time the weird song, and the tomtom, still more weird, and Mr. Dixon half asleep, but still singing.

May, he told us, was two years and eight months old. Resting from her dance, she put the beads in her mouth.

A cold chill shot down my spine. Those fake pearls are nothing but glass covered with a glazing which readily peels off. The beads had had hard wear, and were in fine condition to deposit little flakes on that childish tongue. Suppose May were poisoned and died in the night from the beads which I had given her! It would be the rocky cliff for us, all right.

Her grandfather sang his strange song—"A-aa-a! A-aa-a!"



"Don't let her put them in her mouth," I begged. "They're just glass, you know. They might make her sick."

But the child continued to toy with them around her lips, and I fell to wondering how soon the covering of a fake pearl takes action in the human stomach.

It was time for bed. The Indian neighbor left. Would we sleep outside? It was cooler there. We would.

Mrs. Dixon pulled a couple of mattresses from a neat pile on a shelf, and took them out on the clean stone balcony. Then she brought beautiful Navajo rugs.

"The old patterns," Mr. Dixon explained, when we exclaimed that they were more beautiful than those we had seen in stores. "The Navajos don't make like these any more."

He and his wife carried on much conversation in the Acoma tongue. It is a pleasing, singsong language. Always they start with a rising inflection. There seems to be a question mark at the end of everything they say.

Mrs. Dixon laid beds on the floor inside for her husband and herself.

As I crawled under a small fortune in antique Navajo rugs I reflected that I had no weapon. My heavy flashlight, which I had lugged up the mesa to serve that very purpose, lay inside, beside my bag. My pocketbook, containing about fifteen dollars, lay on the table.

"Oh, well," I thought, "if they think I'm not afraid and that I trust them, they may feel more kindly toward us."

It seemed too pointed to cross the room where our hosts were lying and fetch these articles.

Never in my life have I had such a delightfully situated bed. The stars overhead hung in glittering bunches. It seemed we could reach up and pick them, like cherries. The cool night air blew softly across us—dry, fragrant air such as I have never inhaled anywhere else.

And yet, never in my life have I slept so badly. In fact, I doubt if I lost consciousness at all during the night.

Down the street a band of Indian men and maidens sang weird singsong ditties, and played some kind of game at which they clapped their hands and laughed uproariously. They sat in darkness. There was no light down there, except the sudden flare of a match when a young brave lighted a cigarette.

At length the singers began to disperse. My attentive ear caught the almost noiseless footfall of one Indian, and then another, in the street below, as they walked to their separate dwellings.

My excited imagination had caught something sinister in their chanting songs. Perhaps they were going to assemble later for a united attack on us. I admire Willa Cather greatly, but there is one line about Acoma I wish she had never written. It is this: "The moon was the clock which began things in the pueblo."

If anything was going to happen, it would happen now. Ester was unconscious by my side. I could hear our old Indian host stir restlessly in his sleep. I recollected that Mrs. Dixon had left her great carving knife lying on the table among the chili peppers. Why had she done that? She had carefully put away every other utensil we had used in our repast.

If one could have peace of mind, this was probably the most delightful bed in the world. That is, if one could also have bed springs. I have remarked before in my diary that it is difficult for me to sleep on flat ground. This stony floor was like flat ground, only flatter—despite the mattress.

A CAT came up the ladder, mewing mournfully. It walked inside, and then came out and mewed again. A few feet to my right, on the next second balcony, I could hear the Indians next door breathing.

I watched the stars in the heavens change their pattern as the night wore on. I watched the fainter stars disappear. Then I watched one especially bright star—the morning star I knew it to be.

A rooster crowed. Presently it crowed again. A third time it sent its raucous alarm through the sleeping pueblo. The sky became paler. Dawn was on the horizon.

Charlie Dixon got up. I saw him, in his white nightclothes—a kind of union suit effect which I judged he wore under his day clothes. In a few moments he emerged on our porch, dressed as last night, carrying his lariat.

What in the world could he be about at this hour? He disappeared down the ladder.

Now there was a voice in the streets calling—a high, singsong refrain, repeated over and over in the Acoma tongue.

Again I was not in America, but in a Mohammedan city. This was the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. Still nobody responded. I heard no one rushing into the street to go to the temple.

I learned later that this was indeed the Indian summons to the church. This was the day when the whole pueblo turned out to clean the vast church and put it in readiness for the once a month service, due to be held this Sunday. The workers were to assemble at 7:30 or thereabout.

DAY came rapidly now. There were sounds of movements in the pueblo, and soon a fragrant incense—the smoke of cedar wood—was issuing from the houses.

I sat up, leaning on my elbow.

Across the narrow street I saw an Indian girl rise and fold up her bed. I have never seen a lovelier picture. She was young—about eighteen—and tall and brown. Her straight black hair hung about her shoulders. Her slender form was incased in a bright blue gown. Her dark cheeks glowed from sleep. She was a vivid figure against the glaring stone of her house, pale yellow in the growing sunlight. She folded up her crimson and gray Navajo rugs, laid them over her arms, and disappeared within.

Ester and I rose. She washed while I dressed. I felt weak and nauseated. A sleepless night, on a meal of bread and onions, had done that for me. I got water in a cup, and tooth paste from my bag, and brushed my teeth over the edge of the balcony, pouring the water into the street. This sight intrigued some Indian children below. They stood and gaped until I had finished the operation.

Charlie Dixon now returned and urged us to be off.

"The man I got—he waits below with the horses," he said.

Mrs. Dixon, who had been busy at the stove, spread an elaborate breakfast for us. There was a meat stew, with potatoes in it. There were stewed green chili peppers—a great delicacy, I suppose. But for breakfast—!

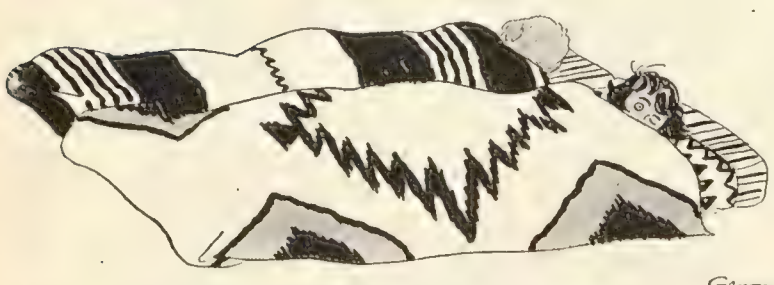
Ester sampled the meat stew, and reported it good. I drank two cups of black coffee, and drank some water.

"Better hurry," urged Mr. Dixon in his quiet Indian way. He wouldn't set a price for his hospitality. I gave his wife $2.50.

Mr. Dixon wanted our address. I wrote it out for him. He wrote his for me in my notebook: "Mr. Charles Dixon, Acomita, N. Mex., P. O." Acomita is the winter residence of the Acoma Indians on the plains below. We told him good-by. The baby was still asleep, lying on the goatskin.

Mrs. Dixon accompanied us down the ladder, carrying Ester's heavy bag. In the street she said good-by—that is Acoma courtesy, I judge.

There was no time to inspect the famous church—the man was waiting on the plain below. We saw some Indian women washing clothes in natural rock basins. We went down the burro trail. The descent, despite the hot sun, was far easier than the ascent by moonlight had been.



I reflected that I had no weapon.

THE young Indian with the horses, Baptisto Pino, demanded twenty dollars for his services. "Other people stuck sometimes. They pay it," he said.

It was an outrage, but I felt too ill and weak to argue. I would have paid twice that sum to get away from that cruel sun, away from that sand, back at least to the fringes of civilization.

Later a white man who knows the Acomas became furious at the charge.

"That wily Baptisto!" he exclaimed. "What a price! You should have handed him two dollars and a half and said, 'Here, haul me out, and be quick about it.' I've a good mind to report him to the governor of the pueblo.

"Baptisto is the richest of all the Acomas. He has fifteen hun-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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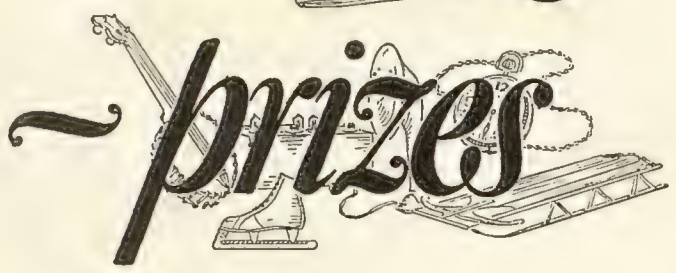

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[GASOLINE GYPSIES
Continued from page fifty-five]

dred sheep, where most of the others have five hundred. He has a fine new car. I see now how Baptisto makes his money."

Still later the woman in the trading post at Cubero commented on our adventure. "You needn't have been afraid. The Acomas are good people. Charlie Dixon is a good old Indian. But that Baptisto—well, he has been away at school. It always spoils them to get white men's ideas."

Monday, August 20 (continued).

WE had not driven five miles over the desert today before we were stuck again, in the same treacherous arroyo where we first went up to the hub caps yesterday. We had failed to recognize the landscape and we were in impassable sand before we realized it.

It was 10 o'clock now. On this desolate sandy plain one might wait all day without anyone coming along. Few tourists venture to Acoma. We had passed one car half an hour before, trying to help another car that was stuck. These people were archæologists.

Ester and I dug, as usual, with our bare hands. The sun beat down on us with the ferocity of a sky demon. I was half ill from our experience of the night before, and particularly from gorging on bread and onions at the board of our Indian host. We had no water. I could have knelt and thanked God for my big Mexican straw hat, with the bobbing red tassels, which I had purchased as a joke to show the folks back East.

"It's no use," concluded Ester. "I'll walk back. Perhaps I can get those folks we saw this morning to come and help."

There seemed no other course. "At any rate, wear my hat," I urged. "It's a godsend."

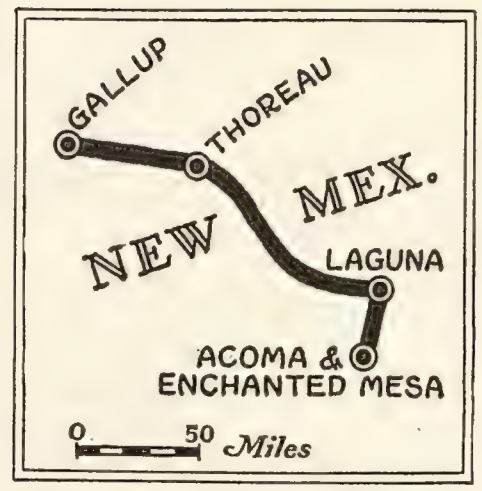
Ester, who had a mania for defying the elements, declined the hat. She started off with nothing on her head but her red bandanna.

I did not enter the car—the only shade to be had. Instead, I continued to dig by myself. We could not remain in that blazing sun indefinitely. Perhaps she would be unable to get help. Or she might become ill. And always the torturing thought—we had no water.

I dug, stopping at times to fight off a dizziness that threatened to engulf me. Good God, for some water! My mouth felt like a cinder. I began to realize what lost desert travelers endure who can't get water and gradually die of thirst.

Presently I heard the rumble of a car. It was a small truck. It would enter the very arroyo where we were embedded—I ran across the dusty ravine and waved frantically for it to stop.

Three Spaniards climbed out. They wore blue levis and wide straw hats.



Where the Gasoline Gypsies experienced the thrills and terrors of the desert.

"I didn't want you to get stuck," I explained. "For heaven's sake, have you any water?"

They looked at my face. "Certainly." One grabbed his canvas water bag, pulled the cork, allowed a few drops to run out to wash the sand from the opening, and held it while I drank. They drove their truck off the road, over sounder ground, and took a look at my predicament.

The youngest, a perfect movie sheik in appearance, got behind the wheel. He started the car, tried to go forward and then quickly reversed, seesawing back and forth in the sand, with the engine roaring and protesting that it couldn't budge.

The others got behind and pushed. I pushed. Finally, by expert manipulation of the gas—gained, I judged, from long desert experience—that young man actually got the car out and across the arroyo. I walked back to their truck to thank them. I wanted to pay them something, but I had no money except a $100 bill, having paid my small bills to the grasping young Indian who hauled us out this morning.

BUT I *could* give them a check. "Wait," I entreated. "I've something in the car for you." I ran back to my car. There the old dizziness came on. I knew I was going to faint, knew I could not fight it off any longer. Making a desperate effort, I motioned to them, called, "Water," and laid myself out on the front seat. By the time they reached me with their water bag, I was in as prone and picturesque a faint as any woman could hope for when a handsome Spaniard is dancing attendance.

"Are you alone?" I heard someone ask.

They looked at me curiously—these strong sons of the desert—as they gave me water for face and wrists and helped me to drink.

"My sister!" I gasped. "She's gone for help—no hat."

I wanted no more water now, but I still felt weak and sick. They made a movement to put the water away.

"Don't go—just yet!" I cried in a panic. Was I to be left alone — with that sun?

"We won't. Don't worry, lady," assured the next to the oldest. He was about thirty-eight, and I saw now that he was probably not Spanish but dark Irish.

"Don't you want to go and get your sister?" asked the sheikish chap.

I understand now what instinctive self preservation is. I knew my poor sister was plowing across that desert, looking for help. I knew she might drop under the sun. For an instant, battling for strength myself, I didn't care. I couldn't help what happened to her. But only for an instant was I so shockingly primitive.

"You'll see her—young girl, gray knickers, red bandanna. Tell her to come back."

The idea of driving *back* through more sand was horrible to contemplate.

Mrs. Dixon accompanied us down the ladder, carrying Ester's heavy bag.

"But don't you want to drive back and pick her up?" persisted the young Spaniard.

I felt stronger now—was becoming myself again.

"Yes—yes, of course— Good heavens, she may be ill by now. But suppose I get stuck? I feel so weak."

THE Spaniard got behind the wheel, drove around the arroyo, and we went looking for Ester. He drove rapidly. If you keep going you may avoid sinking in—that, I learned, was his theory.

I watched anxiously for Ester. I peered under every cedar, believing that if she became ill she would surely crawl to this wretched shade, since it was the best the desert offered.

At last we overtook her, proceeding gallantly in a perpendicular position, her bandanna a vivid splotch against the glaring landscape.

Our handsome guide knew of a well. It was near the Enchanted Mesa—off the road. We drank, and filled our thermos jug. He drove us back, so as to take us over the arroyo that had been our undoing, and did not leave until we were started again on fairly firm ground.

We thanked him profusely and drove on. As we approached the highway we met a new hazard. A truck had gone through the bridge.

BY this time the archæologists, and the other car we had seen miles back, had caught up with us. Sanded once, they had given up hope of reaching Acoma, and were beating it for civilization again.

An Indian told us of a circuitous route that eventually would lead to the highway. We advanced in a procession, over unspeakable roads, through goat and cattle gates which a boy in the first car politely opened for the whole parade. After losing our way once, we finally arrived on the sandy washboard that has the effrontery to call itself United States Interstate Highway Number 66.

I began to feel more and more ill.

"A terrible stomachache," I explained to my sister. "I wonder whether that old Indian could have slipped something in that coffee—where we stayed last night."

"Nonsense," she insisted.

"I've certainly got all the symptoms of poisoning. I feel exactly as I did the time I ate spoiled sweetbreads in a New York restaurant—pains that come and go."

We stopped in town after town, looking for a drug store. They don't have drug stores in this section of the world.

"What do you do in case anybody's ill?" I asked an inhabitant of one town 140 miles from an apothecary.

"Nobody's supposed to get sick down here," he grinned. "I s'pose we oughta have a drug store here, though."

Ester drove rapidly. We passed through astonishing desert landscape with rose colored mesas cleft with deep blue shadows, standing in plains of glaring white sand. The Santa Fe tracks ran near our course. Without straining the car in the least, we passed the Santa Fe passenger train. Our speedometer showed the train was doing sixty miles an hour.

At Thoreau, New Mexico, we stopped to drain our radiator. We

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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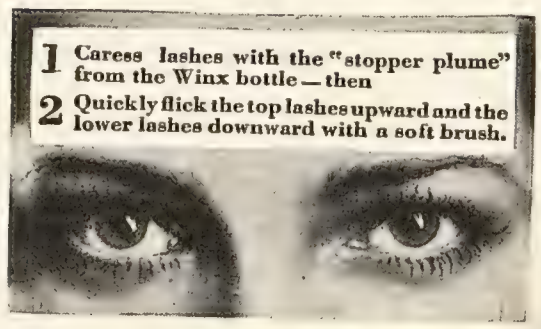

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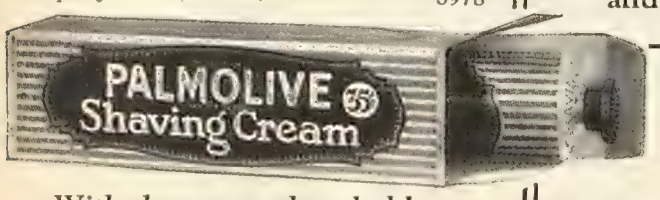

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[GASOLINE GYPSIES
Continued from page fifty-seven]

were on the Continental Divide now, 7,400 feet above sea level. While we waited, the Santa Fe train caught up with us.

We reached Gallup at 3:30, and went to a hotel. I thought I might feel better after a rest in bed—and, thank goodness, there were drug stores in Gallup. Our room was on the west. It was painted yellow—a hot, westerly room painted yellow!

"Will that sun *ever* set?" I complained.

"I think it's a little lower," consoled Ester, blinking in the glare.

"What a sun it is! All day it burns the very skin off your bones, and then at night it stages such a glorious sunset that you feel like an ingrate for having beefed about it."

Ester and I agreed that Gallup was one town we would never revisit. It was sun baked and unfortunate looking. There was no shade anywhere, and it was filled with crafty eyed cowboys who appeared too vicious to be æsthetically pleasing.

Ester saw a girl in Gallup without stockings. "We've reached the bare leg belt!" she exclaimed joyfully, hauling out some ankle length blue socks she had purchased as tennis accessories in New York. We passed the evening performing various beautifying projects on her legs, with gratifying results. Ester purchased two canvas water bottles. They are the receptacles used by natives. Only newcomers carry the metal containers on the running boards.

We soaked and filled our bags. "They're Grecian," I remarked. "Like the goatskins of wine that Ulysses used. And what a boon! If it hadn't been for a bag like these, that I drank from today, your big sister would now be nothing but a pile of bleached bones under the desert sun."

And now, on to the Pacific! The conclusion of Miss Robinson's diary will appear next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 49

1—Canada.
2—Evangeline, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
3—Table salt.
4—Chaparajos; usually called chaps.
5—A mineral.
6—Switzerland.
7—Joseph.
8—Oklahoma.
9—Abolitionists.
10—At Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.
11—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark and the adjacent islands, including Iceland.
12—A Mohammedan.
13—The meridian of Greenwich.
14—Horse, fox, lion, bear.
15—An atheist denies the existence of God; an agnostic neither denies nor affirms God's existence.
16—The flag of France.
17—Georgia.
18—The Angora.
19—The Nile.
20—It means there is no disputing about tastes.

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The wreck of Fred Stone's plane after the crash. The arrow points to the parachute that absorbed part of the shock and probably saved his life.

The King of Outdoor Sports

Fred Stone Wants to Fly Again —But Won't

By Richard Carroll

Photo by A. C. C. N. G.

Fred Stone (left) before his last flight, with his pilot, John Campion, and Dorothy Stone.

WHEN Fred Stone and his Travelair biplane came hurtling down from the skies to land, a twisted pile of man and mechanism, on the Groton Flying Field near New London, Connecticut, the thought at once occurred to me that aviation had received another black eye.

It had ever been my belief that when a figure of national importance, or an ace among pilots, cracked up it added to the public fear of flying. Such accidents to prominent men centered thought on the peril rather than the pleasure of aviation. And flying, as I saw it, depended in some measure on the enthusiastic support of men who could afford to follow it, not indeed as a science to benefit the world, but for the sport of it.

Looked at now from the sporting angle, the effect of an infrequent crash seems to aid rather than hinder the science. For aviation, being the greatest of outdoor sports, must have something in it above and beyond all others.

It has.

Competition is keener. The penalty for failure is the supreme one of death or serious injury. The rewards are personal and prompt. One flight in an airplane cleans the mind, wipes out petty worries, and lifts the individual out of the rut of his crawling fellows. Soaring above the world, looking down from great heights, skimming through space, feeling in the throbbing power of your ship the ability to swoop down on the drab dots on the land that are homes, to wing away from their chains, yourself unfettered and free —there is reward! It is small wonder, then, that aviators develop a sort of pity for the groundsman.

Every new flight is a new sensation. As though by a powerful drug the senses are excited to their utmost capacity, every nerve is awakened and vibrant, the mind opened to every danger, every pleasure. Then the sense of peaceful security when the flight is over. The world is wonderful and you are a god. It was when these truths came home that I changed my mind about the deterrent effect produced by the killing or maiming of some prominent citizen. Far from doing the cause harm, a spectacular crash once in a while serves to bring in recruits.

The best of our sports—polo, football, hockey —have in them the element of bodily danger that makes them all the more fascinating. Men hunt lions in Africa not for the sake of killing an animal, but of killing an animal that fights to kill them. It is a contest. Kill or be killed. One could hardly get a kick out of shooting a lion caged at the zoo. There is no contest, no sport.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

Take aloft an airplane, realize that your skill must keep it roaring over its safe course, know that one false move at the wrong time can send you crashing to eternity, give yourself the feeling of having every nerve alert for peril. That's sport! There is danger, there is achievement, there is reward.

Nor is flying restricted to youth. It is largely a state of mind, taking a definite type of man who, whatever his years on earth, still retains the adventurous urge. Dozens of young men of my acquaintance could not possibly learn to fly. They have the physical ability but not the mental. On the other hand, I know several middle aged men who fly with success, fly the ships themselves.

It is true, however, that these men cannot be classed with the average citizen. Some of them are war veterans, some are polo players, big game hunters, all followers of one sport or another that takes skill and a certain contempt for danger, and who have now drifted into the greatest thriller of them all.

Fred Stone is fifty-five years old. His daughter Paula, who flies with him, is in her teens. Both get the same kick out of it. Dorothy, the more famous and oldest daughter, does not fly. Neither does her mother nor the youngest one of the family, Carol. They do not—or rather did not—wish to give daddy too much encouragement.

Will Rogers, who flies continually, isn't a youngster. Yet he is good. Besides his duties as lay ambassador of the United States to the world at large, he is now ambassador of the air. He, too, is a polo player.

News of a crash to men of this stamp will not frighten them from the air. Rather will others like them try this sport that takes all a man's energy and skill to conquer.

IN the Lawrence Hospital at New London, Connecticut, Fred Stone lay propped and bandaged. The nimble feet that had tapped the laugh reservoirs of the nation for upward of forty years were cased in splints, broken and useless.

It was with a certain timidity that I approached him. To ask a man who had come so close to death to talk about the accident that brought him there might not have the best effect on him. I didn't know Fred Stone.

"Aviation? Say, if it's aviation you want to talk, come in and sit right down."

The Wizard of Oz, whose antics could make even a reformer laugh, lay with his legs suspended in the air, held there by pulleys and swathed in splints and bandages. He could move his arms—and did.

"Four of the happiest months of my life I spent flying," he said. "I didn't know what it was really to live until I got into that ship of mine. I don't mean flying as a passenger, but flying the ship yourself. That's the kick."

I ventured a word about his accident. Did he mind discussing it?

"That accident? Say—I can't make out yet why I pulled that boner. It wasn't as if I didn't know better. I did. Paula—that's my daughter—and Johnny Campion, my pilot, were coming out afterward for a flight and I wanted to bring the ship back for them. I was too high for a landing and had to spiral down. That was the first mistake. I should have gone a mile away and descended gradually. Instead of that, I spiraled straight down to the field. My spiral was too tight. I knew how to get out, but—well, I didn't do it. The ship went down faster and faster. I said to myself, 'Now, Fred, if ever you used your head, do it now. *Push that stick forward!*'

"It's funny. You know, I kept telling myself to push that stick and I couldn't do it for the life of me. My body just wouldn't take any notice of my mind. Then I saw the ground coming up. I didn't have but a few seconds left. I pushed that stick, hard. But it was too late. Thinking I could still bring her out, I gave her the gas. That was a bad one. Twenty feet higher and I could have made it. As it was—here I am."

EVERY pilot at the field is still wondering why Fred Stone is there to tell about it. Few men have been taken alive from such a wreck on any field. Men worked for hours with crowbars, forcing back the twisted machinery that held him. His parachute saved his life. They found it wrapped around him, its thick folds protecting his chest and head.

"Will you ever fly again, Mr. Stone?"

"No, sir. Never again. Not that I don't want to, but I've promised the family that I won't, and I guess I owe them that much now. But, boy, how I'd like to! I want to take that ship up and spin her and spiral her until I can show her I know how to take her out."

Fred Stone took his first flying lesson last April. He had gone up once or twice before and found he liked it. Johnny Campion, as good a pilot as they come, taught the actor how to fly. Stone, although fifty-five years old, was good enough to make his first solo flight after fourteen hours' training. That, perhaps, was his trouble. Flying came too easy to him. After four months of it he was out performing the stunts that take an experienced pilot to do safely. The man hardly knows what fear is. Yet flying gave him his greatest thrills. Now he looked up from his bed and grinned.

"You know, I christened that plane after an Indian chief. We called it 'Dun-Wau-Kin,' but I guess I ain't done walkin' yet. Think I'll have to get a scooter next and name it Dun-Fly-In."

That's about how the man feels toward flying, the sport that took him from the stage, rich contracts, the applause of his myriad friends, and brought his bosom pal, Will Rogers, post haste to substitute for him in his new show, Three Cheers, so that Fred wouldn't feel bad about the rest of the cast not working.

Stone gets serious when Rogers is mentioned.

"There's a fellow for you. Say! Who'd drop his own contracts to help another fellow when he's down? Bill [he always calls him Bill] did that for me.

"I've covered many thousands of miles flying, and it hurts to think I won't be able to do it again. I've flown out to the coast. When I went on the road with the show I hopped from place to place in my airplane. Johnny Campion could find a needle in the Rockies and land his ship alongside of it. If I only had been up and about, we'd both have been in that air race to Los Angeles."

Wide World photo

Will Rogers rehearsing with Dorothy Stone for Three Cheers, after giving up his own contracts to take Fred Stone's place.

Fred Stone didn't fly with the thought in the back of his head that he was being a big help to aviation. He flew for the sport of it. Nothing he knows of gave him greater pleasure. At fifty-five one must have an energetic mind to demand the ultimate in thrills. Stone has that.

It is the sheer fun of it that makes men like Stone fly, or want to fly. Lindbergh didn't cross the Atlantic to study weather conditions, or to chart new courses. He went for the honor and the glory of being the first man to jump from New York to Paris. Men fly to the poles—to chart new lands? Perhaps. More near the truth might be to say they wanted to get to spots where men find it hard to go.

The same applies to flying at home. It is considered dangerous. Not every man has the nerve to do it. It is dangerous, though growing less so every day. But because the great majority will not fly into danger there will be found some who will for no other reason than to be different and to dare the perils others shirk.

It would be wrong to infer from all this that flying is 100 per cent danger. It isn't. But it has the element of danger that makes it interesting as a sport. Take Fred Stone on one of his trips.

Leaving Ford Field at Detroit, Stone and his pilot, Johnny Campion, flew immediately into a rainstorm. The weather was hazy from the start; the ceiling about 1,000 feet. The route was to take them over Toledo, Ohio, to Baltimore. When it came time for them to be over Toledo, Stone thought he saw some houses to the west. Talking through the ear phones they always used, he asked Johnny:

"Did you see Toledo?"

Johnny laughed.

"That wasn't Toledo. We are away out of our course, flying west."

Then Johnny dived for the ground. They landed, axle deep in a muddy wheatfield. They were about twenty miles west of Toledo. Johnny taxied the plane to the far corner of the field. Stone realized that it would take skillful management on the pilot's part to take off without a spill. The mud would suck the plane's nose down the moment the tail went up.

Johnny gave her full throttle and sped cross wind almost the full width of the field. He kept the tail on the ground. Near the edge of the field, and almost with one motion, the pilot pulled the tail up, then jerked the stick to lift the nose. The ship sailed into the air, heading straight for a line of telephone wires. Ten feet from them Johnny stuck the ship's nose up again. She rode over clear.

They flew for several hours. Stone felt the rain falling down his neck. The mist grew heavier, visibility worse. He spoke into the tube:

"Better land, Johnny."

"I'm looking for a place now."

Once more they landed, this time near Ashland, Ohio. It was raining steadily. Stone, opening in a show the next night at Baltimore, traveled thirty miles to a train to be on time.

SPEAKING of that trip, as he lay on his bed, Stone permitted regret in his voice.

"Don't just seem much in the telling of it; but, boy, if you'd been with us! Think of it, in this day and age, gallivanting round the country like that. In the morning you're in Chicago and your dinner is ready for you in New York. Forced down on lonely farms, beating your way through rain and storm, flying high and fast. That's life."

Stone boasts an airport of his own. Twenty acres of his big farm near New London have been laid out as a flying field. He built a hangar there. Army fliers and flying friends of his, including Will Rogers, drop down from the clouds to call on him.

Three months of it and he'll be out. Another year or less and he'll be on his dancing feet again. But he will not fly. His promise to his family will bar him from the air. But his thoughts can still dwell fondly on the sport that bested him. He has no regrets for his flying; only regret that, at the one moment when he needed it most, his laggard arm refused the orders of his will and let him drop from the game.

Others like him will take his place. Aviation, that to the adventurous will be but a reckless sport, will nevertheless get the benefit of their participation. It takes men and money to fly and buy machines. It takes courage. There's plenty of the three around.

THE END

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Carnation Cake with Cocoanut Filling—1½ cups pastry flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk diluted with 6 tbsp. water, ½ tsp. vanilla or almond, ⅜ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg whites. Measure flour after sifting once. Resift with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add unbeaten egg whites and beat until mixture is very light. Add flour and diluted milk alternately, beginning and ending with flour. Add flavoring. Bake in moderate (375°F) oven.

Carnation Cocoanut Filling—⅓ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup boiling water, 4 tbsp. cornstarch, 1 cup sugar, few grains salt, 1 cup shredded cocoanut, ¼ tsp. almond extract. Blend cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add boiling water; cook directly over flame until mixture boils vigorously; then cook over hot water 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in Carnation Milk, add cocoanut and flavoring. Spread between layers. Cover cake with plain white icing.

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All the colors and bounty of the harvest festival should be reflected in the Thanksgiving dinner centerpiece (right).

(Below) Cranberry jelly, with its festive natural color, makes a decorative garnish when cut in variously shaped designs.

Seedless grapes may be had in red, orange, and green to beautify the fruit service.

Getting Ready for THANKSGIVING

By ETHEL SOMERS

THANKSGIVING calls for one's best, both in table appointments and cookery. The more gorgeous the display of food, china, silver, and linen, the more memorable will be the occasion. The artistry and gayety that can be worked into modern table decoration is surprising.

The colorful Thanksgiving table is stately and it may even be gorgeous. However, a highly modernistic scheme of table setting complicates the hostess' food problems, for it demands superior cookery and service. We hope that the color harmony presented herein will be suggestive and helpful.

THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

(For six persons)

Grapefruit Appetizer
Roast Chicken with Sausage Stuffing
Giblet Gravy
Vegetables in Timbale Cups **Potato Croquettes**
Buttered Rolls **Whole Cereal Nut Bread**
Savory Salad
Hearts of Celery **Stuffed Olives**
Cider Ice **Cranberry Jelly** **Individual Pies**
Nuts **Raisins** **Coffee**

Roast Chicken

1 roasting chicken (5½ to 6 pounds)
¼ cup butter or substitute
3 ounces sliced salt pork
3 tablespoons flour
½ cup cream, evaporated milk, or water
Savory stuffing

TRUSS, wash, and dry the fowl, being particularly careful that the washed inside cavity is thoroughly dried by patting with a dry clean towel. Rub the fat (sausage is savory) on the skin of the fowl and then dredge by sprinkling with flour and rubbing this in. Fill with the stuffing. If desired, plain sausage may be used in the crop. This gives a more savory fowl and gravy. After stuffing the fowl sew the two openings shut, using a darning needle and washed white twine. Stitches should be taken far apart in the manner of lacing a shoe. Such sewing is more effective than the usual method.

Truss the chicken by pinning the wings down flat to the body with one large or two small meat skewers. A less dry effect is obtained if the tip ends of the wings are bent back and tucked underneath. Fasten a piece of salt pork on the end of each wing to prevent drying during the roasting. Likewise skewer the legs tight to the sides of the fowl, wrapping each drumstick end with salt pork. The roasted chicken will be easier to carve if the legs are trussed so that the drumsticks lie parallel with the table or platter. Place the trussed chicken on a greased roasting rack breast side up. Lay a strip of salt pork on top of the breastbone.

Place in a 500° F. oven for 20 minutes or 450° oven for 30 minutes. Baste with the hot fat that collects in the pan, and then add the cream, evaporated milk, or water, heated. If the chicken is an old one, as it is apt to be when heavy, it is wise to cover the roaster, leaving only the vents in the cover open. This will prevent a steamed effect and the cover may be entirely removed toward the end, if desired. If roasted covered, bake the fowl at 275° F. 30 minutes to each pound, or more, depending on the toughness of the fowl.

Dip the rims of the browned timbale cups in egg white and then in minced parsley to produce a colorful effect.

THERE are many other suggestions to be found in LIBERTY'S cookbook, 100 Standard Recipes, which not only make it easy to decide on delicious dishes for Thanksgiving, but tell exactly how to prepare them. Ethel Somers has compiled this cookbook, as well as two others, listed below, for LIBERTY readers. You will find them helpful in preparing meals for any occasion. Each cookbook costs only 10 cents; or you may have all three of them for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

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If a tender fowl is used, as can be told by its pliable breastbone and supple claws, roast uncovered at 300° F. for 25 minutes to each pound, basting every 15 minutes to prevent drying. Baste with the liquor that collects in the bottom of the roaster. Should this liquor dry out at any time, more water, cream, or evaporated milk may be added.

Sausage Stuffing

2½ cups crumbed bread
1 pound sausage meat
¼ cup minced mushrooms
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 eggs

SELECT a light, loose textured bread that is one day old. Crumb, and measure by packing lightly into a cup. Blend it with the sausage and seasoning. Stir in the lightly beaten eggs. Put the well blended mixture into the cleaned fowl, leaving room for expansion.

Giblet Gravy

⅓ cup fat, left in the bottom of the roaster
⅓ cup flour
3 cups milk or water
⅛ teaspoon pepper (If plain sausage is used for stuffing the crop cavity this pepper may be omitted)
1 teaspoon salt
Giblets from the chicken simmered tender together with one slice of onion in water to cover and then finally minced.

GRADUALLY stir the flour into the hot fat. When blended place the roaster over a flame and stir until browned. Add the seasonings and gradually stir in the water or milk. Add the minced giblets and simmer at least 15 minutes.

Timbale Cups

½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
½ tablespoon butter (melted)
1 egg

PUT all the ingredients together in a bowl without stirring or mixing. Then beat together until smooth. Do not beat past this stage.

Heat deep fat or oil to 375° F. Put in the timbale iron and heat for 2 minutes. The fat should be deep enough to run over the edge of the iron and fill the cup. Dip the hot timbale or rosette iron into the batter until it is three-quarters submerged. Lift out, drain, and then immerse in the hot fat. If the batter does not stick to the iron it indicates that the iron is too cool. Heat and redip. If the batter seems to sizzle and then fall off as a partially cooked product, cool the iron, redip, and then fry. The cases will be a delicate brown after one or two minutes in the hot fat. Remove from the hot fat and serve while hot.

If the inside of the timbale cups is not browned it shows that during the cooking the iron was not immersed deeply enough.

Garnish the browned timbale cases before filling with vegetables by dipping the rim first in unbeaten egg white and then in minced parsley.

The Black JOKE

In Which Treachery Threatens Awakening Love

The Ninth Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

She had two of those gaudy parroquets and danced abo

THE most important combat of my life was a fist fight with Captain Quinn. A girl brought us to it: Cintra Quinn, the captain's niece. She had found me on the Battery, in New York, a follower of the sea ruined by England's embargo. She took me home and fed me.

When Quinn discovered me under his roof he set upon me. I worsted him, which so amazed the burly sea dog that he offered me the berth of captain on The Happy Parrot. He told me squarely that she was a slaver and that the "factory" of Quinn & Maltby, on Amelia Island, was a landing place for wild blacks.

Slave traders, if caught, were sent to jail, but starvation's penalty was surer. I accepted.

We sailed under cover of night and were well out to sea when our galley stove exploded. Our cook, it proved, was no cook—but Cintra, who had boarded me in disguise.

Quinn flew into a black rage. He offered me $50,000 to marry the girl. I fell in with the mad proposal. Cintra consented to be my wife—my wife in name only—in order that she might see the world. She saw it. A world with the devil's hoof upon it. She saw her uncle swinging from his own topmast. She saw me robbed by the filthy sea rogue Buke Gooly, and saw me turn pirate in revenge.

When on Amelia Island we were housed in decent enough comfort. But near us lived José Segrada, surrounded by women like any Turk.

THE more I considered the matter the more firmly I became convinced that José Segrada had betrayed us.

Here was the case: I had stopped The Malabar Maid on the high seas and had taken out of her a large amount of plunder and 200 Negro slaves.

The Malabar Maid flew the Spanish flag—which was a trick and a subterfuge; nevertheless, from the standpoint of the Spanish government, I had committed piracy.

Now, although José Segrada was factor for Quinn & Maltby at the factory on Amelia Island—which was Spanish territory—I began to believe he also was an informer and a secret agent for the Spanish government at St. Augustine and had sent word to the governor that 200 slaves, taken from a Spanish ship in piracy, were being held at the factory of Quinn & Maltby on Amelia Island.

The longer I meditated the surer I felt that this was the case. Those Negroes would bring $100,000 anywhere. And the informer's share was *half!*

This matter troubled me vastly. For, had the Spanish cruiser arrived in time to find those 200 slaves in our barracoon, I don't know what the Spaniards might have done to me. A Spanish prison was merely a slower method than hanging. However, the Spanish sloop of war, Esmeralda, Captain Quesada, had arrived a day too late.

All was in order at fort and factory and barracoon; no Guinea Coast kaffles were to be seen. The polite captain dined with Mr. Maltby, Segrada, and myself in blandest ceremony, and presently weighed and sailed to puzzle out the matter alone in his cabin. For I never gave Segrada a chance even to whisper to him.

Now, I not only distrusted and disliked Segrada, but I despised Mr. Maltby for his rapacity and cowardice, and I had no intention of voicing to him my suspicions concerning José Segrada's treachery. Yet I did do that very thing.

Segrada remained in an agitated state of mind concerning the disappearance of his little Arab slave girl, Lella. In his vanity it never occurred to him that she had run away to escape his amorous advances. He was convinced that the good looking young Minorcan captain of the sponger had kidnaped her, and he sent one of the company's ketches to Matanzas Fort to lay a complaint. Which made me laugh inwardly, and amused me to think of Lella and Mr. Wild, by this time respectably united and enjoying a New Jersey honeymoon.

IT was now impossible for me to sail The Happy Parrot to the African coast before the September rains began. Mr. Maltby, indifferent whether I took blackwater fever or not, as long as his income fattened, insisted that I sail. Segrada, too, had the impudence to agree with Maltby, which made me wonder whether he would like to be rid of a man who—though apparently innocently—had ruined his chance to earn $50,000. I told Mr. Maltby I had no desire for a grave in an African sand bank. I told him that he had held me and my ship at Amelia Island against my protests and in order that I save his 200 Negroes for him.

"But I'll tell you what I will do," said I. "I'll cruise until it's time to stand for Bonny River; and if I can pick up any more Black Ivory at sea, why, I'll do it."

At that he rolled false eyes toward heaven and began to bemoan the tendency of young men to lawless violence.

"Remember," he said, "I don't send you and I know nothing about it—nothing—nothing!"—his voice mounting to a passionate squeal—"and don't you dare tell me what you're aiming to do."

"I won't," said I, "and you'd better say nothing to Segrada about it either."

th one on each wrist; and they yelled and she yelled.

I shouldn't have said it, for it scared him, and he wanted to know whether I suspected Segrada of duplicity. And I was ass enough to tell him what I suspected.

"If I run any blacks in here taken from some outlawed slaver," said I, "you'd better be ready to start them across the border that same night. If you don't you'll have another Spanish cruiser paying you a visit of courtesy."

"You mean Segrada would inform?" he said, aghast.

"Any rascal would—for fifty thousand dollars."

HE sat silent, staring at me out of shocked and pious eyes.

Finally he whispered:

"Is *that* the reward?"

"Informers receive half," I said.

"Why," said he, "that is half as much again as *I* get out of the transaction by being honest."

"It is; you get twenty-five thousand dollars honestly; so will Captain Brindle; so will the estate of the late Captain Quinn."

His fat mouth still sagged; his sly eyes of a pig still watched me under whitish eyelashes.

I went home to the villa to sup with my wife—a real pleasure now, for she had become very gay and companionable since my return from The Cat-and-Kittens.

When I came into the larger room which served as library, sitting room, and dining room, Cintra, in a Barbary nightrobe of blue and gold, sat aplaying on her banjer, one knee crossed over the other, and one scarlet slipper fallen off her white bare foot.

"Polly in a ju-ju, la-la-la!" she was singing, but when she saw me she put on her slipper and dropped me a curtsy.

"Lord," said I, seating myself beside her, "you certainly are a pretty thing, Cintra."

"I've been married to him for more than a year," said she, apicking at her banjer, "and he's just discovered it."

I looked up at that, but the old raillery was in her eyes—a little kinder, perhaps.

"I hope," said she, "you are not going to sail to please that old villain Maltby."

I shook my head. "Not for Bonny. No."

Cintra smiled gayly and began to sing Bonny River:

"Oh, the shore waves roar,
An' the surf's on the bar,
But I'll go no more
Down to ole Calabar,
Where a black girl's alooking out to sea,
out to sea.
Let her look, let her look, for she'll
never see me
As I sail up Bonny River!"

And I lifted up my voice with hers and we sang together:

"Oh, Bonny River,
Whar's my Johnny?
Oh, Bonny River,
Big River Bonny!
When I'm old an' my hair's grown white,
They'll throw me to the crocodiles some
dark night!"

II

BEFORE I was ready to sail—well, to sail On The Black Account, as it was called when one slaver preyed on another—one of Quinn & Maltby's ships arrived from New York: The Black Joke, schooner, Captain Leon Cabasso.

Aboard Cabasso came the third member of the firm of Quinn & Maltby—Captain Brindle—with New York newspapers and mail. Cintra and I were at breakfast when newspapers and letters were brought in to us by a lad I had sent aboard Cabasso.

Cintra had, among others, a letter from Eliza Osborn; and we lingered over our coffee, amicably squatted side by side on the couch like two Turks, she with her letters, I with my New York newspapers.

Bonaparte, it appeared in a brief paragraph, was raising the devil; but the English were still resisting tooth and nail on the Peninsula. I read that in the *Commercial Advertiser*. Also I read that some of our ships carrying provisions to the British army in Spain had been stopped by United States cruisers because England had now become our admitted enemy and was rapidly driving us towards war with her.

AND yet, with so alarming a war almost within sight, the Congress refused to build us warships, or increase our army and navy; and what in God's name we were to fight England with, if war came, nobody seemed to care.

That's about all I noticed in the New York papers except that an English actor was playing Richard III at the Park Theater; many city streets were all torn up by pavers; new cross streets of the city were to be laid out and numbered up to 155th Street; the Tammany Society didn't want De Witt Clinton because his election would establish a "pernicious family aristocracy"; in the park of the new City Hall had been planted elms, poplars, willows, and catalpas; Mr. Fulton's new-invented steamboat had returned from Albany, making the passage in a little more than four days, and Mr. Fulton planned to improve his rickety steamboat and run her as a regular packet between Albany and New York, making the round trip in twelve hours. But the New York newspapers expressed editorial doubts of such a possibility, and I agreed with them.

Well, that was about all I found in the New York newspapers.

Cintra was deep in Eliza Osborn's budget of news. She read me the letter, but it concerned new fashions and young men mostly, and my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BLACK JOKE
Continued from page sixty-five]

mind roamed elsewhere, preoccupied with the arrival of The Black Joke.

So presently I went out to the fort, where I found Captain Cabasso, Captain Brindle, Mr. Maltby, and José Segrada.

Now, although I had pledged Mr. Maltby not to mention my projected cruise On The Black Account to José Segrada, it appeared that he had done so. Which so vexed and disgusted me that I could have twisted his pious snout, yet, nevertheless, would not abandon my cruise.

Captain Brindle was so profanely against it that I took him by the sleeve, and he took his glass o' grog, and I led him out to the parade to argue with him. When, finally, and with assorted imprecations, Captain Brindle changed his mind and indorsed my idea of cruising On The Black Account until time to sail for the Guinea Coast, I found, on returning to the fort, that not only did that old hypocrite Maltby now openly indorse it too, but both Segrada and Leon Cabasso applauded the plan very loudly.

More than that, Captain Cabasso proposed to sail in my company; for, said he, between The Black Joke and The Happy Parrot, we should comb the Middle Passage to admiration.

So, all being understood, and all good fellows together, and very merry to think of despoiling other rascals, we arranged for a grand supper at José Segrada's and a ball afterward; and so I went home to 1 o'clock dinner.

Now, as I left the parade, I saw a yellow Negro who had a cast in one eye going to Segrada's house. For a moment I was startled, but soon saw he was a Krooman, for he had the band of blue tattoo running from his forehead to the end of his nose, his teeth were filed, and he was covered with scar pattern, face and naked body.

And yet I fancied, for a second, that he looked like that yellow nigger of Buke Gooly's, who had leered at me from the longboat, and who, later, had so deftly dropped a hangman's noose over my neck aboard The Happy Parrot.

When I came to the villa I saw Cintra, Turk fashion, on the couch as usual, painting very elegantly in water colours from a cluster of pink hibiscus, oleander, and orange bloom.

WHILE at dinner she told me that, while painting her flowers, she chanced to glance up and saw a strange Krooman leering at her through the window.

"Was he yellow?" said I, disturbed.

"Yes," said she. "Did you ever see a yellow Krooman?"

"They ought to be black," I muttered. Yet only Kroomen wore the blue band and scar pattern and filed teeth together.

"Cintra," said I, "I shall take The Happy Parrot out for a few weeks. She's had boot tops and I want to see how she sails—"

"Am I not to go?" she demanded, astonished.

I shuffled and floundered and dodged the question until she became thoroughly convinced that I meant to commit a roguery, and she said so with a sudden break in her voice like a child swallowing a sob.

"Not at all," said I, my blush and stammer betraying the lie as usual. "I mean to put The Happy Parrot through her paces and nothing more—"

"My God," she said, "what's in that wicked mind of yours that you won't let me sail in The Happy Parrot with you?"

"Because," said I, "it is to drill the men and try my new carronades. Mr. Wild is absent and I have only a second mate, and shall take Antone Rumpf—"

"I want you to listen to me," she said. "I want to respect you. You've only one more year contract with Quinn & Maltby—"

"And then?"

"My lawyers tell me my fortune will be ample—"

"I'll not touch it."

"Are you not my husband?"

"Am I?"

She flushed brightly and stood up.

"It is plain to me," said she, "that you have no other aspirations than to swagger about the high seas and fight somebody every chance you have."

She saw a strange Krooman leering at her through the window.

"I have my fortune to make," said I. "If others fight me for a share of it I must fight to retain what I earn."

"You do it willingly, too," she said; "you like to fight. I saw you with my uncle; I've seen you aboard ship, too; and as soon as a gun goes off you begin to wear a silly expression of pleasure. Yes, you do; you laugh."

She turned sharply from me, stood with one hand clenched on the back of a chair, her bare arm resting across her eyes.

"Cintra," said I, "if I dared believe—"

"You need not! . . . I c'can't help l-liking —to be in your company. . . . But I feel no p-particular t-tenderness—"

"Well," said I cheerfully, "once you detested me; so we are getting on much better. Sometimes you use me with much kindness and we are very gay together. Are we not?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, then, be reasonable. I shall get into no mischief to disgrace you. Let us be friends again."

I laid my hand on hers and drew it from the back of the chair. I would have kissed it, but was afraid of her—dreaded her raillery.

After a little she took up her painting again, but looked very solemnly upon it. So then I told her about the grand supper at Segrada's, and a ball to follow. I did not know whether she would consent to go or not, having only distant and formal commerce with the ladies of Amelia Island. But no man ever knows; for Cintra declared that I should take her to the ball because, said she, it was her desire to see the world, and Amelia Island was a part of it.

III

SEGRADA'S mansion was brilliant with candles and Chinese paper lanterns; and, oh, those ladies of Amelia Island! Their complexions were of every possible shade from milk white to cocoa brown, and the brilliant colours of scarfs and gowns and glitter of gems made me think of a vast congregation of tropic birds all aflutter or preening.

Music was going all the time during the banquet—Spanish music with clashing of cymbals and tambourines and click-click of castanets; or else it was African music—I mean the melodious kind which you hear in Florida after Negroes are tame and learn to tame the savage monotony of their jungle music; but always through it throbbed the jungle drum beating juba time.

I was ashamed to have Cintra see how some of the slave girls danced for us; but, as I say, no man knows what a woman will choose to look at or listen to, and though I blushed for Cintra I did not see her blush, and her expression varied between intellectual interest and boredom.

But there danced, presently, a young Spanish friend of Segrada's who was a dream of fiery loveliness. Lord! she seemed like a glancing flame—swaying, flashing, darting, then still as the starry glory of an altar candle—

Cintra asked me if I thought her handsome, and I said I thought so.

But some time later, chancing to glance at my wife, I whispered on impulse in her ear that there was no beauty like hers at table. At that she blushed like a child, and laughed at me with some raillery, yet very friendly; and we took Madeira together and whispered little pleasantries to each other confidentially.

I WILL not say that everybody behaved with propriety and good taste, yet it was not by any means an orgy. But it was getting very warm and the air was suffocating and sticky and reeked with the pungent odours of dusky skins, patchouli, and heavy Spanish perfumes and powders.

Segrada fondled his several exotic ladies rather publicly. Mr. Maltby, pious drunk, played with a saddle coloured nymph and cast a few sly, apprehensive glances at Cintra, whose nose went up every time he caught her eye.

Cabasso was omnivorous, taking wine with every lady who consented, and toying with the most convenient.

As for Captain Brindle, he was always stamping and singing and waving his great hairy hand to time the music, whether Spanish or African; and when two *café au lait* ladies seated themselves on either of his knees, he continued to keep time by bumping their heads together.

Which terrified Cintra; but when they escaped, shrieking, Captain Brindle merely kept on swilling brandy and beating time.

Then we all went into the great room, which really was the lounging room of José Segrada's seraglio; and there, under orange tinted paper lanterns, we danced quadrilles, seguidillas, cachuchas, and Spanish dances—Cintra always clinging to me and avoiding or evading any other who would have her for a partner, though it is true none ventured except Segrada and Captain Cabasso, for Brindle only desired to hornpipe by himself, and Maltby, panting drunk, lumbered about in a kind of daze, vaguely pursuing Segrada's nymphs.

Toward midnight some license and savagery was becoming apparent, and some of the young housemaids and other slave girls put on cherished and hidden African finery—which means that they took off everything else—and danced in necklaces of seashells.

A beautiful girl from Barataria, saying it was growing very sultry, began to take off her clothes. I wouldn't have cared if she'd been black, but she was quite white. She had two of those gaudy parroquets which are so common, flying about Florida, and she danced about with one of these on each wrist; and they yelled and she yelled, which set everybody else yelling. Segrada's Cingalese light o' love possessed several monkeys which she fetched in, and the

stench from these and from rotting jasmine and oleander bloom became unendurable.

"I've seen enough of the world on Amelia Island," said Cintra calmly in my ear. "Take me home."

So I led her out through the singing, yelling, whirling, stinking throng; and she took my arm and we walked slowly home under drifting fireflies and trembling stars.

When we entered the house she was laughing.

"I'm wondering," she said, "what Eliza Osborn and Mrs. Hunt would say to this night's frolic."

"What do *you* say to it, Cintra?"

"Nothing. I suppose it's the way of the world. But it smells badly."

"It's the way of the world on Amelia Island."

"And probably in every port where sailors go," said she. . . . "Is it?"

"Largely. The smells differ."

"Is there really a beast in *every* man?"

"I guess so . . . if he's healthy."

"Well," said she, "I guess there is in every woman, too; but most of us know enough to tame it when we discover it."

We stood a moment looking vaguely about the room. Then I put out the candles and we went toward our separate quarters.

"I shall sail at daylight," said I. "You will be asleep."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Not long, I think."

"Well," said she with a sigh, "it seems that I cannot help it."

"You need have no slightest doubt of my perfect safety."

After a silence she turned toward me.

"Good night," said she. Then, coming nearer, offered her hand. And I kissed it.

Since I first knew her she had neither offered nor suffered this.

She said nothing; neither did I. Then in silence we went our ways. My heart was beating unusually when I entered my room.

She was now all afire aft, and her boats were leaving her from the bow and making for The Cygnet, prize.

IV

I HAD been at sea in The Happy Parrot for a week, and The Black Joke cruised in my company.

Once a British sloop-of-war stopped Cabasso and he had to go aboard her, but lost no men and was merely warned he was suspected. I was too far away to stop.

Lord, how I itched to turn my guns on her and signal Cabasso to hedge in. It is well that I did not.

I saw few ships and none which interested me—nothing that looked like a slaver making the Middle Passage to Havana—until one day late in the afternoon, cruising off Cumberland in company with The Black Joke, we made out a brig under full sail, and signalled Cabasso to bear down on her, and gave chase.

I know of nothing in the world which so elates the human heart as to sight a sail at sea and chase her. Something begins to sing inside one, the body glows, the mind takes wings and darts away in the stranger's distant wake.

When she saw us she altered her course to west by south, three points south, making for Florida waters and letting fly, rather piteously, the Spanish flag—as a startled rabbit, rushing toward safety, shows the white ensign of fear.

So I had to do with another Guinea Coast Englishman who had "sold" his ship to a Spaniard! And I looked at his rusty hull and patched sails with all the satisfaction in the world, not bothering to give him a gun, but enjoying the chase to the limit until sheer terror should bring him to. Nay, in the sheer exuberance of the hunting I ran around him twice without hailing, and could see his very canvas all ashudder till he took his sails aback and fell astern as though paralyzed.

She was a Liverpool slaver, The Cygnet, Captain Haw, ten weeks out, bound for Havana with 600 slaves out of 680, and all healthy.

Now, I had bent a few fathoms of canvas to conceal the name of my ship, and had swathed the figurehead.

Also, I had not deigned to show any colours, and it was plain that the people aboard The Cygnet took me for a rover.

And it was in my mind to carry her into Amelia River, unload her, and chase her out to sea again.

THE only reason I hesitated was because I had not been able to understand the movements of Captain Cabasso in our consort, The Black Joke, which seemed odd and perplexing. For he answered none of my signals and, though sailing parallel, had made no effort to stand in and join the chase.

Nor did I understand his movements now, when masthead hailed the poop, reporting a sail; and I went aloft to take a look at the stranger. And very soon I saw Cabasso was signalling, but could not understand him at all, nor could Gene Weems, nor my German first mate, Mr. Rumpf.

My throat was dry with talking to the Liverpool slaver, and I sent for bombo, asking Rumpf if he drank it.

"Yah," said he, "I haf bombo so willingly." So we stood on the poop swilling bombo and watching The Black Joke, which now was standing in straight for us in belated cooperation.

Which was high time, too, because I saw the other vessel making toward us—a schooner—and wondered what she was, though not uneasily, having The Black Joke at hand to help defend my prize if necessary.

My crew were at quarters, The Happy Parrot cleared for action; and, going aloft with a glass, I noted with complacency that Cabasso also was cleared for action, but, like me, he showed no flag, and had masked the name of his ship.

As for the stranger, he had tacked and now was running toward my prize on our starboard quarter.

When The Black Joke was near enough, I hailed Cabasso, asking him what was the matter and what he made of the strange schooner to leeward.

He replied that he'd explain all that, and that I need pay no attention to the strange schooner.

Then he yelled through his trumpet, demand-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BLACK JOKE
Continued from page sixty-seven]

ing information concerning my prize; and I told him who she was and how many blacks she carried, and added that I was minded to take her into Amelia River, unload her, and send her to sea with a couple of hearty kicks.

I was not finished speaking The Black Joke, which was running abeam of me to larboard, when, of a sudden, the strange schooner emerged from behind my prize to starboard and let fly a gun at me.

INSTANTLY Cabasso's broadside crashed out in my very face, burying The Black Joke and The Happy Parrot alike in smoke. Through it from the splintered deck beneath me rose a roar of astonishment, rage, agony.

"Have you gone crazy?" I shouted to Cabasso through the whirling powder gloom which nearly stifled me. "You're firing into us! Take care what you're about!"

In reply he fired his long gun into us; and at the same instant the strange schooner crossed our stern and raked us with a terrible outcrash of carronades.

I don't know how I got on deck, reeling from suffocation and blackest fury.

The German sailing master, my new first mate, Antone Rumpf, lay gasping under the splintered bulwarks, half his body torn away. Three gunners sprawled dead amid the wreckage of our forward larboard battery. Gene Weems, scarlet with splashed blood, was making sail in the horrible confusion and trying to edge out from between our prize, the strange schooner, and The Black Joke.

I took the helm from the seaman who was standing wheel, my ears ringing with the roar of musketry from The Black Joke, now tacking to gain the weather of us again.

There was a good breeze. The Happy Parrot rushed out of that trap of blackest treachery like a deer before grass afire; and, as she bore away on the larboard tack, Weems brought what guns he had to bear on The Black Joke and let Cabasso have every grain of powder full in the face, and then the very bowels of the long gun swung aft.

The Black Joke's sprit, forecastle, and foremast seemed to fly straight up in a million scraps and splinters. I threw over the helm to clear our starboard carronades; and whang! whang! went the broadside, tearing Cabasso's standing rigging, cutting chains and anchor, and knocking his long gun against his main into a wreckage of top hamper and sails bellying and flapping in ribbons.

I called to Weems, "Well done! That proves how useful is a drilled crew. Are you badly hurt?"

"It's the master gunner's blood on me, sir."

Mr. Rumpf lay dead in the scuppers. I had him and four of the crew carried below, and named Weems acting first mate, and Boll, the boatswain, second.

"Mr. Weems," I shouted, "I'm going back to settle our account with Captain Cabasso!"

"Sir," said he, "the other is the pirate Buke Gooly in The Lazy Lass. He's boarding our prize now, sir."

It was true. Here was an astounding treachery, but how far it reached and who else it involved I dared not guess.

I gave Gooly one look, then glared at The Black Joke. She was a mess. I could see Cabasso clearing away forward, rigging a jury mast, and trying to bend on spritsails and reeve rigging; but all his after stays were damaged and his main seemed to wag and totter.

By this time I had the weather of The Black Joke, but could give her only our long gun and swivels until I could bring our starboard battery to bear—the larboard carronades being mostly useless.

Having the weather of Cabasso, I was able presently to run within half pistol shot and let him have it with every ounce of metal aboard me. Then, on the same tack, crossed his battered bows and raked him so that The Black Joke seemed but a falling ruin.

The deafening crash of her smashed spars and timbers and the smashing discharge of our broadsides deafened me and I could not hear what Cabasso was bawling at me through his trumpet. Besides, showing no colours, he could strike none—if that is what he was trying to make me understand.

However, I had other matters to engage me, for now Gooly had left our prize and gone aboard The Lazy Lass in alarm at seeing what was happening to Cabasso.

SO I steered for Gooly, and took his broadside—a most awful shock, for every shot hulled us, but very high; and, as the smoke blew clear of him, Mr. Weems poured the contents of our starboard carronades into him. Then, slackening sail to fall astern, we fired our long gun full into his cabin—chain shotted and heated cherry red. Almost instantly his poop blew up with a thunderous shock, almost in our very faces, sending plank, guns, and human bodies masthead high into the air. Now, into the raw, torn, smoking vitals of the pirate we poured broadside after broadside, deliberately, and maintaining our position astern, she being unable to prevent it.

She, like The Black Joke, had showed us no colours and therefore could strike none. And I think she dared not run up her black ensign and lower it.

She still fired at us from her forward swivels, but something was wrong with her long gun and it remained silent.

She was now all afire aft, and Mr. Weems called to me to say that her boats were leaving her and making for The Cygnet, prize.

That being convenient to me, and planning to take them later, I hailed The Cygnet and ordered her to lie to on peril of being fired into. Then I turned my attention to the treacherous Black Joke, and bore down on her; and, handing over the helm, went aloft to see what was doing aboard her where she floated like a stricken wild fowl.

I saw Cabasso and three seamen and a boy, and more than twenty dead men entangled in the fallen hamper or rolling as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea.

Cabasso went to the poop and there hailed me, saying that he had struck and asking me to send a prize crew to salvage The Black Joke.

"You treacherous dog!" said I. "You have one boat left. Get into her and go aboard my prize, and I'll settle with you and Buke Gooly later!"

He seemed greatly depressed. He came to the side and said he was sorry for what had happened, and that Mr. Maltby and José Segrada had plotted with him to rob me of any slaves I might take, and then get rid of me at sea.

He was so near me that I could see the tears running over his powder blackened features, and the trembling of his mouth as he tried to talk to me.

"For God's sake, Captain Strake," said he, "don't hang me; for I am a ruined man in this hour, and am mortally punished for my wickedness and my contempt of God's commands."

"Take your wounded and go aboard The Cygnet," said I. "And open all your hatches. And, as for you, you are a worm; but I shall not crush you."

I lay by while he and his three men and the boy launched their only remaining boat. Into it they lowered two wounded men. All others were dead.

WHEN they had rowed free of The Black Joke, I sent Mr. Weems into the rigging with a basket of grenades. He flung these into The Black Joke's hatches, which presently exploded, and the hatches began to vomit out smoke and red tongues of flame.

The reason I did this was to leave no trace of a war battered vessel belonging to Quinn & Maltby, lest, if salvaged, the United States government start an inquiry which would very soon engulf and destroy not only Maltby and Captain Brindle, but my own wife who was not yet clear of that partnership and must be responsible for her inheritance from her late uncle, Captain Quinn.

I now took a survey of The Happy Parrot and found we had lost six foremastmen dead, besides Mr. Rumpf, our mate, and had three men and a boy wounded out of a crew of thirty-four with which I had sailed from Amelia Island.

My ship was well battered, but Chips and Bungs were busy aplugging up; and the crew was clearing away and reeving rigging forward. Our bulwarks also were wrecks along with our larboard carronades.

I had prepared to send a prize master aboard The Cygnet and an armed guard of ten seamen, and was only waiting to see The Black Joke sink and The Lazy Lass follow her. Both vessels were afire from stem to stern—two roaring masses of floating flame.

The sun was level in the west. The Cygnet pitched and tossed and rolled against the sunset, every spar ruddy, as though she also were afire.

All the sea to leeward was covered with smoke from the two burning schooners.

The Lazy Lass sank first, going down by the stern, decks awash, and her spars flaming till they soused, and only a great cloud of steam hung over the waves where she had disappeared.

THE burning Black Joke was settling, too, on an even keel; and, as I watched, masthead hailed loudly with a startling "Sail ho!"

I hastened into the rigging; and it was not long before I realized that I must lose my prize and all aboard her, and run for my very life. And I descended and sprang to the poop, for out of the near haze in the east, with the sunset ablaze on their cloudlike sails, five great ships came rolling down upon us, and anybody who knew chalk from cheese must know that it was England's might in all its majesty and magnificence that came towering up over the world's edge to bear down like a thundercloud upon us.

"Masthead there!"

"Aye aye, sir!"

"What do you make them?"

"Three line-o'-battle ships and two frigates, sir."

Needless to inquire further. The squadron smelled of old England a thousand leagues.

As we ran past The Cygnet, crowding on all sail, I hailed her quarterdeck and bade her follow; but I knew she would not.

Yet, never was ship in a sorrier pickle than was that Liverpool slaver now, with slaves under hatches and pirates and smugglers on deck like a parcel of paralyzed penguins.

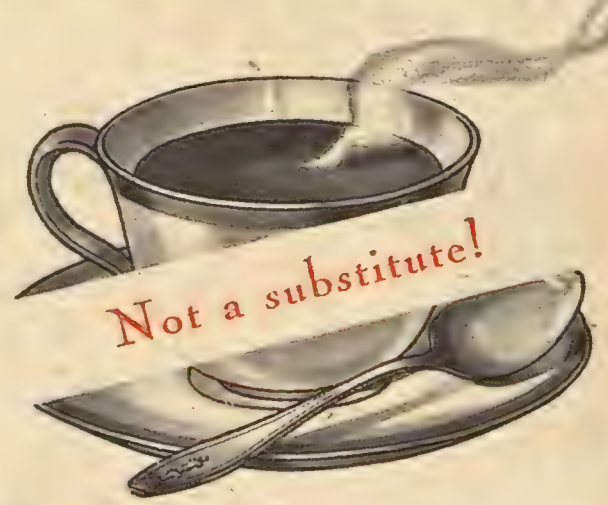
Well, that was England's problem now. Let her Admiralty deal with it. As for me, I steered for the setting sun and the coming night, the battle fever gone from my veins, and in my heart a chill lest this treachery had somehow enmeshed and harmed the woman with whom I was once more beginning to fall in love. Cintra, my wife.

In next week's episode you'll learn how Cintra fared while Strake was away, and how Strake dealt with Segrada and Maltby. Watch for Jill's Hundred.

A common-sense advertisement

You can get real coffee that lets you sleep

—that tastes the same . . . brings the same friendly cheer as the finest coffee



EACH year thousands try Kaffee Hag Coffee, for the first time, because it is free of caffeine. But they continue to delight in using it just because it is such wonderful coffee.

The flavor you enjoy in Kaffee Hag Coffee is the result of blending several of the finest coffees in the world. And before roasting, it has 97% of the caffeine removed—the drug that upsets sleep. That is why Kaffee Hag Coffee does not affect nerves nor keep you awake.

Try this wonderful coffee yourself. You can't tell the caffeine is gone. Not from tasting. Serve it for dinner or for an evening party. You can drink a strong cup of Kaffee Hag Coffee even at midnight—without fear of sleeplessness.

People say good-bye to substitutes with their first cup of Kaffee Hag Coffee. And if you've had misgivings about coffee, you'll then and there forget them. For you will have found real coffee that you can enjoy without regret.

Order a fresh-sealed can of Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee from your dealer. Ground or in the bean. Also served at hotels, restaurants, on diners. Mail the coupon and we will send you a generous trial can.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1712 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Dainty as a Rose

The MYSTERY OF NATURAL Loveliness

Why is pure glycerine used so generously with other beneficial oils in making dainty Jap Rose, the visibly pure soap?

Do you know that Deite, the great German student, speaking of glycerine, says: "It is an actual cosmetic"?

Many a matron of sixty whose complexion is the envy of her granddaughters, attributes her natural loveliness to the fact that she has never used any other cosmetic.

Have you felt the delightful tingle of Jap Rose lather as it cleanses clogged pores? If not, try it. *Get a cake today.*

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

JAP ROSE SOAP

ITS TINGLE TELLS OF NEW BEAUTY

"Three Times Around the Public Square!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

ON Hallowe'en Lil had caught a mouse, squealingly opened the trapdoor over a pail of water, and wondered why the cheese stuffed rodent didn't dive in voluntarily to sink three times and drown. Instead, it had hurdled her chest, scampered over the linoleum, sprung into the clothespin box, and entered oblivion.

On Election Day she *thought* she had caught her Presidential candidate, kept track of radio returns by precinct, city, county, and state—and wondered why her precious first vote hadn't enticed the gentleman upon a history breaking political landslide terminating kerflop at the White House grounds. Little by little the realization sank in that the country had given him the gate. And the friendly note she planned writing to the might-have-been First Lady, on new French paper secured with soap coupons, would certainly never grace the Executive Mansion's incinerator!

This week's cover picture.

Lil's political stars had turned defunct. She visioned Sandy out of work, uncontrolled floods swooping down upon the town, she and the baby barefoot, famished, generally disheveled, and high life in Washington not so high.

"I had counted upon the tariff for a few slight luxuries," she told Uncle U. the fatal Saturday following election. "I wanted caviar every Tuesday and some Lithuanian lace runners. Believe me, if *my* candidate had won, people of moderate means all over the country needn't have shopped any more at the Three, Nine, and Nineteen Cent Stores. Their outlook—"

"Well," Uncle Ulysses butted in, "the outlook for people of moderate means all over this neighborhood is very rosy. It's now just eleven o'clock and your political bet will be paid off at noon."

"I—I suppose so." Lil caught her breath. "But I'll offer you ten dollars if you'll let me out. I'm a good sport—you know that. And I'm a good cook. Has anything I've served at the table since you came to visit upset your stomach, given you a headache, or cramps?"

"The food consumed in your dining room, tra la, has nothing to do with the case," her uncle sang. "Your candidate lost, mine won. You've fifty-six minutes to doll up for the public gaze. I'll get a wheelbarrow and meet you at the front door. Toodelooloo!"

And her Great-Uncle Ulysses Grant Simpson lit his pipe and made a backward Court of St. James exit.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped. "I felt sure he'd accept my ten spot. Now I have to get dressed up like a rake, push him down the street and three times around the public square. Oh, oh, oh!"

She kept on oh, oh, ohing and then flitted from bureau, closet, stepladder, Sandy's collar box, and then back to the bureau.

One slipper? She quickly snatched it from under her bed. One of Sandy's shoes? She plucked it from the shoe shelf in the closet. Pajama top? She dragged a wrinkled one from the clothes hamper. White vest? Where, oh, where—oh, there one was, right on top of her red work basket; it had sojourned there for weeks. Collar? She snitched one suffering with a frayed buttonhole. Green tie? She discovered one hidden under Sandy's socks and an Italian leather jewelry box filled with trinkets belonging to ancestral males. Furnace gloves? She'd bought a pair two days ago. Snow would soon be flying, when she would have to make snowballs for the baby.

"If I don't look like the wreck of the Hesperides," she told her roughed up reflection in the mirror. Of course she meant to say Hesperus, but she was too excited to get even the alphabet in proper order through J. "If Sandy sees me he'll croak. If I see any old beau I'll croak. And if the baby sees me he'll creep away from home!"

Overalls? In the pantry on a pile of half inch planks Sandy had bought to make a play coop for little Ulysses. Brown derby? On the clothes tree. Feather? She picked one from the fancy duster.

All set? She was. It served her right, going in the hole like this.

"Get a doctor! Here's a lady coocoo!" a gang of boys playing on the sidewalk hooted when they saw her.

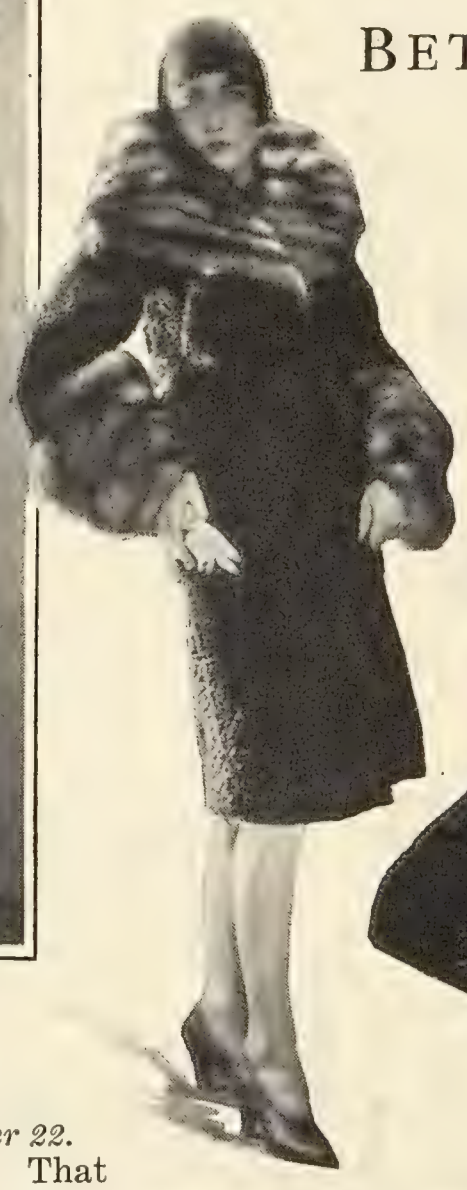
"Get hold of the handles," Uncle U. ordered. He was pulling I Lost and I Won handpainted signs from his pockets. Then he sat in the wheelbarrow. "Get a move on! Stop any time you get tired. You'll attract attention standing or walking. Toot-toot! Toot-toot! Three times around the public square!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Sick Baby.)

Fabric Furs for Fashion

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

For sports, this Lelong coat of beige and brown printed chevrette is fashionable.



Paris rejuvenates astrakhan into this slim, youthful coat which is trimmed with mink. Model from Bernard et Cie.

Paris, October 22.

WHAT we wear—that we are. That itinerant playwright and actor—Will Shakespeare—put the same thing a bit differently when he said, "Apparel oft proclaims the man." Nowhere in the wide world of fashions is the character of today expressed, or proclaimed, as he quaintly put it, more vividly than in the furs we wear.

Furs have definite limitations, and one might think, after a cursory examination, that the changing clothes psychology of a people could be expressed only in as many ways as there are furbearing animals to permit variety. Not at all, as every woman who ever bought a fur coat, or muff, or scarf knows.

All animals may be sisters (or brothers) under their skins, but after the furrier gets through with the skins the original owners wouldn't recognize them. Fur dyeing, printing, shaving, bobbing, and such processes work an unbelievable alchemy. And every last, single one of these transformations results from a demand on the part of composite womanhood for an expression of changing psychology.

There was a time, not so long distant, when a fur coat was a fur coat. Something heavy, expensive, and warm. Wearing it meant that you had money in the bank, or should have. When we thought of fur coats we thought in terms of mink, sable, chinchilla, and ermine.

Then a changing psychology of desire made the wearing of such furs futile, because the aim and end of feminine fashions became charm of appearance. We wanted to look like the allure of a million dollars, and not like that much money in the bank. Now, fashion—motivated by the woman behind—doesn't care what anything costs. The only demand is an increase of charm. This demand has brought into vogue the new fabric furs—furs that have no more bulk than the most delicate of woolens; furs that call attention to the wearer rather than themselves.

So we have, today, supple, flat fabric furs. We wear karakul, astrakhan, broadtail, shaved lamb, and the humble goat printed and glorified. We wear these furs because we are what we are today, and they do not interfere with any expression of personality.

The fur coat, to be smart, must be cut on the same slender, youthful lines as the cloth coat, otherwise the fashionable woman will have nothing to do with it. If you can afford the costly broadtail, so much the better. If you can't, then choose one of the supple, flat, less expensive furs, and be sure that you are quite a little bit of all right.

Astrakhan, or Persian lamb, has had a hard climb into the court of fashions. This is because astrakhan was given a bad name long ago. It was dubbed "middle aged," and so no follower of the universal youth mode would wear it. Only a season or so ago Paris struck off this sinister pseudonym, and this beautiful hardy fur is now one of the smartest.

Our second photograph shows an astrakhan coat, from Bernard et Cie, worn by and entirely suitable to the débutante. This coat has a slender, wraparound body and the new round collar and flaring cuffs of which Paris thoroughly approves. The collar and cuffs are of mink, a fashionable trimming this season.

ANOTHER ultrasmart color for the fur coat is white, and Paris particularly likes white broadtail or karakul. Our fourth photograph shows a coat of white broadtail, from that great furrier, Fourrures Max Leroy. Mme. Leroy, who does with fur what the grand couturiers do with cloth, trims this coat with gray astrakhan, using it for the small shawl collar and the bands at sides and hem.

The godets set in the sides of this coat give it a flaring hemline, and the narrow belt holds the hipline to the smart snug fit which fashion approves. Ruth

Worth makes a distinctive tailleur of black broadtail and silver fox, combined with black and gray jersey.

White broadtail with gray astrakhan is a smart combination. This coat is worn by Ruth Elder.

Elder is photographed in this model.

The photograph in the upper left corner shows the fantaisie sports coat which Lucien Lelong is featuring. Beige chevrette is printed with irregular, wavy brown lines like the zebra, and this very thin, soft fur is made into a simple coat with a wraparound closing and a long shawl collar. A great deal of the undeniable chic of this coat is due to the fact that it is not trimmed with contrasting fur.

Our third photograph shows one of the new fur tailleurs from Paris. Worth, who created this model, makes the skirt and jacket of black broadtail. The skirt has a triple box plait at the center front to flare it, and a wide yoke at the top fits the hipline, giving a silhouette exactly like that of a cloth skirt. The jacket is slightly flared from shoulders to hips and is trimmed with silver fox.

Worth lends to this costume a smart individuality by making the blouse of chevron printed jersey in gray and black, from Rodier.

QUICK EASY WAY TO BUILD UP A BEAUTIFUL BODY

Thin Girls Put on Weight—Look, Feel and Act 100% Better.

Don't envy a perfect figure; put some good firm flesh on your own.

There is no good reason for you thin, scrawny girls or men to continue to stay under-weight, feeling all dragged out and looking like you were going to drop in your tracks at any moment. You can quickly put on from 5 to 15 pounds of good firm "stay there" flesh with McCoy's Tablets.

One man says McCoy's Tablets saved his life. A little girl gained 7 pounds after taking only 8 boxes of McCoy's. Think of it, almost a pound a box.

A mother who had been very ill gained 6 pounds and says it's the first time in years she felt real well.

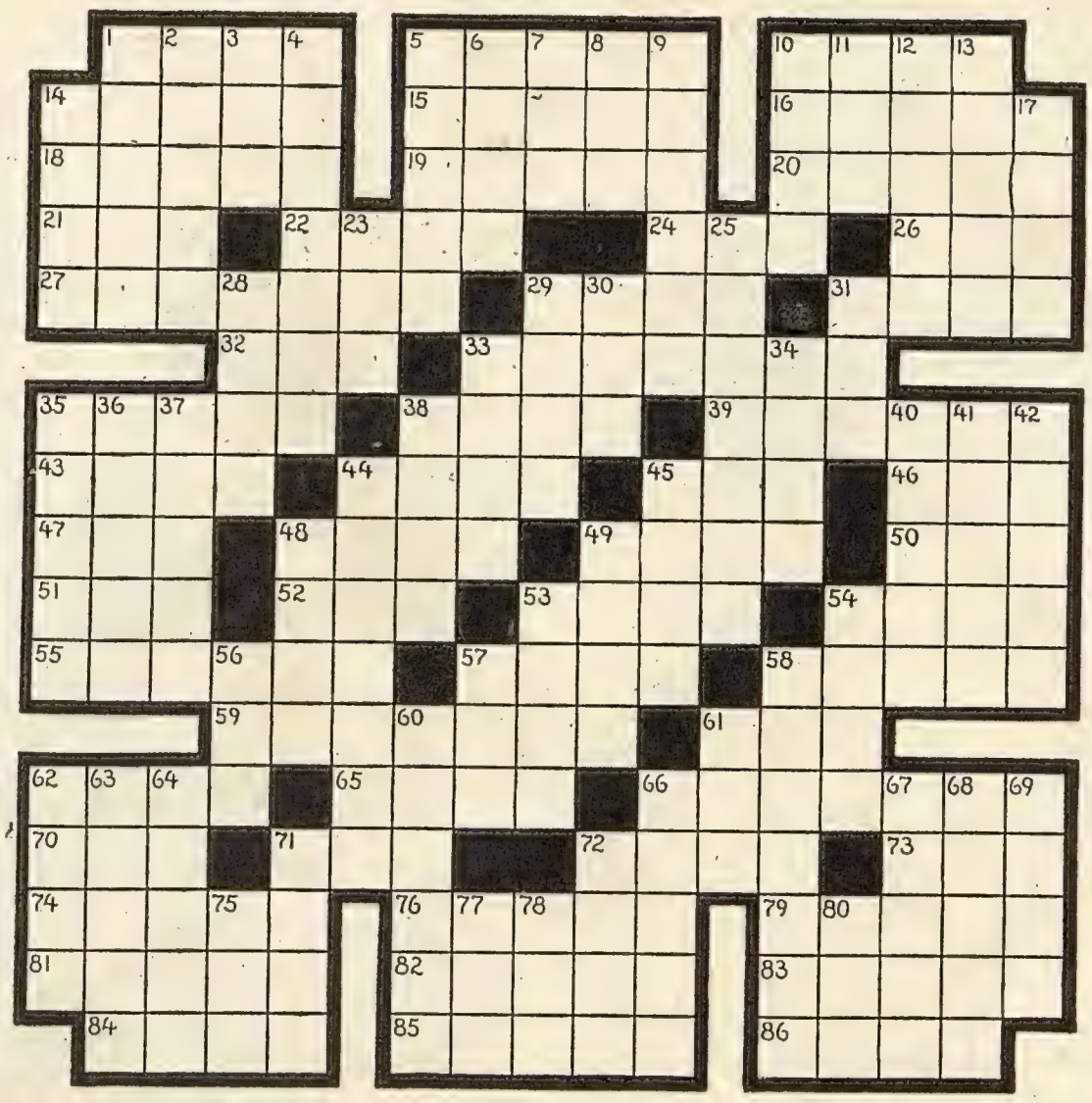
Thousands of men and women testify as to the amazing results obtained from McCoy's. You can't lose, for McCoy takes all the risk. Read this ironclad guarantee. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be refunded.

Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc.; also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

On this page—

An Easy Puzzle

Here is a comparatively simple cross word puzzle. If solving it inspires you to take on a harder job, have a try at the construction on the opposite page.

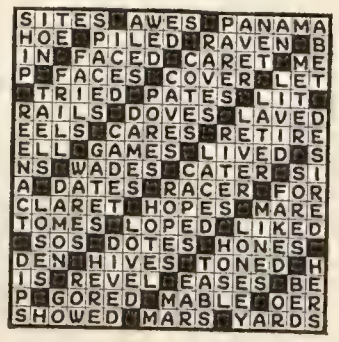


HORIZONTAL

1 Immature horse
5 List of jurors
10 Entangles
14 Lid
15 Living
16 Pleasant odor
18 Declaim
19 Top of the head (plural)
20 Refund
21 To make lace
22 Metric measures of area
24 Inclosure for animals
26 Anger
27 Slim
29 Sidelong glance
31 Deeds
32 Aged
33 Performer on a keyed instrument
35 Container used for shipping
38 An equal
39 Struck gently
43 Garment
44 Look after
45 Examine secretly
46 Before
47 American author
48 Stepped
49 Observes
50 No
51 Moist
52 Fowl
53 Prophet
54 Native of ancient Media
55 Failures to win
57 Profound
58 Irrigate
59 Native of Hesse
61 Wager
62 Naked
65 Trees
66 Chooses
70 Malt liquor
71 Employ
72 Imitated
73 Portuguese or Brazilian coin
74 Prongs
76 Obliterate
79 Cast or throw out
81 Division of a drama
82 One of the Disciples
83 Reposes
84 Pitcher
85 Vapor
86 Puts in place

VERTICAL

1 A shade of red
2 Egg shaped
3 Allow
4 Foot lever
5 Document
6 Exclamation of sorrow
7 Insect's egg
8 Mother of Cain
9 Diminish
10 Woman's name
11 Exist
12 Theme
13 Clever
14 Beds
17 Affirmative votes
23 A color
25 Device for tripping
28 Memorandum
29 Prevaricated
30 Attention
31 Siamese coin
33 Hang as if balanced
34 Pronounces
35 Creep
36 A roundup
37 Incites
38 Latin American laborer
40 Belief
41 Eat away
42 Hinder
44 Ringlets
45 Percolate
48 You
49 Observed
53 Oceans
54 Companion
56 Pronoun
57 Obscure
58 Fusers
60 Slumbers
61 Insect
62 Nocturnal flying mammals
63 Woman's name
64 Restore to freshness
66 Kind of whale
67 Comb of a cock
68 Trials
69 Perches
71 Employer
72 At sea
75 Compass point
77 Steep or soak
78 Corroded
80 Teamster's word of command



Answer to last week's puzzle

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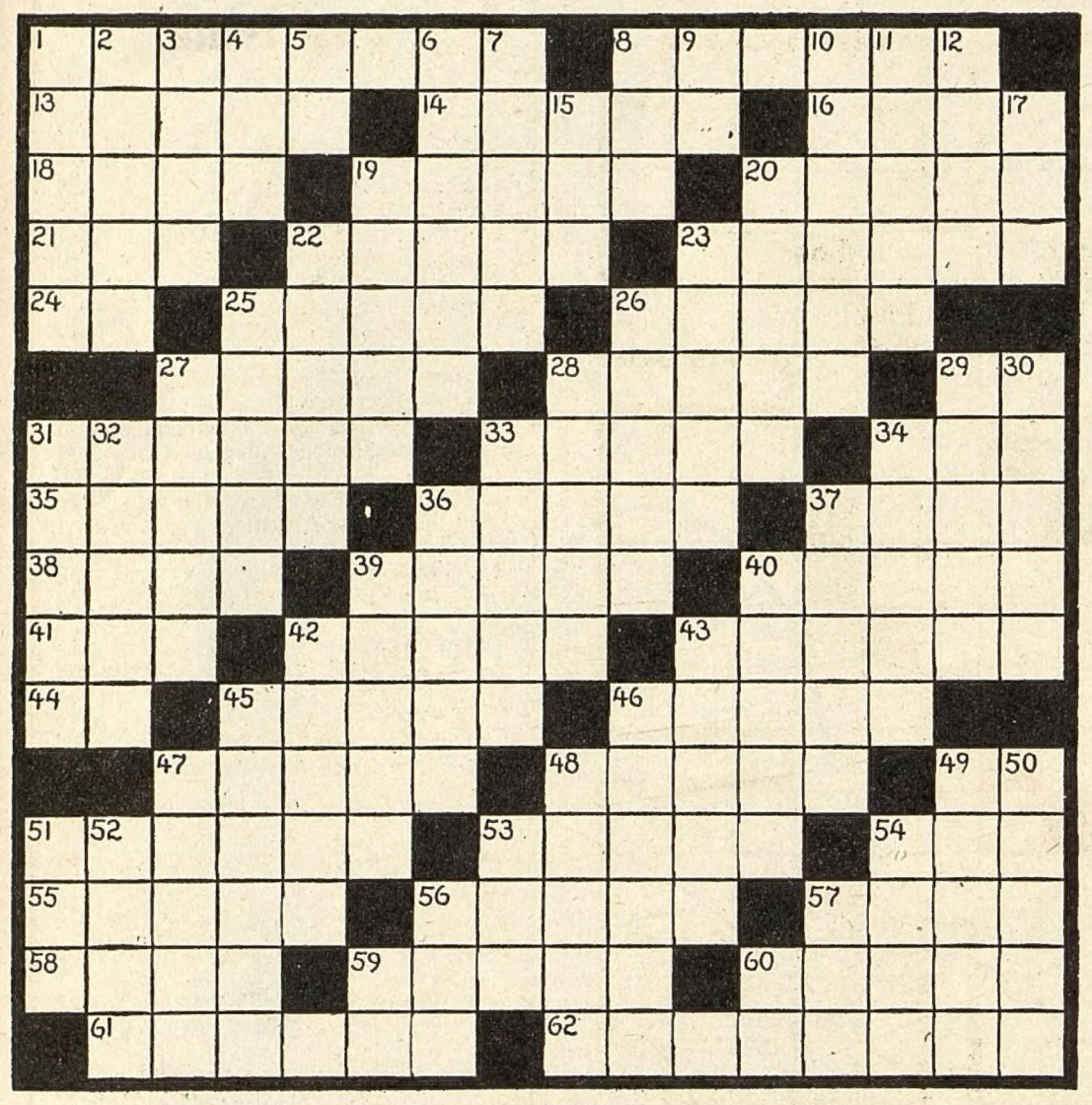
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

over here A Difficult One

Those who enjoy being driven to the dictionary will prefer this to the puzzle on the opposite page, which can be solved without the aid of a reference book.



HORIZONTAL

1 Eye disease
8 In the same place (Latin)
13 Greek poet of Lesbos
14 Stretch out one's neck
16 Acknowledge frankly
18 Pastry
19 Informs
20 Egg shaped
21 Suffix denoting one of a party
22 Excessive enthusiasm
23 Plant which has not fruited
24 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands
25 Chief genus of the dog family
26 Gustation
27 Containing boron
28 Conjectures
29 Parent
31 Judge
33 Infusions of malt
34 Interjection
35 Mature
36 Island in the Ægean Sea
37 Woman's name
38 Stages of life
39 Peen
40 Imprecation
41 A deity
42 Animal of the civet kind
43 Kind of fan
44 Strontium (symbol)
45 Species of loon
46 Subsoil plows
47 Cleaves
48 Flower
49 Syllable sounded in solmization
51 Old fashioned musical instrument
53 City in Italy
54 Cage support (mining)
55 Sharks
56 Pertaining to the ancient Carthaginians
57 Public estimation
58 River in Belgium
59 Chief minister of Ahasuerus (Bible)
60 Arboreal animal
61 Amatory
62 Place of education

VERTICAL

1 Courtyard
2 Declaim
3 Coins
4 Siamese measure of distance
5 Forward
6 Pertaining to an image
7 Unaccented part of a foot
8 Re-entrant angles
9 Exist
10 Lifting devices
11 Escape
12 Speck
15 Malay-Negrito savage
17 Cyst
19 Fright
20 Kilns
22 County in California
23 Poles
25 Animal inclosures
26 Ancient kind of playing card
27 Two-footed
28 Old game of cards
29 Top of an altar
30 A prince of Sind
31 Steep rugged rock
32 Stiffness
33 Totter
34 Injures
36 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
37 Drink flavored with aromatic herbs
39 To face with stone, concrete, or the like
40 The American quail
42 Accords
43 Pertaining to the colon
45 Coin of Peru
46 Resembling a mouse or rat
47 Mellower
48 Large food fish (plural)
49 Thigh bone
50 Imitation
51 Inclosure
52 The first turn to play (dominoes)
53 To card wool
54 Hindu god of love
56 A moccasin
57 Marsh
59 Exclamation
60 Chinese weight

CRAB THOLE SHAG
TRICE HONED CABRE
RANTS EROSE OWLET
AND TROT SMEW EEN
PEST OWEN AL URNA
EAT NUB DOT
STEAM ISTAR FAGOT
HULL ONE TOW SOUR
OLD ANT URI USE
PIER ARE STY OGEE
SPREE ALOES TAELS
END MAD SOK
AHAS OR FUSE STAG
RAM UREA LIRE ATA
ORION ALOOF BELOW
MEDEA CAPUT BLANK
MERU TRESS SAKE

Answer to last week's puzzle

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A Second to THINK

Southern California 33, Washington 13, in 1927
The Story of a Touchback

A Football Reminiscence by WALTER ECKERSALL

ONE of the hardest things that a football player who depends upon his head as well as his legs and arms must do, is to forgo opportunities for possible sensational plays and use safe ones instead. This is particularly true after a player has once been hailed as a star and realizes that the crowd is expecting extraordinary things of him.

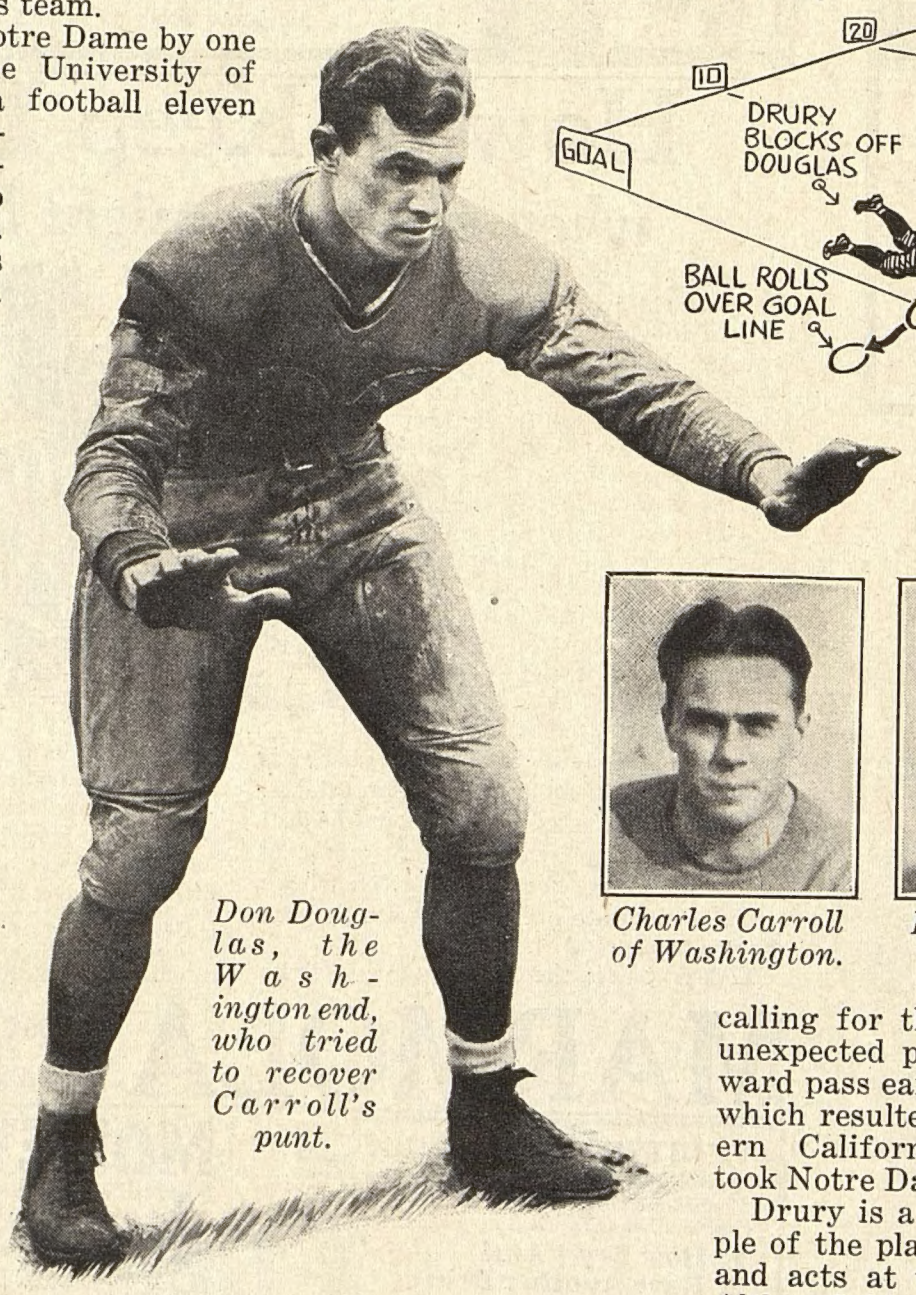
Quick and correct thinking under such circumstances may bring reproach upon the player who exercises it. If he is a real football player, however, he will care nothing for what those in the stands may think of him as long as he is convinced that he has done the thing that was best for his team.

After losing to Notre Dame by one point last year, the University of Southern California football eleven returned to Los Angeles on the Saturday following to meet Washington. The Trojans, as Southern California is generally known, had not lost a game on the Pacific coast. They had been held to a 13 to 13 tie by Stanford, which met Pittsburgh in the annual Tournament of Roses game in Pasadena, California, on January 2, 1928. The Trojans won from Oregon Aggies, 13 to 12, and defeated California, 13 to 0. Other teams, such as Occidental, Santa Clara, California Tech, Colorado, and Washington State, were beaten.

The Trojans were an excellent representative of Pacific Coast Conference football. In fact, it was the first time that a strong team had represented the far west in eastern competition. Southern California lived up to all that had been said and written about it. The players knew how to tackle and block. They executed their formations with precision, and there was plenty of drive in the ground gaining efforts of every ball carrier.

The forward pass formations had plenty of deception and the necessary delay. Punts and kick offs were covered as they should be. In fact, Coach Howard Jones, who learned his football at Yale, had not overlooked a single angle in the development of his eleven.

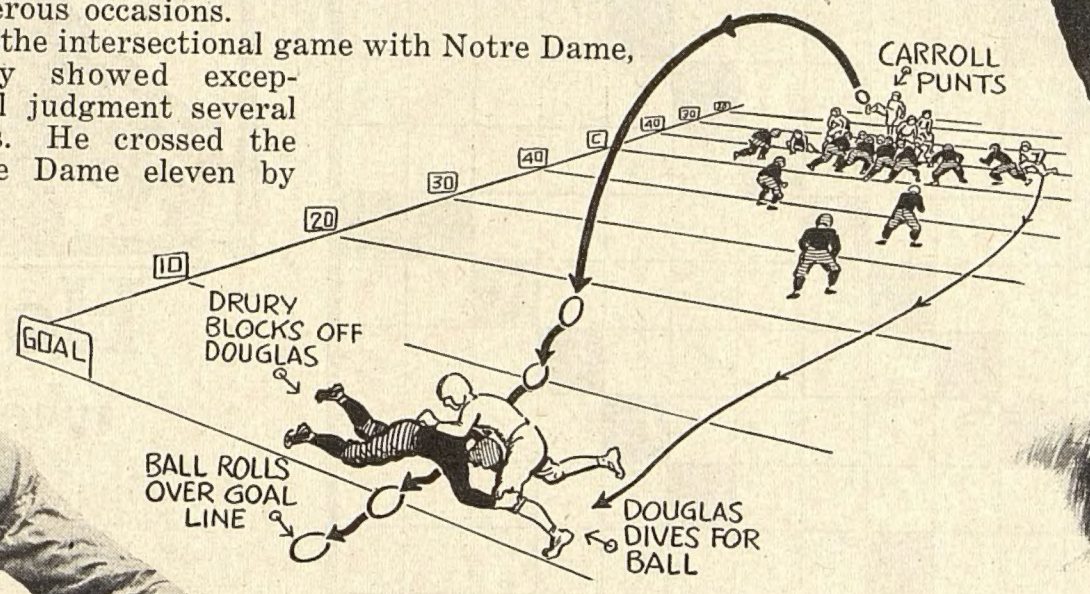
While coaching at Iowa, Jones had developed two great players in Aubrey Devine and Gordon Locke, both of whom were All American selections. The former was a quarterback and the latter a fullback. Jones evolved formations for his stars, but he did not overlook the precaution of having plays for other warriors in the event his stars were stopped.



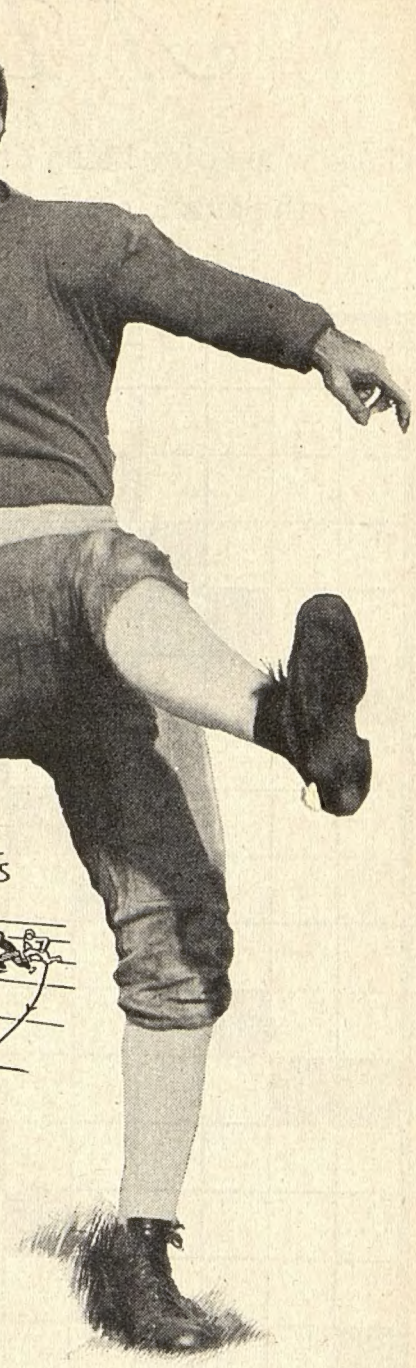
Don Douglas, the Washington end, who tried to recover Carroll's punt.

Jones' ability to build an offense around one or two players again asserted itself when he took hold of the Trojans. Howard had a player in Morley Drury, the quarterback who showed possibilities in 1926. Big and fast, Drury had everything that goes to make a great back. In addition, he had a football head, and his keen knowledge of the game asserted itself on numerous occasions.

In the intersectional game with Notre Dame, Drury showed exceptional judgment several times. He crossed the Notre Dame eleven by calling for the execution of unexpected plays. The forward pass early in the game, which resulted in the Southern California touchdown, took Notre Dame by surprise.

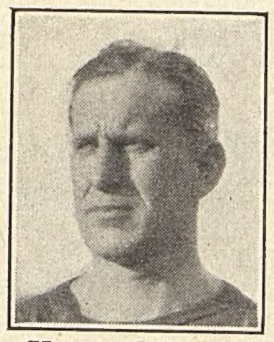


How Drury blocked off Douglas on Carroll's punt and kept the ball from being downed inside of his five yard line.



Morley Drury, the Trojan leader, who crossed the Huskies by quick thinking in a pinch.

Charles Carroll of Washington.



Howard Jones, Trojan coach.

Drury is a striking example of the player who thinks and acts at the same time. Although his general play in the Notre Dame game was very commendable, it remained for the final struggle of the season to show his real merit.

SOUTHERN California left for home on the night of the Notre Dame game. The University of Washington, coached by Enoch Bagshaw, was scheduled for the Saturday following. The Trojans had to win that game in order to share or claim the Pacific Coast Conference championship. The players wanted to win and so did Coach Jones. Naturally, Captain Drury was especially anxious for victory, for it was his final game of intercollegiate football.

The long trip from Los Angeles to Chicago and return did not affect the general condition of the players. The Washington game was played before a capacity crowd in the Los Angeles Stadium. These football enthusiasts filled practically every seat, not only to witness the struggle with Washington, but to pay homage to a team that had held Notre Dame to a 7 to 6 score.

The Trojans asserted their superiority from the start of the struggle. At the end of the first half they had a commanding lead and it was apparent they could not be beaten—as the final score of 33 to 13 showed.

Drury had played splendidly in the first two quarters, but in the third period he gave a wonderful exhibition of what a player should do in the fraction of a second.

Shortly after the third quarter opened, Washington was forced to punt from its forty-five yard line. Charles Carroll, the Huskies' punter, got away a splendid forty-seven yard punt. The ball landed near the Trojans' goal line. Don Douglas, the Washington end, covered the effort perfectly.

Drury purposely permitted the ball to strike the ground. The oval rolled slowly toward the Trojan goal line. Douglas put on a burst of speed. It was apparent that the Washington end wanted to down the oval inside Southern California's five yard line so that the Trojans would have to punt from behind their goal line.

Drury sensed Douglas' intentions. He permitted the Washington end to run close to the oval. Then, as Douglas was about to dive for the ball, Drury blocked him off. The pigskin rolled over the goal line for a touchback. A few minutes later, Coach Jones removed Drury from the struggle, and that huge crowd stood up as one to give Morley an ovation which has seldom been given to any football star in history.

How a Wisconsin end used his second to think against Michigan in 1921 will be told by Mr. Eckersall in an early issue of Liberty.

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